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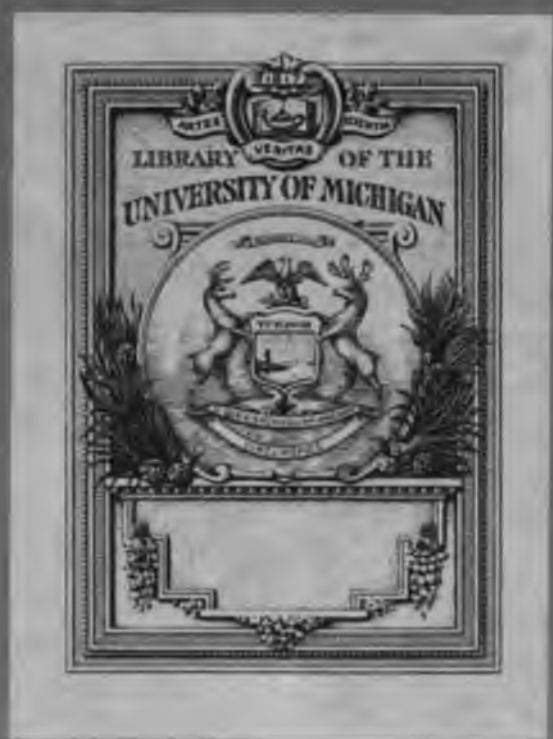
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THE ECLECTIC.

JANUARY, 1860.

I.

PREACHING AND PREACHERS.

1. *Sermons.* By the Rev. J. CAIRD, M.A., Edinburgh.
2. *The Gospel in Ezekiel;* 24th Thousand. *The City: its Sins and its Sorrows. Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints.* 16th Thousand. By THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D., Edinburgh.
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5. *Expository Lectures on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians.* By the late Rev. F. W. ROBERTSON, M.A. London: Smith & Elder, 1859.

THERE has been a great deal said and written of late on the subject of Preaching. A prevailing feeling has found expression in many quarters that so great an instrument of public education as the Pulpit is not generally so effective as it might be; and there is undoubtedly room for much to be said on the subject. When we think of the vast apparatus of the Pulpit in this country, of the thousands of sermons preached every Sunday throughout its length and breadth, of the immense resources in weekly operation for bringing the most important truths home to the mind and hearts of the people, and of the real amount of earnest intellect expended in these resources; and, on the other hand, when we note how feeble and indefinite the moral and practical results seem to be of all this—how slowly the popular feeling is moved and elevated, and in a word, Christianized—it does occur as a very serious question, to what extent the Pulpit is adapted now as of old to the great work of spiritual instruction and moral advancement; whether it suits the more complex needs and requirements of our modern social life equally as it did those of a simpler state of society.

A *primâ facie* case might be made out—has, indeed, frequently been made out—against the effectiveness of the modern pulpit;

and, from the uncomplimentary utterances of *The Times*, to the chat of the after-dinner table, the dullness and uselessness of sermons has become a common topic. It is a sufficiently notorious picture, which represents groups of weary listeners in our churches, decorously submitting to the sermon as a becoming conventionality, expressing a buzz of relief when it is ended. There is some wicked colouring in the picture, but we cannot say that it has no reality, we cannot say that it is entirely caricature. There is only too much truth in it; and it is mournful enough to be obliged to make this confession when we recall the facts beneath the malicious guise of the picture; the messenger of God's truth on the one hand, and weak, and tempted, and darkened souls on the other; and think on what great subjects, and for what great ends, preacher and congregation have been brought face to face. It is no less sad than surprising, that what is in its own nature so vitally interesting, what ought to be so intensely and practically exciting, should yet prove in so many cases so listless, flat, and unprofitable; and the conclusion is inevitable, that there must be something greatly defective in modes of preaching thus unproductive, which leave the speaker without power and the audience without benefit.

It may be said, indeed, that the value and importance of Divine truth are independent of the success of the preacher,—that there are few, if any, sermons, however feeble and unimpressive in utterance, that are not calculated to do good if only we would receive the good. We are far from disputing the force of this, to a certain extent; we are far from saying that the inattention with which many excellent sermons are listened to, and the slight moral improvement that seems to follow from them, are not owing to that very religious indifference and hardness of heart which it is the aim of all preaching to reach and remove. The evil is not the less, but all the more melancholy on this account. That there is a strong natural indisposition in the hearer to receive spiritual instruction, does not mend but rather aggravate the perplexity as to the best mode of conveying that instruction. And supposing it were the case, which yet in the most comprehensive point of view it is very far from being, that men are less easily moved by the subjects with which the Christian preaching deals, it only becomes a more pertinent and serious inquiry, how the preacher shall accomplish his confessedly difficult task with most effect.

It is well known, however, that the way of viewing the matter now suggested does not hold good to the extent that is often urged. So far from the great topic of Christian instruction being less calculated than other topics to move the minds and feelings of man, it is undeniable that there are none which can be made to

tell on them more powerfully. In spite of all man's natural insensibility to the truth, and the coldness of his common love for it, this truth, when rightly and earnestly enforced, finds sources of interest, and stirs springs of emotion in him, which nothing else can possibly do. It bears an attraction for his intellect, his imagination, and his heart, which the loftiest range of mere forensic or political oratory does not reach. Let it be that men are strongly indifferent to spiritual doctrine and spiritual duty, this indifference, whatever be its practical operation otherwise, will not account for the prevailing unimpressiveness of sermons. For with the very same materials to work upon, and in cases where this indifference has sometimes risen to its worst height, we find that one kind of preaching has proved immensely successful, while another has been as a mere voice crying in the desert. In short, there is a right and effective method of preaching as of everything else; and where it has become proverbially dull and ineffective, we are fairly warranted in concluding that this must be largely owing to some weakness or vice in the style or manner of the preaching itself.

To explain definitely what is wrong in the prevailing character of preaching, and to suggest the best means of improving it, is a task no less difficult than it may seem invidious. To some extent it may reasonably be presumed that our modern circumstances have in their very nature tended to impair the prominence and importance which once belonged to the pulpit. In a time like ours, when newspapers and books of all kinds are so much more widely diffused than they have ever been—when the general intelligence is sharpened by constant communication with the freshest sources of information on all subjects—it may be questioned whether the preacher can any longer retain the influence and authority of a time when the Church was really a weekly school to many, and the sermon their main or their only source of mental and spiritual interest. The power of the preacher must in ordinary cases be proportioned to the elevation at which he stands above his hearers in intellectual capacity and spiritual force and discernment. And it is obviously very difficult to preserve this elevation in a time like the present, when education among the upper and middle classes is generally of a much higher, or at least more comprehensive order, than it used to be. In relation to the great majority of these classes, it is to be feared that the theologian who instructs us from the pulpit not only does not stand above them, but sometimes does not even stand on a level with them, as to many subjects of ordinary culture; while in regard to his special subject, although he may be better informed and more thoroughly taught, he is apt, from the very character of his training,

to be deficient in acquaintance with that variety and freshness of aspect with which, in numberless volumes, it is constantly soliciting the attention of inquiring readers. The breadth of our modern culture, therefore, and even the very shallowness of it, with its half-knowledge and semi-scientific ambitions, has a tendency to diminish the old authority of the pulpit, and leave it, in many cases, out of sympathy with the wants and requirements of the age. Nor would the remedy for this in any degree be found in the mere communication of further portions of scientific or other knowledge to the clergy. This would only add affectation to incompetency, and turn the Church probably into a second-rate lecture-room. It is not in any mere extension of the existing culture of the clergy that we are to look for a better adaptation on their part to the intellectual interests of the time. It is primarily and principally on the awakening, by whatever means, of a higher and, above all, a more fresh and expanding intellectual life among them.

From the character of their profession, the traditional and often purely scholastic bent of their education, and the ordinary influences which surround them, the clergy have been immemorially prone to stagnate—to stand still—while the under-current of mental inquiry is running swiftly by them. And the evil effects of this stagnative temper were never more conspicuous in the pulpit than at present. It is not merely that such a temper has a natural tendency to be dull, to do its weekly work with a listless formality, and consider it well done; but the stereotyped impressions which it is continually reproducing are apt to become positively strongly repulsive and wearying to many. Every sermon is found to be moulded after the same pattern, turns on the same doctrinal and practical commonplaces—is laid down often in the very same divisions and proportions of argument and exhortation. There is not only no eccentricity, but there is no life or movement to stir the hearer, or make him feel heartily that he is in the presence of a fellow creature speaking to him of what most seriously concerns both alike, of "the things which belong to our peace." How often has one listened to such sermons, carefully elaborated both in thought and style, running out on the old dogmatic lines with the most approved smoothness—expounding with becoming fitness, and even wonted force of language, doctrines of unquestionable soundness and duties of unquestionable importance; and felt all the time, while, it may be, admiring the skilful and elegant structure of the sermon, how hard it was to attend to it—how little it caught any living root of interest within, seeking towards the light or the warmth! how little impression it made even while it pleased—and how utterly the impression was

effaced when the sermon was ended! The fact is, that such sermons belie their name. They are essays, or short lectures, or homilies; but they are not sermons—the living, earnest *speech* of one man to his fellow men. Slowly arranged—composed, piece by piece, under the influences of a fastidious or merely formal taste—they are made to be read, and not to be spoken. Their neat trains of argument—their well-balanced periods—their quiet flow of didactic sentiment and customary turns of serious expression—are well fitted to edify, and even please, in an hour of meditative leisure at home; but in the pulpit they want wholly the charm of a living personal communication. The speaker does not, or cannot, project himself into them. They are not his living speech, then and there, to the living audience around him; they are only, as it were, the echo of a speech that once lived. Powerful words they ought to be, and may be, in themselves; but they are repeated, not spoken. They recall old tones of truth that one has been hearing all his days, and greatly respects; but they do not excite a present interest. They do not, and cannot do so, in the hearer, because they do not seem to do so in the preacher.

Any preaching, however much it may offend against taste or the ordinary properties of manner, is better than preaching of this sort; for it is plain beyond any doubt that sermons, however excellent in a merely formal respect—which are destitute of any real elements of interest—which do not reach, or impress, or, in a word, hit the audience at some point—can be of no practical use. It may suit the instincts of professional decorum to speak well of such sermons, and they may have some uses; but they are not certainly of the kind desiderated. They may touch with a gentle movement the tepid spiritual life of the comfortable and well-to-do, with whom such languid attention as they demand stands in place of religion; but, powerless to awaken the conscience and stir the common heart, they are wholly without influence as a general means of moral education.

Let it not be supposed that we advocate conclusively a kind of preaching whose constant aim is to arouse and alarm. On the contrary, we have, perhaps, less faith in such preaching than facts would seem to warrant. It may be, and doubtless often is, an instrument of great religious awakening; and religious results of an incontrovertible character are found to follow it. But in the very nature of the case, this manner of preaching can never be a general means of moral elevation and acceptance. From its very character it is addressed mainly to one state of mind—to one phase of spiritual condition; it is always touching the same chords—ringing on the same phrases—and, under this incessant iteration,

sometimes breaking and enervating, as much as quickening and strengthening, the religious life in its true springs. Not only so, but for the most part this preaching manifests a tendency to pass into one, and that a very narrow, type of dogmatic expression; which, however truly it may mirror the spiritual facts in many cases, does not certainly mirror them in all; while in common handling it is apt to become mere coarseness and exaggeration of language, strongly repulsive to many minds. It is needless to say that we are not to take into account this repulsive antagonism of certain minds to such a style of preaching; that this opposition is the very essence of the Gospel,—it is the offence it bears to those who are too proud to receive it. There is truth in this, and yet it is not true in the present case. The offence of the Cross has not indeed ceased, and we must never try to mitigate this offence by hiding the Cross. We must not "prophesy smooth things" when we ought to speak sternly and strongly. But we are also to be "all things to all men, so that we may win some;" and especially we are not, by our weak exaggerations and vain repetitions, to create offence against the truth, when there may be a dawning love for it. And it is undeniable that there are those with genuine religious sympathies, who never realize the extremes of experience so familiarly spoken of by some preachers; nay, there are those who less and less appreciate these extremes as they grow in spiritual insight. They can understand and realize the depths of abhorred contrition and the heights of redemptive blessedness, spoken of by St. Paul; but they do not feel, and no teaching can bring them to feel, that these are truly represented in the dogmatic crudities of certain popular theologians. Whatever may be the occasional effects, therefore, of this kind of preaching, and particularly over those whose religious susceptibilities, naturally coarse, have been long hardened and dead, it is far from being the highest kind of preaching, or that which is likely to prove most generally useful. It may prove awakening, but it is not educative; while in its very character it is limited in its range and influence. To suppose that, because some men, by strength of language, confidence of tone, and especially by unrelieved representations of human depravity, draw thousands to listen to them, that others have only to follow their example, and speak with the same loudness and authority, in order to insure the same success, and do something of the same probable good, is quite unwarranted both by principle and fact. The minds which such men, after all, alone move, are minds cast in the same rough mould as their own minds; perhaps not deficient in power, but with feeble instincts both of taste and philosophy, and destitute for the most part of those higher spiritual sensibilities which, while they expose their

possessor to the subtle entanglements of doubt, yet also carry him into the highest region of Christian earnestness, and are capable of the noblest development of self-sacrifice. To such minds, preaching of this order is apt to seem, at the best, only so much loud and disgusting earnestness; never coming near to their own life, nor deepening the real love of the truth in them.

It is not, therefore, any special style of forcible preaching, and least of all the style which with many alone represents force and effect, that we are advocating. It is not mere "loudness," either of voice or manner, that is needed; but the old *spirit of life*, the hearty human feeling, the broad and manly earnestness, the fire of Divine conviction, which, from the time of Latimer downwards, has distinguished the best specimens of English teaching.

The higher Source of this *spirit of life* we need not speak of. It can only come from Him who is the Father of light and life, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift; unless this is recognized, it is the most obvious commonplace to remark, that no inferior means of diligence or culture can ever confer it. It is nevertheless only through such means, through certain processes of education and discipline, that in ordinary cases it is ever obtained. And the very first of these would seem to be an awakened cultivation of all the common sympathies and affections and interests of our nature, in contrast to the mere technical and professional education which our young Clergy, among both Episcopalians and Nonconformists, mainly receive. A more one-sided training than that with which many of them enter their work, it would be difficult to imagine. It is not so much that their studies are partial, although this is also the fact; but it is the narrow and conventional spirit in which they are too commonly pursued, serving to narrow while it sharpens the mind, and to enfeeble while it refines it. Even in many of those who are scholars in the best sense, and who may be destined to attain literary or theological distinction, there is apt to be a certain uniform tone of mind, and (who has not heard it?) even of speech, which sets the stamp of its monotony on all they say or do.

This dead professionalism of manner and of voice, stifling all true eloquence, comes undoubtedly of exclusiveness of education and of affection. The student passes from his books to the pulpit without ever having been thrown into the hearty interests of life, or having mingled at large with his fellow men. There cannot well be a more imperfect preparation for the great duties to which the pastor is called; and finding himself in consequence plunged into these duties without an intelligent acquaintance or sympathy with them, he necessarily becomes a prey to prevailing mannerism

and affectation. Set a man to do work for which he has no real calling or aptitude, and his very weakness is found to strengthen and stiffen in him all professional props—all cants associated with his work. Through help of these he tries to make up for his own want of power to look his work in the face, and deal with it freely and vigorously. All professions show numerous examples of this common result of incapacity, but none of them more numerous or melancholy examples than the clerical. If, on the other hand, the clergyman was to come to his office, not certainly with less purely professional culture, but with more thoroughly awakened energies of mind and feeling—a higher spirit of sympathy, and, above all, with a more free and hearty experience of life, springing from a wider and more varied intercourse with his fellow creatures, he would enter upon his duties in a wholly different temper, and with an ever freshening zeal and power which, if he had any capacity of speech at all, would give him a natural eloquence which no artifices of eloquence or study of models will ever give him. For he would speak then because he felt. He would tell what was *in* him—not what was deemed proper or becoming to say. He would find, even with the richness of his culture and the true refinement of his Christian sympathies, points of contact between him and the rougher natures to whom it might be his function to minister, which would prove sources of constantly new interest to him, and seem to touch his lips with a constantly new fire. Knowledge of life, not in any outward, still less in any wrong sense, but in the deep and broad sense in which the words alone have their right meaning—knowledge of the common joys and sorrows of the human heart, of the realities of affection, passion, and interest which move it—of the loves, hopes, and trials which make the common lot. This knowledge, baptized by the Spirit of all good and chastened into a noble experience, would do more, generally to revive the power of the pulpit, than any other single influence whatever.

In connection with its wider and fresher knowledge of life, there is nothing probably that would do more for the pulpit than a more hearty and living theology. We are told by not a few, that one of the present weaknesses of the pulpit is the low and hesitating tone of its theology. Preachers are afraid any more to hold forth with clear decision the old doctrines which alone are powerful to touch the popular mind and conscience. Modern culture shrinks from the assertion of these doctrines in their native breadth and effect. The old Puritan method, on the contrary, which delighted to proclaim these doctrines right in the face of human sensitiveness and worldly pride, is the only key to popular success in the pulpit. There is great truth in all this.

In so far as mere educational refinement ever tampers with the great Truth of the grace of God in Jesus Christ, and tinctures and weakens it with its poor amalgam of ceremonialism or of moralism, it is undeniable that in this proportion the truth must lose its power. That which is no longer the ministry of the Spirit, but of the letter in some form or another, will never bring forth the fruits of the Spirit. The educative effects of a becoming ceremonialism, and of a high-toned system of Christian ethics, need not be overlooked. But either of these, in so far as it stands before and hides from clear view the blessed and eternal truth of "God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them," must be to this extent a weakening element in modern preaching. For while these themselves are comparatively ineffective to touch the heart, they prevent that which alone has a Divine power to move it, from finding a living entrance, and ruling it with a holy sway. Mediævalism, therefore, and latitudinarianism of whatever type, are certainly hostile to the success of the pulpit. Whether the truth be obscured from the congregation behind stained glass, or diluted to them within well-sounding moral or sentimental commonplaces, it is equally shorn of its strength, and becomes a mere echo of human pretensions, which will never become good news or a Gospel to any man.

But here, as before, there is an extreme which we must guard against. We must not confound mere "loudness" of doctrine with the energy of truth, any more than mere loudness of voice and manner with an effective earnestness. The truth of God, in its simple statement, is far more powerful than man's most elaborate representations of it; and even so the more scriptural our theology is, the more direct and purely drawn from the Divine source,—the less it is stiffened in mnemonic formulæ, the more is it likely to animate our preaching, and give a practical emphasis it. While never evasive or latitudinarian, it should be as little as possible "confessional." Nothing can be further from the fact, than to identify the revival of the pulpit with the assertion of any of the old extremes of our polemical creeds. Men have ceased to care for these extremes. The most cultivated, the most earnest Christian intelligence, everywhere has ceased to live on them. This or that article of abstruse Divinity may be true or otherwise—but the Gospel is not involved in such refinements, and all its clear and awful truth of love from God, grace to the sinner, and judgment in his sin, may be held forth irrespectively of them; and the more plainly and forcibly these truths are uttered, the less we regard the casuistries of the Creeds. In all lasting religious revival, the prime influence comes not from dogmatic statement, but from spiritual faith. It

is the burning ardour enkindled by the good news of Christ, giving life to the special doctrines into which His loving message is formed, that touches men's hearts, and rouses them from the bondage and doom of their corrupt nature, to share the freedom and blessing of Divine Redemption. It is a theology, therefore, which shall be more moral and less formal, which shall be more instinct with life, and less elaborate in structure,—more expressive of Christ than repressive of Antichrist,—more profound and comprehensive in compass than curious in details,—genial and synthetic, rather than polemic and analytic,—liberal, but not latitudinarian—which will give renewed life to the pulpit, and breathe a higher intent and a nobler usefulness into its time-honoured function.

The Sermons which we have placed at the head of this article are sufficient evidence that the modern pulpit has in several instances at least shown the capacity of rising to the full height of its dignity and usefulness. With very striking differences these Sermons are respectively marked by great power, and animated by that true life of thought or feeling, of reflective sentiment, or of passionate pictorial description, which makes a Sermon, in contrast with an Essay or mere didactic composition, an earnest and impressive *speech*.

The two Scotch divines, who, for our purpose, may be grouped together, present almost every variety of contrast, both as preachers and writers. Mr. Caird's mind is obviously highly thoughtful and cultivated. We can trace in almost every sermon in his volume the evidence of that ripe spirit of reflectiveness which comes from a familiar communion with the great thoughts of past speculation, and which has gathered breadth and sympathy and charity from this communion. In treating of the most peculiar doctrines of Christianity, and setting them forth in all their fulness, it is obvious that he appreciates their interesting relations to other truths, that the points of contact which are thus brought before him are points full of meaning and of rich illustration, which he handles with great skill and often with a highly brilliant effect. The amount of thought carefully elaborated which his sermons contain is very remarkable in connection with his great popularity as a preacher; and we feel instinctively in reading one of them, that it must require a rare degree of energy, of vehement and glowing feeling, to make it all alive, and lodge it as a glowing conception in the minds of his hearers. There is the appearance, in fact, of too much elaboration; the constructive hand and the *labor limæ* are too noticeable in the goodly and well ordered structure of each sermon. The *thought*, weighty as it is, and almost always interesting, is rather accumulated—*gathered* from

a varied and cultivated stock of reading, and by a fine force of sympathy, than *struck* out heated and in flame from the natural working of his own mind. The impression left upon the reader is rather that of a deeply appreciative than of a strongly original, of a highly constructive than a richly productive mind. With great intensity, and a certain exaltation of feeling, rising now and then into the region of moral sublimity, there is a want of warmth and passion; there is no kindling rush of emotion taking the reader captive, and hurrying him along with the sweep of its mighty power. There is so much calmness and polish as to make the interest occasionally languid and almost cold. Yet we never heard any one say that Mr. Caird was in the least degree a cold preacher; the fire of his manner no doubt fusing the polished masses of his thought, and throwing into impetuous movement the stately order of his language. His style is certainly deficient in simplicity; it has no careless grace, no irregular ease, but is wrought up, just like his thought, into elaborate expression and rotund forms, which are apt to weary from their monotony.

Dr. Guthrie is the very reverse of all this. His Sermons, as mere vehicles of thought, are singularly deficient. There is no reflective vein in them; not only no philosophy, but no evidence of philosophic sympathy. His doctrinal views are set forth forcibly in vivid illustrations, but their meaning is seized not only without affinity to other views and the general results of moral speculation, but often in very crude shapes and distinctions. The impression produced in this manner upon the thoughtful reader is sometimes painful, especially when such harsh distinctions are followed out by his illustrative genius into pictorial contrasts, as in the case of the contrast between the wrestler and God who carries out the plan of redemption in opposition to Satan (*Gospel on Ezekiel*, p. 179), and in some other cases. With this deficiency, however, the sermons of Dr. Guthrie possess great and peculiar merits. Unelaborate, with none of the serene thoughtfulness and light of *intellectual* feeling which characterize Mr. Caird, they bear here and there more evident traces of fresh and original genius. There is an ease of touch, especially where he is practical and descriptive, a richness of fancy, a genuine pathos, a capacity of humorous kindliness, and a passionate earnestness, which stamp Dr. Guthrie as a natural orator. In his case, as in many others, we see how little the reflective element is concerned in the production of the happiest oratorical effects. It is needed to carry eloquence to its highest pitch, and make it a power to move the educated intellect of a country; yet it is only in rare instances that it does not work rather as a disturbing than an assisting influence in *speech*, while the absence of it is missed by comparatively few.

With the charm of eloquent utterance in our ears, and the excited pulses of our feeling beating in unison with the rapid glancing flights of the speaker, or excited by the vivid picturesque imagery in which he clothes his fluent thoughts, we seldom measure the intrinsic worth of the sentiments; we even overlook their frequent poverty or crudeness. Popular oratory in the pulpit or elsewhere is not the less oratory that it does not greatly instruct, or enlighten and expand our views. If it touches our feelings and awakens our sympathies, and leads us into excited affinity with the speaker's own emotion, then it serves its purpose—and this no ordinary purpose. When such an effect is produced, there must be in operation high natural qualities. And it is exactly the presence of such qualities as constitute felicity and impressiveness in speech which we discover in Dr. Guthrie. All that makes natural eloquence—the genial temper, the humorous and picturesque and passionate power which, in dealing with common thoughts, can exhibit them in their most *telling* light, he possesses in a high degree. And these qualities, as may be supposed, are more successful when he occupies himself with facts and features of our individual and social life than when he aims at doctrinal exposition. His four sermons, on "The City, its Sins and its Sorrows," are to us, accordingly, far the best he has published. The subject is one exactly suited to him, and there are few, we should think, who could read them without owning the power, at once vigorous and tender, which they display. Some of the pictures which they contain are more exquisite than anything else he has sketched,—touching every chord of sensibility by their pathetic reality, and enriched by a fresh and overflowing spring of poetry.

Of the two other preachers before us we have scarcely left ourselves any room to speak. It is somewhat absurd, indeed, especially at the close of an article, to class two men together of such entirely opposite qualities as Mr. Spurgeon and the late Mr. Robertson of Brighton. Their names, however, are merely grouped in connection with one general subject, as both of these men, in a very different manner, but in an equal degree, have vindicated the *power* of the modern pulpit.

No one who has read Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and no one who has ever heard him preach, can doubt his very remarkable and living eloquence. There are elements of coarseness that appear here and there; but there is a robust and manly vigour of thought —a pungent, racy, and forcible compass and ease of expression in his sermons that leave no question of his great capacity. There are scarcely any of his sermons,even those in which he has yielded to extravagance, that are not thoroughly eloquent. Nor is his the mere eloquence of fluency—it is the eloquence rather of one who

has consciously mastered his subject—who has looked at it, and knows well about it, and who can tell what he knows in expressive and nervous language. Where he is not carried away into spasmodic or grotesque declamation by his love of effect or vehemence of feeling, nothing can be better than his language,—strong and terse, and idiomatic, easily conveying his thought without affectation or weakness. With all his dogmatism, and the strong polemical predestinarianism in which he sometimes indulges, and his total want of philosophical or literary appreciation, there is a *life* of *reality* in all his preaching, which we have shown to be the highest gift, and a conscious energy which enables and entitles him to sway thousands of a certain class of hearers.

The sermons of the late Mr. Robertson of Brighton possess as high qualities of thought as any in our list. There is in them not merely the presence of a high reflective sympathy, as in those of Mr. Caird, but the abundant evidence of a reflective *genius*, illuminating every topic with its own vivid and genial power of insight. He not merely takes a strong and clear view of the truths of Scripture, and the moral realities around him, and brings to their discussion a philosophical and catholic spirit, but his subtle and bright perception and comprehensiveness of thought carry him everywhere back to principles, and enable him thence to shed a clear and full light upon all the lower and more complicated aspects of a question. Like other men of an ardent nature, he declaims bitterly against doctrines which he does not comprehend, or has misconceived; and, in the haste of pulpit utterance, makes declarations that sound criticism would repudiate. For example, he joins Mr. Maurice in denouncing the orthodox doctrine of the Atonement, which, from terms he applies to it, he proves himself not to understand; while, in other sermons, he as nearly as possible affirms that orthodox doctrine is the only ground of reconciliation between the conscience and God. We are now, however, speaking of him as a preacher, not as a theologian; and we would remember, in criticizing the apparent contradictions and the faults of his sermons, that they were published after his death. Some of them, as his Lectures on the First Epistle to the Corinthians, just published, are compiled from short-hand reports, taken by occasional hearers, and may, therefore, be embued with the reporter's or compiler's theology as well as the preacher's. Mr. Robertson's sermons, of course, as being all of them posthumous, are much less finished than Mr. Caird's, but they are more living. The light of thought in them is more broken and deflected, but it is far more direct and original. It is allied, moreover, to a finer and more poetic imaginativeness, greater depth and tenderness of feeling, and a more exquisite and

easy grace of expression. *Freshness* is, perhaps, their most pervading characteristic. People complain of sermons, that they are wearisome, repeating the same commonplaces over and over again. This charge we do not think can be made against any of the volumes before us,—no slight evidence of itself of their right to stand among the representatives of the *power* of the modern pulpit; but against Mr. Robertson's volumes we are certain it cannot be urged. Even in treating the most familiar topics, every aspect of which has been worn smooth by the constant rubbing of controversy or the monotonous iteration of commonplace, there is some newness of thought and feeling imparted to them. There is a warmth of fresh sympathy with the difficulties of present Christian Churches, or the exigences of our social state, shed over them, so that the reader everywhere feels himself in contact with the world of thought and life around him. The reader, indeed, who feels this must in some degree be cultivated and thoughtful; and this, perhaps, points to the chief defects of the sermons. Their range of reflection is too uniformly above the mere popular level; they have little or none of that direct scriptural simplicity, of that declaratory enforcement of scriptural truth, which, as in the case of Mr. Spurgeon, is shown to be a true and vital element of preaching. There is, in truth, as in much that is otherwise best in our modern religious literature, an element of scepticism running through these sermons—scepticism, of course, not in any unbelieving sense, but in the sense of a profound feeling of the limits of man's thought, and the feebleness of his judgment as to all the mysteries of the world in which he lives. This feeling sometimes imparts to Mr. Robertson's reflections a pathos of peculiar tenderness. It is the natural expression of a very sensitive and rich heart in the face of the dark problems of human destiny, and the strange conflicts of Christianity. So far from being unbelieving, it may be, as in the case of Pascal, profoundly religious. And no one can doubt the deeply religious spirit from which this feeling springs in Mr. Robertson.

II.

THE DAWN OF OCEANIC DISCOVERY.

In the 15th century there was a strong outward pressure on the bounds of Europe, not unlike that which in the age of the first Cæsar pressed on the bounds of the old classical homes of men, round the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Rome was no longer continent of the mass and energy of its Romans, and Cæsar, or some other, must lead the search to a new and wider world. The great Julius understood his time—rather, he was the exponent of its deepest needs and tendencies. The common soul of Pompeius loved the eastern, Cæsar the western outlook of the Roman empire. The West was the region which to him was fullest of attraction. There, among the hardy western races, he would recruit the exhausted commonwealth of Rome. A greater than he, within a century, followed in his foot-tracks, and aspired to plant the standard of the Gospel in the lands which Cæsar had added to the civilized world.

The 15th century presents, in many features, a striking parallel to the 1st. In the 15th century the European peoples had fairly possessed their limits; civilized, developed, industrious, and enterprising nations were settled along the western sea-boards of the continent; and as man knows not finality (not being a bankrupt politician), whenever he possesses his limits, he begins to strain and search for new and more capacious spheres. In this century European civilization was breaking out in every direction; chiefly stimulated by the growing industrial productiveness of the western maritime peoples, and their need of a wider market for their wares.

Commerce was truly at the root of the maritime enterprises of those times, and it is about the most manifestly Divine work which it has ever accomplished in our world. Nor do I hesitate to utter strongly the conviction, that the commerce has something Divine in the heart of it which moves men forth to hardy and gallant enterprises, that they may enlarge the commodity of society, and expand the intercourse, which is equivalent to the progress, of the human race. We live in an age in which this commerce has well nigh devoured her children, and has become too sadly a synonym for rapacity, selfishness, and narrowness of intellect and soul. Hood's "Song of the Shirt" gives voice to the myriads of hearts which our commerce is breaking, the myriads of homes which it is desolating, the myriads of little ones whom it is kicking out into

the gutters, to become the Arabs of our great cities, and avenge the wrong. When we take our course through any of the back slums in the great cities of our Eden of competitive commerce, and see with our own eyes the filth and squalor, the sottish vice and brutality, the foul houses, the wasted women, the pallid, puling, crippled children which it nurses, we are tempted to ask, is not this tyrant power, now that competition holds the reins and wields the whip, the true Antichrist of the modern world? But you must look at the obverse as well as the reverse of the medal. In this world there is no power, however benignant, which the devil does not somewhere wield as the instrument of the torture and degradation of mankind. The Church herself has been the mother of the most awful cruelties which have ever tormented, as well as of the largest benedictions which have ever enriched, the world. Not otherwise is it with commerce. In itself, essentially, commerce is the flesh which clothes that great Christian idea, the brotherhood of mankind. The type, the skeleton, the joints and bands, are of yet Diviner texture; but the flesh which clothes them is the commerce of men. It rests fundamentally on the truth that men need each other's ministries; and it fulfils those ministries, despite treeless deserts and foaming seas. Commerce has led the march of the grandest revolutions, and has opened the tracks of the most fruitful discoveries. She has exercised, and still does exercise, the manliest energies, the most pure and self-denying efforts of mankind. She has secured for the truth and the freedom of our political constitution and our social habits, the preponderating influence among the nations of the earth. This is, perhaps, her loftiest and benignest function. She confers the practical power, the weight of influence, decisively on the people most distinguished by soberness, industry, hardihood, and truth. In the long run, she puts the sceptre into the hand of freedom, mantles industry with the imperial purple, and invests tried manliness with the crown. The victory of British commerce is the victory of all the qualities which make our greatness—pluck, patience, industry, inventive and administrative skill. Most emphatically were these grand qualities called forth by the Elizabethan commerce. The history of its rise and growth is the history of the advance of our people to the leadership we enjoy. For instance: not very long after Sir F. Drake's notable voyage round the world, the English began to claim their part in the commerce of the Eastern Indies. In the year 1600 there was an English factory at Bantam in Java, which ten Englishmen held as a fort in an enemy's land, and by their gallant carriage maintained a mastery over the rabble myriads around. Old Samuel Purchas

shall tell the tale, in the racy narrative which he has inserted in his "Pilgrimes:"—

"These people having heard much of the fame of the English people in time past, before even they saw any of us, had an especiall eye to our carriage and behaviour, and wee were growne a common admiration among them all, that wee, being so few, should carry such a port as wee did, never putting up the least wrong that was offered either by Javans or Chinees, but alwayes did justice ourselves; and when the Protector did wrong us himselfe, it was knowne that wee did not spare to tell him of it soundly, and in such sort that he wanted very much of his will. It is well knowne, also, that at the first comming of our ships the Javans offered us much wrong in purloyning our goods; but so many as wee tooke were either slaine, wounded, or soundly beaten. The Javans thought wee durst not doe so when our ships were gone, therefore they did practise to steale both day and night, but they found it all one, the which they did admire at; for it is most certain, and I have heard many strangers speake it, that have been present when wee have beaten some Javans, that they never knew or heard of any nation but us, that were Leigers there, that durst once strike a Javan in Bantam; and it was a common talke among all strangers and others, how we stood at defiance with those that hated us for our goods, and how little wee cared for them. Likewise how wee never offered any wrong to the meanest in the towne, and also how wee were generally beloved of all the better sort. They would say it was not so with the Flemmings, nor with no other nation. And all the time I was there I never heard that ever the Flemmings gave a Javan so much as a box on the eare, but many times fell foule of the Chinees, who will very seldom make any resistance; yet it is of truth they are mortally hated, as well of all sorts of Javans as of Chinees."

Perhaps it was because of the fighting which might have to be done, that Lord Derby appointed a life-guardsman to be our consul in Japan.

Such men were something other than the hucksters of their day. There seems to be something almost unworthy of the great name of Milton, in the tone of the well-known passage of his Muscovite history:—"The discovery of Russia by the Northern Ocean, made first of any nation that we know by the English, might have seemed an enterprise almost heroic, if any other end than excessive love of gain and traffic had animated the design." More noble in every way—more level with the truth of the matter—are the words of Lord Henry Sidney, who, when the expedition of the gallant but ill-fated Sir Hugh Willoughby (the very expedition which Milton criticises) was on the eve of sailing, "came down to the ships and made a notable discourse:"—

"My very worshipful friends, I cannot but greatly commend your present godly and vertuous intention, in the serious enterprising (for the singular love you beare to your countrey)—a matter which I hope shall prove profitable to the nation, and honourable to this our land. Which intention of yours wee also of the nobilitie are ready to our power to helpe and further; neither do wee holde any thing so deare and precious to us, which wee will not willingly foregoe, and lay out in so commendable a cause.

"You know the man (Chanceller) by report, I by experience—you by wordes, I by deedes—you by speech and company, but I by the daily trials of his life—have a full and perfect knowledge of him; and you are also to remember into how many perils for your sakes, and his countrey's love, he is now to runne; whereof it is requisite that wee be not unmindful, if it please God to send him good successe. We commit a little money to the chaunce and hazard of fortune; he commits his life (a thinge to a man of all things most deare) to the raging sea and the uncertainties of many dangers. We shall here live and rest at home quietly with our friends and acquaintance; but hee in the meane time, labouring to keepe the ignorant and unruly mariners in good order and obedience, with howe many cares shall he trouble and vex himselfe? with howe many troubles shall he breake himselfe? and how many disquietings shall hee bee forced to sustaine? We shall keep our own coastes and countrey; he shall seeke strange and unknowne kingdoms. He shall commit his safetye to barbarous and cruell people, and shall hazard his life among the monstrous and terrible beastes of the sea. Wherefore, in respect of the greatnesse of the dangers, and the excellencie of his charge, you are to favour and love the man thus departing from us; and if it fall so happily out that hee returne againe, it is your part, and duetie also, liberally to reward him."

The aim of this expedition was to force a way round the northern coasts of Asia to Cathay and India, and thus open a direct and unimpeded intercourse between England and those distant realms. It is proposed to give a sketch in some future paper of the most brilliant of these north-eastern and north-western endeavours and achievements. Brilliant enterprises verily they are, for ever memorable in the history of man's battle with and conquest of Nature; but the primal inspiration of their chief promoters, strange as it may seem, was commerce; that is, commerce with those Christian blessings to barbarous and pagan peoples, which it was then understood were bound to travel in its train. But in order to understand this, we must look to the southward: the reason of these northern explorations lay about the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn.

I have already characterized the 15th century as the age in which the European peoples were pressing their boundaries out-

wards in every direction. The man whose life, more than that of any other of his time, is the index of this movement, is Prince Henry of Portugal. Born in 1394, he lived through two-thirds of the great 15th century—the century which is as remarkable for effort and aspiration, as the 16th was for the accomplishment of Reformation. He died in 1463, after devoting a long life, with rare singleness of purpose, to maritime exploration; and to him, its sanguine, strenuous, and persevering advocate, against the indolence of rulers, the ignorance of peoples, and the terribly long yarns of perils and horrors which the sailors brought home with them, the glory of its results is due. This great prince served at the capture of Ceuta by the Portuguese in 1415, and thus took part in the first European establishment on the continent of Africa; and there probably he conceived the project of devoting his life to the discovery of the unknown regions beyond. Forsaking politics —no slight self-abnegation in those stirring times—he took up his residence at Terçal Naval, in the Bay of Sagres, just under Cape St. Vincent, the south-west promontory of Spain. Thence he could strain his eyes over the blue Atlantic, and see, among the golden sunset mists, the dim outline of an undiscovered world. We like to picture that sagacious and learned prince settling himself decisively there, on the westmost limit of European dominion, careless of the stormy and bloody drama which Europe was enacting around him, and devoting a long and toilsome life, which might have challenged the first honour in courts and camps, to the task of extending that dominion over regions on which the sun, which set on Sagres, might be pouring his noontide blaze. He, first of all modern men, fully grasped the thought that Westward, ho! is the watchword of the human race.

When he settled at Sagres, Cape Bojador—the Outstretcher—was the southern limit of western discovery; Madeira and the Cape de Verd Islands were unknown. From that time to the day of his death he occupied himself, with brief intervals of political activity, in the work of organizing and sending forth expeditions to extend the knowledge of the tropical regions of Africa, and promote commercial intercourse between the African and European peoples. His motive for dedicating his great life to this single object he himself records. For it seemed to him "that neither mariner nor merchant would be likely to adopt an enterprise in which there was no clear hope of profit. It belonged, then, to great men and princes, and amongst such he knew of no one but himself who was inclined to it."

A prince of a rare sort, then as now! All honour to Adam Smith and the supply-and-demand creed of Free Trade. But there have been ages in which nobler things than interests were

needed to open up even the tracks of trade. The Prince began his discoveries in 1418, but it took his captain fifteen years to round the terrible Bojador. Then one Gil Eannes, in the year 1433, made the passage; but there is good reason to believe that the hardy Normans had been round before him, and even one Sieur de Bethancourt, a French baron, chamberlain of Charles VI.; but these records are very dim. Cape Blanco and Cape Verd were quickly discovered and surveyed, and commercial relations were established with the Negro peoples of those coasts. In the year 1441, Prince Henry obtained from the Pope a grant to Portugal of all lands which might be discovered between Bojador and the Indies, with plenary indulgence for those who should die while engaged in the quest. With this sanction and stimulus the work went bravely on. Before Prince Henry died, in 1463, he had pushed the limit of Portuguese dominion down as far as Sierra Leone.

The capture and employment of negro slaves was among the first direct fruits of these great discoveries. Against this traffic Prince Henry failed to set himself; but it was manifestly no motive to him, whatever it might be to his captains; zeal for discovery, and not love of fame, being the ruling passion of his noble heart. But we must be just to the 15th century; we must not weigh its instincts and judgments on this dark subject in the balance of the 19th. Europe, hardly emerged from serfdom (and the history of the origin of European serfdom will bear looking into, and would startle those to whom the clap-trap of the platform, or the popular lecture, is the chief source of knowledge upon the subject)—Europe, I say, hardly emerged from serfdom, and familiar with suffering in every shape and form for ages, having before its eyes continually the enslavement of Christians by the Moors—a dark, dark chapter of mediæval history—and finding something like it in the early histories of the Word of God, had not, and could not be expected to have, that horror of the principles and practices of slavery, which has been ripened in us since the Reformation by the broader sunlight of the Gospel. In the most pious, reflecting, and unselfish minds, the horrors and miseries of the traffic were held to be outweighed by the conversion which was its fruit. Remember what conversion meant in Roman Catholic Europe in the 15th century—the endless felicities and glories which mere baptism into the Catholic Church was believed to carry in its train—and you will see, at any rate, the standing-ground of their ideas. Mr. Helps, who has enriched his masterly history of the Spanish Conquest with most valuable extracts from documents and writers little known before, lifts the veil of this slave traffic, and introduces us, through the description of an eye-

witness, into the first Spanish slave mart in that 15th century. It is worth our while to consider thoughtfully the description and reflections of this pious and pitiful spectator of the scene.

"But what heart was that, how hard soever, which was not pierced with sorrow, seeing that company: for some had sunken cheeks, and their faces bathed in tears, looking at each other; others were groaning very dolorously, looking at the heights of the heavens, fixing their eyes upon them, crying out loudly, as if they were asking succour from the Father of nature; others struck their faces with their hands, throwing themselves on the earth; others made their lamentations in songs, according to the customs of their country, which, although we could not understand their language, we saw corresponded well to the height of their sorrow. But now, for the increase of their grief, come those who had the charge of the distribution, and they began to put them apart one from the other, in order to equalize the portions; wherefore it was necessary to part children and parents, husbands and wives, and brethren from each other. Neither in the partition of friends and relations was any law kept, only each fell where the lot took him. Oh, powerful fortune! who goest hither and thither with thy wheels, compassing the things of the world as it pleaseth thee, if thou canst place before the eyes of this miserable nation some knowledge of the things that are to come after them, that they may receive some consolation in the midst of their great sadness! And you others who have the business of this partition, look with pity on such great misery, and consider how can those be parted whom you cannot disunite! Who will be able to make this partition without great difficulty? For while they were placing in one part the children that saw their parents in another, the children sprang up perseveringly and fled to them; the mothers enclosed their children in their arms, and threw themselves with them on the ground, receiving wounds with little pity for their own flesh, so that their offspring might not be torn from them! And so, with labour and difficulty, they concluded the partition; for, besides the trouble they had with the captives, the plain was full of people, as well of the place as of the villages and neighbourhood around, who in that day gave rest to their hands, the mainstay of their livelihood, only to see this novelty. And as they looked upon these things, some deploring, some reasoning upon them, they made such a riotous noise, as greatly to disturb those who had the management of this distribution. The Infanta was there upon a powerful horse, accompanied by his people, looking out his share, but as a man who for his part did not care for gain; for, the forty-six souls which fell to his fifth, he speedily made his choice, as all his principal riches were in his contentment, considering with great delight the salvation of those souls which before were lost. And certainly his thought was not vain; for, as soon as they had knowledge of our language, they readily became Christians; and I, who have made this history in this volume, have seen in the town of Lagos young men and young women, the sons and grandsons

of those very captives, born in this land, as good and as true Christians as if they had lineally descended, since the commencement of the law of Christ, from those who were first baptized."

Prince Henry died in 1463. The same author, who has thrown much light on his history, gives an outline of his character, sketched by an able hand:—

"He had a grandeur of nature," says Faria y Sousa, "proportionate to the greatness of his doings; he was bulky and strong; his complexion red and white; his hair coarse, and almost hirsute; his aspect produced fear in those who were not accustomed to him; not to those who were; for even in the strongest current of his vexation at anything, his courtesy always prevailed over his anger; he had a grave serenity in his movements, a notable constancy and circumspection in his words, modesty in all that related to his state and personal observance, within the limits of his high fortune; he was patient in labour, bold and valorous in war, versed in arts and letters, a skilful fencer, in the mathematics superior to all men of his time, generous in the extreme, zealous in the extreme for the increase of the Faith. No bad habit was known in him. He did not marry, nor was it known that he ever violated the purity of continency. His memory was equal to the authority he bore, and his prudence equal to his memory."

He was one of the great ones of the world. Like Columbus, the devotee of a great idea—an idea which God had shown to him—and able to hold all which this earth could offer to him as dross compared with the joy of fulfilling the Divine behests. Of such stuff are the heroes, the leaders of generations, made. For us he is not the less interesting, in that he was the son of Blanche of Lancaster, daughter of great John of Gaunt, nephew therefore to our Henry IV., and cousin-german to our Henry V.—himself an adventurous, heroic man, who might, had he lived, have given a new shape to history. Norse blood was in the veins of this great Prince Henry. He was half Englishman, who opened the chapter of maritime discovery in the modern history of the world.

After his death the work went on, but less nobly—it missed his royal head and hand. Still he had broken the neck of the difficulty; he had surveyed the field—it remained but to master the empire which he had laid open to the enterprise of Europe. In 1487 Bartholomew Diaz doubled the Cape of Good Hope. "Capo Tormentoso," poor Diaz and his battered sailors called it; but the king on his return gave it a name of better omen, which it bears to this day. The problem of a passage by sea to India was now more than half solved. Ten years afterwards, in 1497, Vasco de Gama sailed on his famous voyage, and succeeded in reaching Calicut, on the coast of Hindostan. He thus completed the effort

and realized the hope of centuries, and brought Europe into maritime connection with the lands of gems, spice, and gold. I touch lightly on these great discoveries, the history of them being so familiar, and dwell rather with fuller detail on the less known episodes of that adventurous time.* Gama returned to Europe to report his successes in September, 1499, and was received with most distinguished honours by the Portuguese Court. Meanwhile a greater and more original mind had been at work on the problem. The grant of Martin V. to Portugal of all land which might be discovered along the coast of Africa to the Indies, shut out Spain from any participation in the commerce and empire opened up to the European nations by the enterprises of the Portuguese. Vasco de Gama trod cautiously, after all, in tracks which had been tolerably explored. The southern cape of Africa being discovered, it was known, as a matter of course, that India must lie beyond. Columbus took counsel of the sphere. It was shown to him—are we not bound to believe that such great missions are very directly from on high?—that a western course over the unknown Atlantic must conduct the voyager to the western sea-boards of the lands whose eastern Gama had approached by the way of Africa. He stood boldly out over the Atlantic, followed by the sympathies of one great queenly heart, as capable of serving a great idea as his own, on the boldest and most heroic quest ever undertaken by man. On Friday, August 3rd, 1492, three little ships stood out from Palos: Sagres lay there to the west, along the coast. On Friday, October 11th, they cast anchor on the coast of St. Salvador; and added, as is expressed nobly in the epitaph of Colon, "a new world to Spain." Thus, in the last decade of the 15th century, Columbus and Gama reached, by pursuing opposite routes, the gold and spice regions of the world. But at the same time the vaguest uncertainty existed as to the exact situation and relations of the lands which they had discovered. Vasco de Gama's course was plain. His India could at once be linked on, by the overland commerce, to the known regions of the earth. But what was this new region to which Columbus had opened the way? The prevalent opinion—nursed, doubtless, by the ancient notion that land, the nobler, must be the preponderating element in the world—magnified unduly the extent of Asia; and pushed its eastern sea-board close on to the American coast. Columbus, leaving the Canaries, steered, as he

* I purposely, too, avoid complicating the narrative in this brief paper by the discussion of the vexed questions of the subject. I therefore pass by the voyages of the Corterials, about which there is great difficulty, especially the earliest voyage of John. The Zeni, too, must here be passed by, that we may keep to the firm ground.

believed, for Japan. On October 7th, being in the parallel of 25° 30′, he became uneasy at not discovering Zipangu, which by his reckoning ought to be 216 miles to the eastward of his meridian. Martin Alonzo Pinzon prevailed on him to steer to the south-west. Pinzon, it seems, had seen a flight of parrots heading in that direction; and so by the auspices it was settled, as of old, that Central and not North America should receive the colonies of Spain. Never in old Rome did birds lead such a quest as this.

Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci remained persuaded till death that the continent which Columbus in his third voyage discovered, about the mouths of the Orinoco, was the mainland of Asia; and the admiral, magnificent as the great Julius, entertained the purpose of returning to Spain by Ceylon and the Cape, or overland by Jerusalem and Jaffa—anticipating our steam track by 350 years. The notion that India had been reached by a western course from Spain would, of course, speedily raise questions as to the range of the Papal grant to Portugal, by which Martin had attached to the Portuguese Crown all lands which might be discovered between Bojador and the Indies. The question was at once considered in the Papal councils, and a division of the world was made between the two great discovering peoples, which, while it seemed to make a fair settlement of the contending claims for the moment, in reality raised questions, the determination of which had the most important bearing on the development of science as well as trade. Alexander VI., Roderic Borgia, then occupied the Papal throne. To this man, incest and murders of the most horrible description were freely attributed by songs and epigrams in every court in Europe. From him, as Pope, a decree came forth which was received as absolute throughout Christendom, to divide the undiscovered world equally between two sovereign powers. Taking the meridian of longitude drawn through a point 100 leagues to the west of the Azores, he ordained that the half globe to the east of that line should belong to Portugal, the half globe to the west to Spain. This Bull bears date May 4th, 1493, shortly after the return of Columbus to Spain. Subsequently, by an arrangement between the monarchs, of the 7th of June, 1494, the line was removed westwards to 370 leagues west of the Cape de Verd Islands. We can easily understand how the determination of this meridian, in the then state of nautical astronomy, was a matter of no little difficulty in the Indian seas. The observations of the contending parties doubtless favoured the interests of their respective nations, and it was not until after much strife and discussion that it was settled, that the Moluccas, valuable for their spices, fell within the Spanish hemisphere; and they were actually purchased by Portugal, in 1529, for 350,000 ducats. Impious as these Bulls may seem, they were very real and solemn

matters in those days. Edward IV. of England, a great trader, fitted out an expedition to trade on the coasts of Guinea; but he abandoned the design at once, keen as he was after gain, when the Pope's Bull was pleaded by the Portuguese king. That we may understand how real the right of the Pope was conceived to be in those days, I will quote the proclamation which Ferdinand founded on it, and by which he took royal possession of the Indies. But that there is something ludicrous in bringing such a battery to bear on the ignorant and helpless Indians, one might reckon this document among the most awful lies ever promulgated in this world.

"The proclamation dwells on the creation of man, and of the dispersion of the one race. Then it declares how God gave charge of all these nations to one man called St. Peter, that he should be the head of the human race, and have rule over them all, and fix his seat at Rome, 'as the fittest place for governing the world.' He was called Father, as the Father and Governor of all men. Then it tells how all men have obeyed St. Peter and his successors, and will obey them to the end of time. It informs the Indians how a certain Pope gave to the Catholic sovereigns all these western islands and the Continent, by writings which the Indians may see if they like. Then they are told how well the other islanders had received and obeyed his Majesty, listening without any hesitation or delay to religious men, and becoming Christians, and how kind his Majesty had been to them. 'Wherefore I entreat and require you,' said Ojeda, or any other privateering discoverer, 'that, after taking due time to consider this, you acknowledge the Church as sovereign lady of the world, and the Pope in her name; and his Majesty, in his place as lord of these isles and this continent, and that you receive these religious men. If you do so, his Majesty will greet you with all love and affection, and leave you your wives and children free, and will give you many privileges and exemptions. But if you do not, by the help of God I will enter with power into your land, and will subdue you, and will take your wives and children and make slaves of them, and sell them as such, and take all your goods, and do you all the mischief I can, as to vassals that do not obey, and will not receive their Lord. And I protest that all the death and destruction which may come from this is your fault, and not his Majesty's or mine, or that of my men.'"

The direct result of this Spanish and Portuguese discovery was the enormous increase of their navies, and the complete division between them of the Empire of the Seas. The Spanish and Portuguese claimed as of right the whole of this new and most valuable commerce; while their knowledge of the navigation, and the multitude of their ships, enabled them to maintain practically the monopoly. The result of this to England was for the time disastrous. It lowered her position both commercially and politi-

cally, in comparison with these once inferior monarchies. She lost not a little of the commerce she already enjoyed, traffic being speedily diverted from its old routes to this new highway of the seas. She found herself shut out by two powerful navies from intercourse with the East, and all the advantage it might bring in its train. Very earnestly was this point considered by the English statesmen and merchants during the early part of the 16th century; and several expeditions were organized for the purpose of conducting such explorations as were possible, without trenching on the recognized rights of Spain and Portugal to the newly-discovered regions of the earth. I say, recognized rights. The Reformation let in a flood of light on these as well as other matters. England, we shall see, will soon come to treat these in common with many venerable "rights," to which she had bowed for centuries, as flagrant and even blasphemous wrongs. The Reformation opened the way morally for the enterprise, for which the country was training all unconsciously her physical powers—the wresting of the sceptre of the East from the Catholic monarchies, and the winning the naval supremacy of the world. The first earnest efforts of the English to extend their empire and commerce by discovery, was in the reign of Henry VII. Cabota, or Cabot, is the patriarchal name in English maritime discovery. Cabota was a Venetian, Columbus a Genoese. They were equally famous as pilots, and were reckoned the ablest mariners of their time. Cabot was employed by Henry VII. in Western discovery. The proceedings of the father, John Cabot, are shrouded in mystery, which no research has hitherto been able to dispel. Sebastian, the son, says that his father died "in that time when newes were brought that Don Christopher Colonus Genuese had discovered the coast of India." But it is hard to make the scattered notices agree. Sebastian Cabot, in a report made by him some time after to the Pope's legate in Spain, gives this account from memory of his voyage to the American coast:—

"Understanding, by reason of the sphere, that if he should sail by way of north-west, he should by a shorter tract come into India; he thereupon caused the king to be advertised of his device, who immediately commanded two caravels to be furnished with all things appertayning to the voyage, which was, as farre as he remembered, in the year 1496, in the beginning of summer. He began, therefore, to sail toward the north-west, not thinking to find any other land than that of Cathay, and from thence to turn towards India; but after certaine days he found that the land ran toward the north, which was to him a great displeasure. Neverthless, sayling along the coast, to see if he could find any gulf that turned, he found the land still continued to the 56th degree under our pole. And seeing that there

the coast turned to the east, despairing to find a passage, he turned back again, and sayled downe by the coast of that land toward the Equinoctiall (ever with intent to find the said passage to India), and came to that part of this firm land which is now called Florida; where his victuals failing, he departed from thence and returned unto England, where he found great tumults among the people, and preparations for warres in Scotland, by reason whereof there was no more consideration had unto this voyage."

The king did not care to prosecute the enterprise, and Cabot left for Spain. In 1548 he returned, an aged man, and full of wisdom and honour. Edward VI. was so delighted with the old man and his views, that he appointed him by patent "Pilot-Major," with a salary of 500 marks (£166), a very large sum in those days. He dedicated his mature powers to the work of organizing and promoting English discovery. He was placed at the head of the "Mysterie and Companie of the Merchant Adventurers for the Discovery of New Trades," better known as the Muscovia Company. Then England fairly entered on the race in which she was destined to outstrip the world. From Italy came the first inspiration, both to Spain and to England. It was so in everything. In art, literature, commerce, politics, and war, Italy led the van though she could not keep it. She lit the torch of modern civilization at the old hearth fires, whose embers were still glowing in her great cities, and then passed it on to stronger and more resolute peoples. But Cabot is our maritime patriarch. All honour be to his memory! He seems to have returned to England at the solicitation of a certain Mr. Robert Thorne, a merchant of Bristol, and a most able man, in the reign of Henry VIII. The first fair notice which I can find of the *motif* of English discovery towards the north, occurs in a paper addressed to Henry VIII., by this very Mr. Robert Thorne, from which I make the following very significant extract:—

"Now I considering this your noble courage and desire, and also perceiving that your Grace may at your pleasure, to your greater glory, by a Godly meane, with little cost, perill, or labour, to your Grace or any of your subjects, amplifie and enrich this your sayd realme, I know it is my bounden duty to manifest this secret unto your Grace, which hitherto, as I suppose, hath beene hid: which is that with a small number of ships, there may be discovered divers new lands and kingdomes, withe which without doubt your Grace shall winne perpetualle glory, and your subjectes infinite profite. To which places there is left one way to discover, which is into the North: for that of the foure partes of the worlde, it seemeth three parts are discovered by other princes. For out of Spaine they have discovered all the Indies and seas occidentall; and out of Portingall all the

Indies and seas orientall; so that by this part of the orient and occident they have compassed the world. So that now rest to be discovered the sayd north parts, the which it seemeth to mee is onely your charge and duety. Because the situation of this your realme is thereunto nearest and aptest of all other: and also for that you have already taken it in hand."

Thorne's representations took effect. In 1527 "two faire ships" were despatched for Western discovery. The history of the expedition, as far as it can be gleaned from the scanty chronicles of it, was disastrous. The ships were cast away on the north of Newfoundland, and even the painstaking Hakluyt failed to learn anything more about it. This was followed by an expedition sent forth by one Master Hore, of London, quaintly described as "a man of goodly stature, and great courage, and given to the study of Cosmographie." The remarkable feature of this expedition, which sailed in 1536, was that thirty out of the six score persons by whom the ships were manned, were gentlemen of the Inns of Court, and persons from the upper ranks of society. Their fate was very horrible. They found some traces of an earlier habitation of the island by civilized people, but were unable to continue their explorations; for before long they were overtaken by famine, and fearful tales of cannibalism and other horrors were told by the few that returned. The Captain's discourse, when he discovered the horrible crimes to which they had been driven, is very noble and Christian; but I cannot dwell upon it here. The curious will find it in the third volume of the 4to edition of Hakluyt, page 169.

The next voyage undertaken by the English, may be said fairly to open the chapter of Arctic discovery. It is the expedition of the ill-fated Sir Hugh Willoughby (the reader will remember Henry Sidney's "eloquent discourse" to them), which sailed in 1553.

The indefatigable Mr. Robert Thorne wrote a letter to Dr. Ley, the ambassador of Henry VIII. to the Emperor, in which he shapes the great dream of English commerce—a new way to the new Indian lands by the Polar Seas; as fair and false a dream as ever beguiled mankind. Having dwelt at large on the discovery of Newfoundland, he says—"Now then, if from the said New found lands the sea be navigable, there is no doubt, but sayling Northward and passing the Pole, descending to the Equinoctiall line, we shall hit these islands (the Spice Islands, he means); and it would be a much shorter way than either the Spaniards or the Portingalls have. For we be distant from the Pole but thirty and nine degrees, and from the Pole to the Equinoctiall be ninety, the which added together bee an hundred twenty and nine degrees, leagues

2489, miles 7440: where we should find these islands. . . . So that this navigation of the Portuguese amounteth in all to 4300 leagues. So that (as afore is sayd) if between our New found lands or Norway, or Island (Iceland), the seas toward the north be navigable, we should goe to those islands a shorter way by more than 2000 leagues."

This was the germ which has ripened into Arctic exploration. It lay in the mind of Sebastian Cabot, and its first-fruit was the expedition of Sir Hugh Willoughby, to find a way to India round the northern sea-boards of Asia. It is but the first of a series of gallant attempts to force that ice-bound gate; attempts in which the Dutch chiefly distinguished themselves, and the hapless Barentz earned an immortal fame. Most able instructions were drawn up by Cabot for the conduct of the navigation, on which we must not even for a moment dwell. A graphic little picture of the starting of the expedition will not be unacceptable to the reader. There were three ships:—

"On the 20th of May, 1553, the captain and mariners took shipping and departed from Ratcliffe on the ebbe. They having saluted their acquaintances—one his wife, another his children, and another his kinsfolk, and another his friends dearer than his kinsfolkes—were present and ready at the day appointed; and having wayed ancre, they departed with the turning of the water, and sayling easily came first to Greenewich. The greater ships are towed downe with boates and oares, the mariners being all apparelled in watchet, or skie-coloured cloth, rowed amayne, and made waye with diligence. And being come neare to Greenewich, where the Court then laye, upon the newes thereof the courtiers came running out, and the common people flockt together, standing very thicke upon the shore: the Privie Council they lookt out at the windows of the Court, and the rest ranne up to the tops of the towers; the ships hereupon discharged their ordinance, and shot off their pieces after the manner of warre and of the sea; insomuch that the tops of the hills sounded therewith, the valleys and the waters gave an echo, and the mariners they shouted in such sort, that the skye rang again with the noyse thereof. One stoode in the poope of the ship, and by his gesture bids farewell to his friends in the best maner he could. Another walks upon the hatches, another climbs the shrowds, another stands upon the mainyard, and another in the top of the shippe; to be short, it was a very triumph (after a sort), in all respects to the beholders. But, alas, the good King Edward (in respect of whom principally all this was prepared), hee onely by reason of his sicknesse, was absent from this shewe; and not long after the departure of these ships the lamentable and most sorrowful accident of his death followed."

Thus they set forth. The ships parted company. Chancellor landed in Russia, reached the Court, was heartily entertained

there, and laid the foundation of that commercial intercourse with Russia which was so fruitful in profit to England in this and the succeeding reigns. The gallant Sir Hugh Willoughby met with a darker fate. Next year some Russian fishermen found the ships fast in the ice near the mouth of the Arzina, on the coast of Lapland, and the crews all frozen to death. Sir Hugh Willoughby's journal was recovered, from which it appears that he had previously reached and "discovered,"—not Spitzbergen, as Purchas with singular obstinacy will have it—but Nova Zembla which is the true Willoughby's land. The last entry in the journal has a melancholy interest: "Thus remaining in this haven the space of a weeke, seeing the yeare farre spent, and very bad wether, as frost, snow, and hail, as though it had been the deep of winter; we thought it best to winter there. Wherefore we sent out three men S.S.W. to search if they could find people, who went three dayes journey but could find none. After that we sent out other three westward, four dayes journey, which also returned without finding any people. Then sent we three men S.E. three dayes journey, who in like sorte returned, without finding of people or any similitude of habitation." These were the last words traced by the hand of as noble and gallant a man as ever led a forlorn hope for his country's good. The cycle of Arctic discovery opens and closes with strangely similar calamities—two ships' crews in each case frozen to death.

A second North-Eastern attempt was made by Stephen Borough in 1556. He reached Nova Zembla, but being driven back by easterly winds, returned safely to England the following year. His voyage is of interest chiefly because it gives us a glimpse of good old Sebastian Cabot in his lusty age, honoured and beloved, and as devoted to discovery as in his prime.

"We departed from Ratcliffe to Blackewall the 23rd of April Saturday, being St. Mark's day, we departed from Blackewall to Grays. The 27th being Monday, the right worshipful Sebastian Cabot came aboard our pinnesse at Gravesend, accompanied with divers gentlemen and gentlewomen, who after they had viewed our pinnesse and tasted of such cheere as we could make them aboord, they went on shore, giving our mariners right liberal rewards; and the good old gentleman, Master Cabota, gave to the poore most liberal almes bidding them to pray for the goode fortune and prosperous successe of the Serchthrift, our pinnesse. And then at the signe of the Christopher, he and his friends banketted, and made me and them that were in the company great cheere: and for very joy that he had to see the towardnes of our intended discovery, he entered into the dance himselfe, amongst the rest of the young and lusty company. Which

being ended, he and his friends departed most gently, commending us to the governance of Almighty God."

With this voyage the N.E. explorations of the English came practically to a close. What further interest attaches to the question of the North-Easterly passage is chiefly connected with the rise of the Dutch Republics towards the close of the century. The English continued to carry on a commercial intercourse with Russia of great extent and importance, and in this direction their knowledge of the countries and markets of the world rapidly increased. But the attention of discoverers was from that time turned steadily to the North-West. Sir Humphrey Gilbert wrote an able treatise to prove, according to the notions most available for proof in those days, that the N.W. passage would be found surer, easier, nearer, and in every way more advantageous for England, than that by the N.E. This book seems to have carried the convictions of his countrymen with it; from that time forth they threw themselves earnestly into the exploration of the northern sea-boards of the American continent, if any passage might be forced that way into the Indian Seas. The work of Arctic discovery has called forth and exercised for three centuries a succession of men as hardy and heroic as any whose names are recorded in the bead-roll of fame, and the secret has been mastered at last. There was a third way to the rich Indian realms, at which our forefathers looked wistfully in the early part of Elizabeth's reign—by the broad highway of the Atlantic, barred against us by the two powerful navies of Portugal and Spain. That barrier, too, the mariners of Elizabeth forced before the end of the century, and have held open in many a long and desperate conflict against the banded navies of the world.

B.

III.

THE LEGATIONS AND THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.

It has now, at length, been definitively settled that a Congress of the great Powers shall assemble at Paris, for the purpose of determining the future fate of Italy. The Treaty of Villafranca has made Lombardy an integral part of the Sardinian monarchy, but Venetia is still held by Austria; the destinies of Tuscany,

Modena, and Parma are yet trembling in the balance; and the Pope claims the restoration of those fair provinces of Central Italy which—wearied out by centuries of misrule, and despairing of any constitutional and peaceful reforms—have at last withdrawn their allegiance from the incorrigible ecclesiastical tyranny which has so long oppressed them. It is to the past history and present attitude of this portion of the Papal States—commonly known as the Legations—that we propose at present to direct the attention of our readers; and one of our principal inducements to do so, is that remarkable "Declaration of the Catholic Laity of Great Britain"—published by the *Tablet*, and dated December 14th, 1859—which specially refers to the relations between the Pope and his revolted subjects. We do not believe that this document expresses the sentiments of the majority of the Roman Catholic laity of Great Britain. A small but extreme minority has often no scruple in representing its voice as the true utterance of the party of which it forms, in reality, only an insignificant section; and we believe this to be the case in the present instance. The tone of the "Declaration" is arrogant and offensive, its spirit slavish, and utterly unworthy of the subjects of a free and constitutional government; while its assertions, with regard to the Pope and the inhabitants of the Legations, are the very reverse of true. We are not surprised at the seditious ravings of a part of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, or their reckless misrepresentations with regard to the subjects of the Holy See; for such exhibitions have, unfortunately, been too common in that country to excite any other feelings than contempt and regret; though, by their sympathy with the temporal rule of the Papacy—that most stationary and consistently evil of all European governments—and their denunciations of the revolted subjects of that government, they have deprived themselves of all claim to sympathy, even were their grievances, under the hated yoke of Great Britain, tenfold what they assert them to be.

The Declaration commences by an affirmation of inviolable fidelity to the Holy Father and the Apostolic See, *followed* by a profession of attachment to our Queen and constitution. It denounces the "unjustifiable rebellion" of the Legations; the assistance rendered it by certain European Governments; the attacks and calumnies of the Protestant press; and it goes on further to declare that the preservation of the Pope's temporal power intact, is essential to the free exercise of his supreme spiritual authority; that nothing in the conduct of the Papal Government can be pointed out sufficient to excuse or justify the rebellion of the Legations; and that the present Pope is a "benignant, enlightened, and paternal ruler." Finally, the

declarants protest against the aid given to the inhabitants of the Legations; against the attempt to compromise the Pope's spiritual power, by limiting his temporal sovereignty; and against the assumption by any state, sovereign, or Congress, of a right to dispose of the states of the Holy Father, "or to impose upon him any conditions against his own will, being persuaded that both justice and expediency dictate, that any changes in the laws or administration of his dominion, should be left to his own unfettered judgment and unquestioned benevolence;" and the document is closed by an intimation of the determination of the declarants "to resist and resent, in the spirit of the constitution, any such course on the part of the responsible advisers of the Crown, to whatever party in the state they may belong."

It will thus be seen that the Catholic Laity of Great Britain propose nothing less than to hand over the unfortunate inhabitants of the Legations, bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of the Pope and his all-powerful and vindictive minister, Cardinal Antonelli, and that, too, without imposing any conditions whatever upon his Holiness. It is surely somewhat strange to hear natives of free Great Britain—who have no experience of the temporal government of the Pope, and the majority of whom are ignorant of the habits, language, and necessities of the Italian nation—thus give the lie direct to the cry of tyranny and misrule which has long gone up from the oppressed population of the Legations, who have been born and bred under the Papal yoke, and who have endured it until longer endurance would have been a cowardice and a crime. Surely, they cannot expect their mere assertions to be believed—and they offer not an iota of proof—in opposition to the concuring testimony of the best writers of France, Germany, and Italy. Never was rebellion more thoroughly the result of a unanimous and deep-seated national feeling, than that of the Legations against the Papal yoke; and we undertake to show, in the succeeding pages of this article, that, so far from that rebellion being "unjustifiable," it was called forth and most amply justified by the perfidy, cruelty, and oppression of the various Popes, who have successively occupied the Holy See, since the return of Pius VII. on the fall of Napoleon, by their inveterate opposition to intellectual and social improvement, and their obstinate refusal of necessary reforms.

In his famous book on the Roman Question, M. About tells us that there is the material for a magnificent nation in that division of the Papal States lying between the Apennines and the Adriatic. The middle classes, which form the strength of every well constituted state, are richer and more numerous, better educated and less superstitious, than their countrymen on the Mediterranean side

of the mountains. They work hard, they think for themselves, and have made repeated and desperate efforts to shake off the yoke of priestly despotism. "I have never," he says, "conversed with a bourgeois of the Legations, without rubbing my hands, and saying to myself, There is an Italian nation!" This people, so full of energy and courage, have at length succeeded in emancipating themselves from the thraldom under which they have writhed and groaned for forty-five years. They are now free, both from the tyranny of Papal Legates, and from the oppression of Austrian garrisons—the two great curses which have hitherto paralyzed their industry and enterprize, and exhausted the resources of their fertile and beautiful country. But there are many who blame the inhabitants of the Legations for throwing off the papal yoke, and who would gladly see them forced back under that priestly rule, which is of all governments the most absolute, the most stationary, and the most opposed to enlightenment and liberty. It may, therefore, be worth while briefly to point out how the Popes, from the time of the restoration of Pius VII. down to our own days,—a period of more than forty years,—have systematically violated the conditions under which the Legations originally submitted to their government, by destroying the municipal liberties they were bound to respect; by opposing everything like local government in the various towns; by resisting all improvements in judicial procedure; by neglecting public works; by excessive taxation to supply priestly luxury at Rome; and by innumerable instances of cruelty and oppression.

If ever there was a favourable opportunity for a Pope to acquire popularity, it was that enjoyed by Pius VII., when—after the overthrow of the great Napoleon—he re-entered Rome, surrounded by the double halo of sanctity and misfortune, and greeted by the acclamations of the people, as at once the head of the church and the national prince. He began well; promising and carrying out several important reforms, in which he was ably seconded by his prime minister, Cardinal Consalvi, who obliged the tribunals to state the grounds of their decisions, and substituted the Italian for the Latin language, in order that litigants might learn the position and follow the progress of their law-suits. But a reforming Pope, like a good Emperor of Russia, is an accident, and a rare one; and, on the accession of Leo XII., in 1822, the scene was quickly changed. Consalvi was removed from the ministry, ecclesiastical jurisdiction was extended over affairs purely civil, the commission for vaccination was abolished in Rome, the right of asylum was restored, and the Latin language replaced the Italian in the courts of law. An Austrian envoy at

Rome thus describes to the government at Vienna the condition of Rome, and of the pontifical states under this rule of the Pope:* "I can assure you that Rome is at present, as to spiritual matters, the focus of demoralization; as to temporal, that of disorder. The inhabitants, proud and intractable, are given to superstition rather than to true religion. In the government of the cardinals, prelates, and priests, policy is a continual exhibition of Pharisaism and Machiavelism; the social economy is in humiliating disorder. The contracts entered into by the Government inspire no confidence, because, once agreed upon, if they find any advantage to be gained by annulling them, they annul them by a pontifical decree, or change their conditions, to the great loss of the contractors. It is impossible to describe how ill the finances are conducted; the faithlessness and want of skill in the ministers make considerable voids in the treasury. In all the Pontifical States justice is openly sold. In Romagna, brigandage is constant. Decidedly, Babylon is the name that suits Rome. The pope commands, the cardinals command, the prelates command; all is to be obtained for gold, and without gold you need hope for nothing. Fully two-thirds of the priestly caste at Rome consist of hypocrites and Simoniacs; the preachers are for the most part indifferent or atheists. The people are overwhelmed with religious ceremonies, in order to reanimate their zeal; but the Romans, who go to the churches on account of the scarcity of theatres and public spectacles, are no sooner out of them than they forget that they are Christians, and have no other thought but to curse the religious regulations of the pope, the inquisition, and the monks." The same observer—a Roman Catholic, be it remembered, and an Austrian—thus narrates the conduct of Cardinal Palotta, the governor of the Legations under Leo XII. "Nothing equals the extravagant, arbitrary, and tyrannical measures adopted by the cardinal, the programme of which, besides, manifests ideas subversive of every principle of public administration. This personage has commenced his mission by listening to the most infamous men, who have received, among other rewards for their denunciations, the promise of being made his *chevaliers d'honneur*. He has everywhere imprisoned peaceful and respectable citizens, on the very slightest grounds of suspicion; he has condemned the small community of Piperno to an excessive fine, because it had not resisted the brigands who had killed the

* See "L'Autriche dans la Confédération Italienne, Histoire de la diplomatie et de la police de la cour de Vienne, dans les Etats du Pape depuis 1815, d'après des documents nouveaux et les pièces diplomatiques," par Eugène Rendu: Paris, 1859.

syndic and desecrated the church; on the other hand, he has cashiered an officer who, in his zeal, had endeavoured, contrary to the orders of the cardinal, to discover and arrest some malefactors. To give a proof of his omnipotence, he has banished from the town the daughters of his landlord, because, being fond of music, they occasionally disturbed his repose. During all this time, the brigands are sacking the country, and carrying off young children in order to compel their families to ransom them. Such is the exasperation against Cardinal Palotta, that there is great fear of a general rising against the Government."

It must be kept in mind, while reading this narration, that the Legations were in a very different position from the patrimony of St. Peter on the Mediterranean side of the Apennines.* They had submitted to the Holy See, at various times, and under special treaties, which the Pope was bound to observe as the condition of their obedience; and if he broke through his part of the contract by violating the liberties secured to the Legations by the provisions of these treaties, they on their side, were fully entitled to throw off the authority so grossly abused, and reclaim the freedom they had conditionally surrendered. Bologna, for example, one of the most important towns in the Legations, was governed, down to 1798,† in conformity with treaties entered into, in 1447, with Pope Nicholas V., which contain the following articles:—"That the magistrates should administer the government of the town according to the ancient laws; that the Legate should treat all the affairs of government in concert with the said magistrates; that the public revenues should be poured into the municipal treasury, and employed for the benefit of the province; that the town and the province should levy as many soldiers as they should think fit, who should take the oath to the magistrates and the Legate; and that the magistrates should send plenipotentiaries to the Supreme Pontiff, even without the consent of the Legate." The towns of Ferrara and Ravenna also possess similar conventions, guaranteeing a large measure of freedom and self-government. Leo XII., however, paid no regard to the rights thus solemnly secured by treaties; and his agents in the Legations—that Palotta whom we have already mentioned and Rivarola—ruled these unhappy countries with a rod of iron. In August, 1825, the latter, then

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* See the Project for the Organization of the Legations, drawn up by Count Aldini, Secretary of State, resident in Paris, for the kingdom of Italy. It was drawn up at the request of Prince Talleyrand and Prince Metternich, and was presented to them during the sitting of the Congress of Vienna.

† The Legations were conquered by Buonaparte in 1797, and were ceded to the French Republic by the treaty of Tolentino.

Legate of Ravenna, sentenced 508 individuals,—7 to death, 13 to perpetual imprisonment and hard labour, 16 to the same punishment for twenty years, 4 for fifteen years, 16 for ten years, 3 for seven years, and so on. Two hundred were placed under surveillance, and subjected to the *precetto politico* of the first order. Those subjected to this *preceto* are bound not to quit the place of residence assigned them, to retire to their houses at nightfall, to present themselves every fortnight before the inspector of police, to prove to the satisfaction of the police that they have confessed once a month, and, for three days in every year, to go through certain spiritual exercises in a convent pointed out by the bishop.

During the pontificates of Pius VIII. and Gregory XVI., the same system of injustice and tyranny was pursued in the Legations, and the discontent and misery of the inhabitants more than once broke out in partial disturbances, which were promptly and bloodily repressed, either by the papal soldiers or by Austrian troops who came to their assistance.* In 1831, the Austrians occupied Romagna for five months; and, in 1832 and subsequently, for seven years, exhausting the resources of the country, and oppressing, torturing, and murdering the inhabitants. Military commissions superseded the courts of justice, and exceptional tribunals sat permanently, not to administer law, but as instruments of the vengeance of a foreign despotism. In 1831, the melancholy state of the Legations excited the attention and compassion of Europe; and, on the 10th May of that year, the representatives of the five great Powers addressed a memorandum to the Papal Government, strongly insisting upon the necessity of reform, and advising that concessions should be made, not only to the provinces in a state of disaffection, but to those also which had remained quiet. They further suggested the propriety of admitting laymen to administrative and judicial offices, of reforming the courts of judicature and the management of the finances, and of allowing the people to elect municipal councils, who should nominate provincial councils, by whom, in their turn, a supreme court should be elected, having its seat at Rome, and charged with the administration of the civil, military, and financial affairs of the whole country. In spite of this remonstrance, however, the Papal Government remained—as it has ever been—incapable of improvement; resolved to stifle every manifestation of liberalism, and blindly determined to grant no reforms. In 1832, in reply to a deputation of citizens of the Legations, who had come to Rome

* The second paragraph of the eloquent Manifesto, addressed, in 1845, by the inhabitants of the Roman States, to the Princes and Nations of Europe, contains a graphic description of their sufferings at this time.

to petition for a reform, a body of troops, chiefly composed of banditti, were collected by Cardinal Albani and let loose upon the Legations, where they sacked Cesena, and, at Forli, massacred a number of old men, women, and children. In that year also, the sect of the *sanfedisti*, a body of men drawn from the lowest ranks of society, and ready to lend themselves to any iniquity, was established in the Legations. They wore a uniform, and had the title of "Papal Volunteers." Their special duty was to oppress, maltreat, and terrify the liberal party in every possible way; and the number of outrages and assassinations perpetrated by them, in the discharge of their infamous functions, must be counted by hundreds. They were assured of impunity, or at least of the slightest possible punishment, for every crime they might commit; for Cardinal Bernetti, the secretary of state, wrote a circular letter to the presidents of tribunals in the Legations, ordering that, whenever a person of known or suspected liberal opinions should be brought before them charged with any offence, the maximum penalty should be enforced against him; but that when one of the *Sanfedisti* was convicted, the minimum punishment should be awarded.

In 1845, the people of the Roman States, trodden down, impoverished, miserable, under the hopeless tyranny of their clerical rulers, addressed a manifesto to the princes and people of Europe, —a remarkable document, clear and eloquent, but, at the same time, most temperate in its tone—in which they recount their grievances and sufferings, and set forth the reforms they consider necessary. We regret that our limits prevent us from translating this manifesto, which contains, in its simple, graphic narrative, a complete answer to the case which the Comte de Montalembert strives to make out in favour of the Papal Government. We regret to see such a champion buckling on his armour in so bad a cause; and our chief object in the present article is to show that, so far from the Legations having, as he asserts, no cause for throwing off the papal yoke, the whole conduct of the Roman See, from 1815 down to 1859, has furnished them with a cause and a justification, as strong and as complete as any oppressed nationality ever possessed. We translate the concluding portion of the manifesto, as it shows the excellent spirit of those who drew it up, and the moderate reforms which would then have been sufficient to make them attached and obedient subjects of the Holy See:—

"We venerate the Catholic hierarchy, and we wish the Roman clergy to consider Catholicism in its true and sublime essence, and not from the paltry and miserable point of view of an intolerant sect. In order to prevent our wishes from being interpreted in a manner to be regretted, either now or hereafter, either in Italy or

abroad, we proclaim, loudly and without restriction, the sovereignty of the Pope, chief of the universal church. But to obey him as temporal sovereign, we demand: 1st, That he shall concede a full and general amnesty to all condemned for political offences from the year 1821 down to the present day. 2nd. That he shall give civil and criminal codes upon the model of those of the other nations of Europe—codes sanctioning the publicity of debate, the institution of trial by jury, and the abolition of confiscation. 3rd. That the tribunal of the holy office and ecclesiastical tribunals shall exercise no jurisdiction over laymen. 4th. That political causes shall be henceforth tried by the ordinary tribunals, judging in the ordinary forms. 5th. That the municipal councils shall be freely elected by the citizens, and approved by the sovereign; that the latter shall choose the provincial councils from among triple lists presented by the municipal councils, and that he shall nominate the supreme Council of State from among those who shall have been proposed by the provincial assemblies. 6th. That the supreme Council of State shall preside at Rome, and have the superintendence of the public debt. 7th. That all employments and civil dignities, military and judicial, shall be reserved for laymen. 8th. That the public instruction shall be taken away from the exclusive authority of the clergy. 9th. That the preventive censorship of the press shall be restricted within the limits necessary to prevent injuries against the Catholic religion, against the sovereign, and against the private life of citizens. 10th. That the foreign troops shall be disbanded. 11th. That a civic militia shall be instituted, to which shall be entrusted the maintenance of public order and the defence of the laws. 12th. Finally, that the Government shall enter upon the path of those social ameliorations which are called for by the spirit of the age, and for which there is the example of all civilized governments. We shall throw down our arms, and be peaceable and obedient subjects, if the Government, under the guarantee of the great Powers, does justice to our legitimate remonstrances. The blood spilt will fall not upon us, but upon those who shall have repelled our efforts at conciliation; and, if they judge us unfavourably, the infallible and eternal Judge will absolve us in his infinite wisdom and justice. To God, to the Sovereign Pontiff, and to the Princes of Europe we recommend our cause, with all the earnestness of an oppressed nation. We entreat, we implore the princes not to attempt to compel us to show, that when a people is abandoned by all and reduced to the last extremity, they know how to find their safety in their despair."

This manifesto, this outpouring of a nation's heart, bursting forth from the depth of their misery and oppression, produced but

little effect: at the death of Pope Gregory XVI. the prisons of the Roman States were crowded with political victims, and the discontent and disaffection of the people had reached such a height, that even the College of Cardinals could not disregard it. They dreaded a revolt; and, accordingly, determined to elect as Pope, Cardinal Maria Mastei Ferretti, who was distinguished by the mildness of his character and the purity of his life. This pontiff —since so well known as Pius IX.—succeeded to the Holy See in 1846; and, forgetful of all history, attempted to temporize and steer a middle course, by granting some reforms, but yet at the same time maintaining the absolute power of the Papacy. One of his first acts was to publish an amnesty, to open the prisons, and recall the exiles. His subjects, accustomed to tyranny, were in transports; and, for a time, believed that a Pope might be a true friend to liberty. But Pius went even further in the path of reform—relaxing the restrictions on the press, extending municipal institutions, and admitting laymen to the higher offices of the magistracy. A Council of Ministers was formed, of which, with the exception of the Ministers for Foreign Affairs and Public Instruction, all the members were laymen; and a constitution, under the name of Statuto, was granted to the Roman people. This Statuto created two Councils of State—a High Council, and a Council of Deputies; but it forbad them to interfere, in any way, with what were called *affari misti*, or matters in which any of the rights or privileges of the Church were involved; and, though it permitted them to propose laws, it, at the same time, subjected them to the supremacy of the College of Cardinals, who had an absolute right to veto any law so proposed. The Statuto, therefore, gave the mere semblance of freedom without the reality. It still left absolute temporal power in the hands of the Church; it attempted to revive the tree by lopping off some withered branches, instead of extirpating the cankerworm that gnawed at its root. Such as it was, however, it was hailed with acclamations by the Romans, who had wanted freedom so long, that they were ready to embrace her very shadow. Soon afterwards followed the revolution of 1848-49; the refusal of Pius to allow the Roman troops to march against the Austrians; his flight from Rome; the proclamation of the Roman republic; the defeat of the patriotic Italians; the Pope's refusal to owe his restoration to Sardinian interference; his calling to his aid the foreign arms of Austria, Spain, and France; and the capture of Rome by the French, by whom Pius was at last replaced on the throne of the country he had deluded, abandoned, and betrayed.

During this eventful period, the Legations suffered both from papal misgovernment and from Austrian intervention. Bologna

and Ancona, after a gallant resistance, were forced to surrender, and the whole of the country was occupied by an overwhelming Austrian force. On the restoration of Pius, he returned to the traditional and immemorial policy of the Papacy; restored the Inquisition, placed all political power in the hands of the clergy, fettered the press, increased the taxes,* scouted all liberal ideas, and shut his ears to all petitions for reform. Ever since his restoration, also, until quite recently, the heavy hand of Austria in the Legations has kept down every symptom of disaffection, and stifled every aspiration after liberty. Hundreds of the best citizens have been shot, flogged, or imprisoned, and the rigours of a military despotism have been added to the narrow fanaticism of a purely clerical government. Who then can wonder at, or who dare blame these long-suffering and deeply-injured inhabitants of the Legations, that, when they heard the heart-stirring proclamation issued at Milan on the 8th of June last, calling on all Italians to rise and assert their national independence, they should be the first to rush to arms, to overthrow that papal tyranny which they had so much reason to despise and to detest? Four days after the date of that proclamation, they had risen against their oppressors, and declared, as one man, their resolution to become the subjects of the gallant and constitutional king of Sardinia. Since then, they have succeeded in entirely emancipating themselves from the papal yoke; have created a provisional government, convoked a sovereign assembly, and voted—as well they might—that the Pope had forfeited his right to rule over them, and that they should annex themselves to Sardinia. They have also turned their attention to reviving the fame of the once famous University of Bologna, and have organized an army, directed by Sardinian officers, and commanded by Garibaldi, whose name has now become the pride and the watchword of Italian freedom.†

Unfortunately, the jealous policy of the French emperor—who would probably be sorry to see the King of Sardinia at the head of the Milanese, of Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and the Legations—that is to say, at the head of a really strong and united kingdom of Italy with 12,000,000 of inhabitants—has prevented Victor Emmanuel from accepting the proffered allegiance of the Lega-

* During his reign the taxes in the Legations became intolerable; the budget of Bologna was more than doubled between 1846 and 1858.

† Since this was written, we have seen it announced—fatal omen for the cause of Italian liberty—that this true and gallant patriot has resigned his command, and is to retire into private life. Has he experienced the proverbial ingratitude of princes, or the fickleness of popular favour? Does he despair of the cause for which he has fought so nobly, or does he only bide his time? We know not; but we deeply regret that the sword of such a champion should rust in its scabbard while war is imminent, and victory still distant and doubtful.

tions. But it is abundantly clear that, though unable to obtain the monarch of their choice, they will never consent to return under the papal yoke, unless compelled to do so by overwhelming force; and of this, we apprehend, there is at present but little risk, for France would never permit Austria—whose intervention is most to be dreaded—to become powerful in Central Italy; and as to France, she is not likely to attempt an armed interference, as that would inevitably call Austria into the field. Italy's best security lies in the mutual distrust and fear of these two great powers. But it may be said that the Pope is now prepared to grant great reforms if the Legations will return to their allegiance; that he has learned a lesson by experience; that he is convinced that absolutism is no longer tenable; that his temporal power must henceforth be exercised constitutionally; and that the exclusive government by priests must be abandoned. But when did a Pope profit by experience, or who will trust a man who has broken so many solemn engagements, and who has merely to grant himself a dispensation whenever keeping his word becomes disagreeable or inconvenient? M. About,* Mr. Trollope,† Luigi Bianchi,‡ and a host of other writers well acquainted with Italian affairs, are agreed that anything approaching to a thorough reformation is impossible in the papal system: the excisions requisite would ruin the edifice. You may destroy the Papacy; you will never reform it. But we are told by some devoted admirers of Pius IX. that the Legations do not deserve the sympathy, and have no claim § to the forbearance or assistance of Europe, because they are not worse off than Poland and the German duchies annexed to the Danish crown, or than Ireland and the Ionian Islands, which those who bring forward this argument choose to represent as groaning under the despotic yoke of Great Britain. But this is just to maintain that, until an oppressed nationality is prepared to show that there is no other more oppressed than itself, it must suffer and obey in silence and tranquillity—an argument whose mere statement contains its own refutation.

Having now, we hope, succeeded in proving that the Pope has forfeited his title to the government of the Legations, it only remains to inquire, now that they have obtained their freedom, what will they do with it? They have deposed the Pope, and are not permitted to become the subjects of Victor Emmanuel; but they

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* "La Question Romaine."

† "Tuscany in 1848 and 1859."

‡ "Incidents in the Life of an Italian Priest." See also Letter of M. Rossi to M. Guizot in "Mémoires de M. Guizot."

§ See Pie IX., et La France en 1849 et en 1859, par Le Comte de Montalembert.

may still unite themselves into a Confederation, the local administration being vested in the municipal councils of the great cities, and the affairs of the Confederation being settled in an annual diet. This form of government has answered well in Switzerland, and, in the twelfth century, it enabled the Italians to maintain the noblest struggle and to achieve the most glorious victory of which their annals can boast; for the Lombard League—which for thirty years withstood the utmost power of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, defeated the chivalry of Germany at the battle of Legnano, and compelled the emperor, by the Treaty of Constance, to recognize the rights of the Italian cities to independent government—was just such a federative union; and, among the members of that League, we find Ferrara, Ravenna, Bologna, and Ancona—all cities of the Legations. The last, in particular, during the wars of the League, played a conspicuous part, and endured a memorable and protracted siege with unflinching courage and constancy. In 1172—73, Christian, Archbishop of Mayence, one of the ablest generals and statesmen of his time, laid siege to it by land, while a hostile fleet blockaded its harbour. The citizens were reduced to the utmost distress, provisions failed them, an ass's head was worth more than a pound sterling,* and they were compelled to live on carrion and on pulse gathered from the rocks. Yet still they held out; and such was the spirit that animated them, that a woman, observing a soldier too weak from hunger to answer the trumpet-call to man the walls, turned her breast from the infant she was suckling, and offered it to the warrior. Nor were these sacrifices in vain: aid arrived from Ferrara and Bologna, and Christian was obliged to retreat, with his army decimated by fatigue and the sword. If, then, the cities of the Legations would emulate the fame of their ancestors, let them imitate their courage, their constancy, and, above all, their union. They may meet with reverses and defeat, may suffer from want, and hardship, and the sword; but, in the end, they will be triumphant and free. No bread so sweet as that earned by labour, no liberty like that won by endurance and valour.

While engaged in writing our article, many reports have been in circulation with regard to the constitution and conduct of the Congress of the great Powers, which is soon to assemble for the purpose of determining the fate of Italy. These reports, however, are still vague and inconsistent; so that we are scarcely warranted in dealing with them as the authoritative utterances of influential and well-informed politicians. One rumour, indeed, especially affecting the destinies of the Legations, has been repeated in various

* Sigonius "De Regno Italiæ," lib. xiii.

quarters. It is affirmed that these provinces are to be treated worse than the rest of Italy. Lombardy is to remain annexed to Sardinia; Venetia is to be erected into a separate kingdom, under the government of an Austrian prince; Parma, Modena, and Tuscany are to be exempted from the rule of those princes they have expelled; while the unfortunate inhabitants of the Legations are to be forced back under a tyranny more crushing and inexorable—more opposed to education and enlightenment—more averse to reforms of any kind—more thoroughly stationary in evil—than even that of Austria herself. We hope that this report has no foundation. Such an attempt on the part of France and Austria would be an outrage to Italy, an insult to freedom, a disgrace to humanity. It would inevitably lead to one of two things: either to a bloody war, in which the territory of the Legations would be devastated, her soldiers butchered, and her flourishing cities sacked by an overwhelming force of numbers; or, to an almost universal exodus of the finest population of Italy from a soil where the fair flowers of freedom, just trying to bloom, were again crushed under the heel of despotism.

To us it seems truly a strange and monstrous absurdity, that those whom the experience of centuries of priestly domination has convinced of the utter rottenness of any system of government, in which ecclesiastics are the sole depositaries of temporal as well as of spiritual power, should not be permitted to free themselves from its intolerable tyranny; or that, having freed themselves, they should be forced back by strangers and aliens, under the yoke they have thrown off; that, in fact, they should be allowed no voice or judgment as to how they are to be governed, —that this, to them, all-important point should be determined by foreigners, who know little or nothing of the merits of the question they meet to decide; and that the inhabitants of the Legations should be compelled to submit to the worst government in Europe *for the future*, for no other or better reason than because they have endured it in the past. Surely it cannot be that the Congress will thus determine that the rights of the Pope are to be respected and vindicated, while the rights of two millions of his subjects are to be passed over and violated; that tyranny is to be consecrated and freedom proscribed; that the mere position of hereditary or elective sovereignty confers rights which must be enforced, however systematically and stubbornly the possessors of that sovereignty may have neglected or violated the duties of their position; that tame, unreasoning submission is the one great duty of subjects; that no amount of misrule can justify an oppressed nationality in rising against its oppressor; and that death, or perpetual exile, is the sole refuge, the sad alternatives, for those who cannot stoop

the neck and bend the knee, in passive obedience, to every mandate of tyranny. England, at least, can be no party to such a determination. It is by acting in the very teeth of such slavish principles that her sons have made her what she is. She is not bound, and it is not desirable, that she should actively interfere, with armed hand, in the cause of Italian independence; but she is bound to remonstrate and protest against a revival and application to Italy, in the middle of the 19th century, of those infamous principles, which were shamelessly proclaimed and acted upon by the contracting powers to the so-called "Holy Alliance." She is bound to protest against the use of brute force to silence the unanimous expression of national will. She is bound to insist that the Italians shall be allowed a voice in the election of their sovereigns, and that those most interested and best informed shall have something to say in the settlement of their political affairs, as well as those less interested and worse informed. For more than half a century public opinion has been steadily gaining strength in Europe, and such a decided protest on the part of England could not fail to be listened to and respected. She owes Italy some compensation for the hopes she formerly excited, and for the disappointment of those hopes, then occasioned by the vacillation of her policy; and the approaching Congress affords her a noble opportunity of proving to the Italians that she knows how to sympathize with their desire for constitutional government and free institutions; that she is prepared to exert all her influence to secure to them, for the future, that liberty and self-government of which they have been so long deprived, but which they have now at length achieved; and that she will do all that in her lies to prevent the scarcely tasted cup of Freedom being rudely dashed from their lips, to be replaced by the bitter draught of Slavery.

IV.

RED ALGIERS.

Now that the attention of Europe has for a while been diverted from internal difficulties to watch the contest between Spain and Morocco, a slight sketch of those fertile shores of Northern Africa, from one whose links with that distant land are close and strong,

may not be without interest to our readers. To hold constant and familiar intercourse with Algiers—to know that your letter, posted in London on a Wednesday evening, will, fair weather permitting, be read under the cactus at Moustapha Supèrieure by Monday noon; and that, instead of crunching the snow in Piccadilly, a week's mild travelling will steep you in the perfume of roses, violets, and orange blossoms, dewy with the bright rains that bring no fog and leave no disease behind, in the valleys of the Sahel—is very refreshing to the decrepid imagination of a London scribe; so near, and yet so far, are we from Africa! So far in the immense stretch of the broad plains of France, traversed though they be in less than thirty flying hours; so far over the blue mysterious waves of that inland sea, where the Phœnician merchants crept from port to port, and out past Gades to the unknown ocean; where Ulysses lost his wandering years, and the ships of Æneas were thrown about by all the winds of heaven;—yet so marvellously near by the aid and appliances of modern civilization! I confess to being utterly unable to divest the Mediterranean of this imaginative charm. No amount of pink fourpenny stamps, bought and applied to letters posted for Algiers, can conquer the spell. It would have cost Quentin Durward a month's hard riding to deliver one of those letters at Marseilles; and the daring merchantman, who might have engaged for many purses of silver to bear it across to Africa, how many deadly chances might he not encounter—of perilous storms and wreck upon the Balearic Isles, or mountainous coast of Spain. And when those granite hills of the Sahel, draped with the exquisite bluish green of their southern vegetation—the quivering olive, the grotesque cactus, half human in its queer ugliness; the sharp-spiked aloe, throwing up its column of white blossom into the blue sky; and the long, grassy leaves of innumerable bulbous plants—met Mercator's eye at last;—when the stern, rock-like city, colourless as new-fallen snow, and heaped up, house upon house, like a gigantic pyramid, its summit pointed with the Casbah, or palace-prison of the Deys, loomed across the narrowing waters—how very little chance had he of delivering any letter addressed to Algiers! For the Deys lived in truceless warfare with the Christian world, and pounced down from that cruel height upon their trembling prey, undeterred by any balance of motives known to the civilized world; so that it is wonderful that all the kingdoms of Europe did not rise as one man to put down the accursed pest, long before the retribution came. The terrible extent of Algerine slavery, and the late date down to which it was carried, are the marvel of the historian: there were "Christian slaves" at Algiers when Lord Exmouth bombarded the town early in the present century, and they were

released at this peculiar and powerful intercession. Christian slaves built the strong mole which runs round the harbour to this day, and is protected by French batteries; Christian slaves toiled and pined in those steep and narrow streets, which remind one of the burrows of wild animals, rather than of the dwellings of man. He who walks by moonlight amidst the woods which drape the neighbouring heights, may fancy that he yet hears their wailing voices trembling upon the luminous margin of the murmuring sea, which ripples along the glorious bay in coils of phosphorescent fire.

While I write, the vision of Algiers, as I first saw it, rises before me in all its vivid beauty—delicate, unearthly, aërial, like the city of a dream. The last night of my voyage had been dark and rough; a violent storm, which had delayed the steamer for twenty-four hours in a bay upon the coast of Spain, had subsided into a heavy swell, and when close upon the Balearic Isles one of our paddles broke, causing a further delay of six hours. Friday night, on the 2nd of January, closed upon us while we were said to be approaching "L'Afrique." How my heart beat at the word! It was not cold on the Mediterranean, spite of the time of year, but the wind was high, and the vessel rolled much. I could not sleep soundly that night, but stole up from my berth, and clung to the eastern side of the vessel, looking across the wide dark waste of waters to where I knew the unknown Italy must be—to Florence, where one of my name slept under church marble—and to Rome, where the wood-fire was flashing up on a hearth which, if I were there, would be home to me. I remember how my thought flew on, still farther east; how I imagined Athens crowned with its ruined Acropolis, and the wild Morea, where the Spartan name is known no more; and at the extreme boundary of the waters which heaved at my feet, the Holy Land itself! I got more excited every moment. The vessel lunged on with the peculiar living energy of a sentient thing. It was four o'clock in the morning—the wind continuing high, yet soft—the darkness brooding visibly above the sea—when suddenly the voice of a sailor at the prow uttered the magic word, "*L'Afrique!*" and when I crossed to the western side, there—a far faint, almost invisible glimmer in the dark distance—shone the lighthouse of Algiers! This was all, for it was far too obscure for the faintest outline of the hilly land; so I went down to my berth, and slept for three hours. At seven o'clock we were close upon shore, and when I clambered up on deck, no fairy phantasmagoria could be more beautiful than the scene which met my dazzled eyes. We were entering the harbour, and the snow-white town lay piled above our heads; to my unaccustomed eyes, I thought it rose with

the steepness of a wall; but the sun was rising in that sacred East to which my longing thoughts had flown across the sea the night before, and the whole mass of Algiers was transfigured with pale pink violet—a city hewn out of amethyst! Its crest encircled with wooded hills which far overtopped even its own steep height; its feet dropping into the glassy sea, which mirrored the blaze; and as we neared the quay, the many-coloured population—white Arabs, Negroes rejoicing in yellow and crimson, Jews sparkling with gold tissue, Moors and Maltese, and natives of many tribes, arrayed in coats of many colours, like the Patriarch Joseph's own—swarmed, to the imminent danger of our portmanteaus, amidst the trim French porters and *colons*, who were the real "masters of the occasion."

My business at Algiers being strictly private, and far removed from the wandering investigation of the tourist, I will not introduce my journal day by day. The Colony, into whose life and history I entered with the deepest interest at the time, has remained closely united to the ordinary sympathies of my daily life; and as I see it, one striking and deeply interesting whole, a living organism of Christian civilization, *grafted* on the stern barbaric race and faith of Mahomed,—I will try and present it to you. One only parallel it seems to me does the modern world unfold, in our occupation of India, from which it yet differs in many essential points; inasmuch as the concentration of forces displayed in Algiers, both by the army and the ministers of religion, greatly exceeds anything which my reading has enabled me to conceive of our Indian Empire. We are, at shortest, a long month apart from India; savage Algiers, though in another quarter of the globe, is but *two days* from France; and so we here see the hand-to-hand struggle between nature and civilization—the Moor and the Catholic; between barbaric and Christian law. These several contests carried on under the eyes of the European resident, make this colony a source of perpetual interest to any thoughtful observant person.

Perhaps I may be excused for recalling a few of those facts which everybody knows and everybody forgets, before entering on my description of the present condition of Algiers. Classic writers tell us but little of the earliest inhabitants of this part of Africa, which may be designated as the Region of the Atlas; as these mountains run parallel to the Mediterranean through the whole length of Algeria. A wild nomadic race, described by Sallust as "neither restrained by morals, nor law, nor any man's government,"—dwelt upon the minor chains which break the descent of the Atlas upon the sea, and ranged over the immense plains with which they are interspersed. These hills and plains, after centuries of

civilised occupation, are now reduced almost to primitive wildness, amidst which the French colonist tries to redeem his farm from desolation and the dread scourge of malaria. Carthage, whose shapeless ruins cover a great plain near Tunis, to the east of Algeria, was a prosperous state during the long space of seven hundred years. The first maritime treaty known, is one between Carthage and Etruria, in days prior to the birth of Rome. Some antiquaries refer the foundation of Icosium, now Algiers, to Carthagenian enterprise—but this is uncertain. At length the city of Dido was destroyed by Scipio Africanus, at the end of the third Punic war; B.C. 147, Cæsar planted a small colony on its ruins, to which Augustus sent 3,000 men; and by gradual conquest so greatly did the Roman power extend, that by the time of Claudius the Romans possessed the whole of northern Africa, from the Nile to the Atlantic. The western portion of this territory was called Mauritania, and included Algiers and Morocco. It was during the Roman dominion, about A.D. 354, that the great Father St. Augustine, was born at Tageste, about forty-five miles from the modern town of Bona. He was Bishop of Hippo, near the same place. This great spiritual hero of northern Africa died during the siege of his episcopal city by the Vandals, in A.D. 430. The Vandals, after taking Carthage, remained in Africa until 533, when Belisarius conquered it for Justinian, Emperor of Constantinople. Final possession was taken by the Mahometans in 672, and for more than a thousand years they ruled supreme. The natives of the mountains adopted Islamism; and Christianity, which had attained so stately a development in the African churches, was beaten from the field. That she is once more triumphant amidst the palm and the olive, is the greatest achievement of the modern war. Looking to the last few centuries, we find that the Moors, when expelled from Spain, took refuge in North Africa, among their Mahometan kin, and sent out corsair ships to harass Spain and Portugal. Cardinal Ximenes retaliated in person, with 15,300 men, and retook Oran, west of Algiers, and the Spaniards presently conquered Algiers itself, and its eastern territory. The people called in the help of a noted corsair from Mytilene, who retook the town in 1516, and he it was who founded the dominions of the "Turks," who for three centuries were a terror to Christendom, and who were only finally expelled in 1830. I have alluded to Lord Exmouth's bombardment in 1816, and the liberation of a thousand slaves. For fifteen years war was carried on between the Turks and Christian nations; till at length Algiers capitulated to France on the 4th of July, 1830. It often gave me a thrill of fear, while threading the tortuous alleys of the towns, to remember the mortal peril in

which a traveller would have walked there within the memory of living man. The old Moors who sit crossed legged on their shopboards, muttering anathemas against the "son of a dog" who bargains and pays double price for their silks and slippers, saw sights and heard sounds at which our Christian flesh would quiver on its bones, and are the inheritors of the ugly traditions of 300 years of piracy. These Moors must not be confounded with the Turks; Moors are the native town population; they are domiciled Arabs, but their blood is not pure. The Turks who were conquered and expelled in 1830, were a race foreign to Algeria, and during their long dominion never really amalgamated with the population. It is said, that when the Fort l'Empereur which commands the town gave way, and Algiers itself (being utterly defenceless when its outworks were in possession of the invaders) capitulated to the French General, a stipulation was made and enforced that no private house should be entered,—otherwise a universal sack would have been inevitable, as the Mahometans would have fought to the death before allowing their women to be seen. The Turks filed out of the military quarters of the town, and the French filed in; Algiers itself being otherwise undisturbed; and the Moors who sat in their shops that day, drinking coffee, smoking their pipes, and reciting their devotions as usual, never even turned their heads to look! It cannot be denied that they have gained by the exchange of masters, for the atrocious stories one hears of the administration of injustice under the Deys, are enough to make the blood run cold.

The town itself is one of the most singular places the imagination can conceive, and would well repay the trouble of a photographer. I tried in vain to get good photographs when there; there were none to be had, except one great panoramic view, taken not from the sea, but from one of the higher buildings, and in which the violent foreshortening therefore precluded any just estimate of its extraordinary plan. "Red Algiers" is built upon one of a range of steep hills which drop close upon the margin of the sea. Those hills which immediately command the town are from 120 to 480 feet in height, but they rise behind it in a great mass, of which the highest point is 1,230 above the level of the sea. The lower eminences are composed of granite and sandy gravel, of a reddish brown colour; hence, probably, the epithet "red" applied to it in olden times. They are traversed by deep ravines, rich in vegetation; gullies, each of which is a water-course in the wet season, and where immense ferns, bulbous plants, and flowering shrubs nestle under the olive and the ilex and many other trees, among which the lentisk figures prominently. The day I landed I was taken a walk up one of these gullies; it had

been raining heavily on shore the previous night, and the vegetation was of a blazing green, if I may be allowed to use such an expression. I was so dizzy with four days' rolling on the Mediterranean in the stormy season, that I could hardly see; but a confused perception filled my mind during that week that everything was bigger, steeper, greener, and more rejoicing at Algiers than elsewhere; and this impression was fully confirmed by my after experience of what is called the "rainy season." Now, on just such a hill as those which rise in rugged loveliness on each side of the town, is the town itself built; not the slightest compromise has been attempted with the surrounding geology. There is, indeed, a narrow strip of ground between the hill and the port large enough for a wide "Place du Governement," and two streets shooting east and west along the sea. On this strip the Romans built their "Icosium," and Roman antiquities have been discovered while digging for foundations. But when this is once crossed, in less than five minutes, straight before you, rises the hill. Is it possible that the immense population of Algiers live up there? Yes, there they live much like puffins in a rock. But how can any vehicle go up and down? The answer is easy; no vehicle can get up or down. You may drive along the bottom of Algiers to the foot of a street, and there begin your ascent; or you may wind up the magnificent French road outside the town till you come down upon it from above, and begin your descent; but if you wish to ride about in the midst of that labyrinth of streets, you must sit upon a donkey, and not scream or faint when your donkey trots up and down steps which are quite steep enough to shake Christian nerves. Neither must you be alarmed if you come in sudden and violent contact with other donkeys, loaded with vegetables and fruit, and driven at full speed by bare-legged Arabs, shouting and screaming at the top of their lungs.

The town, then, may be generally and not unfairly described as being chiefly up and down steps, the lateral streets being the only flat surface to be seen; the ascending ones varying between a slope that breaks off into a flight of stairs, and a slope that only takes away your breath. Between these narrow alleys (no wider in their widest parts than Paternoster Row) the houses, closely packed and wedged together, rise step upon step, terrace upon terrace. The court of a Moorish dwelling being generally in the interior of the square of rooms, no space is lost, as in our modern towns; a voyager in a balloon, looking down upon Algiers, would see these courts dotting the town like the cells of a honeycomb, or the spots of an immense backgammon board; but from below they are of course invisible, and from above they are so much foreshortened, that the eye can only perceive the ones immediatel

contiguous to the house on which the spectator is standing; while to the pedestrian, who threads the private streets, it is for all intents and purposes as if he were burrowing through a white rock. I say the private streets, because those which are filled with shops are of course animated enough; but the dwelling-houses present a dead front, only broken by their doors, and a few little slits in the walls above; varied occasionally by a window, out of which, if you see a handsome feminine head emerge, tressed with coils of black hair, and adorned with two pretentious black eyes, conclude she is a Jewess, and not the wife or daughter of a good Mussulman. The rooms in these houses look into covered galleries running round the interior court—an arrangement similar to that of monastic cloisters. They are cool in summer—in any other climate they would be horribly damp in winter; but the sun of Algiers does not allow these courts to be the unwholesome wells they would be with us. When the bright rains of January and February dash down through the centre of the house, they splash the galleries, and form a little lake in the sunken marble of the court; but before many hours are over, out comes the warm sunshine, and the wet disappears as if by magic. The court of the house in which we lived, a mile from the town, was roofed over with glass—made into an immense skylight—in deference to European prejudices in favour of dwellings being accommodated with tops; and when the storms came down on this skylight, we could not hear each other speak. I have seen the hills covered with a sheet of spluttering water, which gathered into rivulets, and rushed down in a torrent over the main roads, till it seemed as though the solid land must be washed away; and a couple of hours later, everything smiling and blossoming like an English July. Such is an Algerine winter. To return, however, to the town itself. The opposite houses, not content with planting their bases so closely that two laden donkeys could not trot abreast, jut out, in second and third storeys, supported by picturesque slanting rafters, till they very frequently meet overhead, in one block; and the street pursues its way, tunneling under them, and displaying ugly opportunities for a stab in the dark, especially as it is apt to wind and twist like a snake, affording dark corners where vision is not very clear in the daytime. When one stumbles on a doorstep, abutting right on to one of these holes, the imagination darts back fifty years with a shudder, and recalls the slaves let out to private Moors, who might have been tortured to death in these inscrutable houses without any man saying nay. But the arm of French law is very strong, and it is wonderful to see how the savage populations are held in check, although the dwellings are now as ever almost impregnable to civilized influence. I was told

by medical men that the greatest difficulties exist in procuring the registration of children, or collecting any of the materials of knowledge which are summed in a census. A most absurd disproportion exists in the official lists of the number of female births as compared to male; for, when they found that French law was enforced in regard to inheritance, the Moors were gradually induced to register their boys—but girls were thought unworthy of such public recognition. Great struggles have also taken place over the question of vaccination, with most imperfect success: small-pox still devastates the people. Infectious fevers are from a like cause very fatal, the admission of medical authorities into the households being greatly objected to. I remember hearing that on the occasion of some epidemic (I think it was the cholera) the French government forced the Moors to admit inspectors and physicians; but so far were they from being able to effect a permanent eradication of the prejudice, that, the immediate danger being passed, a deputation of "chief men" among the Mahometans waited on the French General to beg that the intrusion on their privacy might be discontinued. This would be less to be regretted, had the natives any wise medical ideas of their own; but they have not. The "Arabian leech," who figures so largely in our modern historical novels, appears to be a mythical character in Algiers; for, except in the matter of washing, neither medical nor sanitary law obtain recognition. I once went with a party of ladies and two children to visit the harem of a Moorish family living in our neighbourhood, at Moustapha Inférieure. After sitting some time in an upstairs room, cross-legged on cushions, talking amiable trifles to a bevy of young and old women (wives to different members of a Cadi's domestic circle), we passed, on our way to the house-door, into a long room where sat a majestic paterfamilias, also cross-legged, and reading the Koran. At the end of this room was a sick person (I suppose a child) in bed, and a woman sitting at the head. Nobody warned us away; but when our children were fairly in the room, the sight of illness alarmed their French mamma, who hurried them away, while an impression flew round our circle that the disease was small-pox. For a few days we were all singularly uncomfortable; for we had an invalid in our own household to whom infection of any sort would at that time have been a serious risk. But in a few days this fear at least was dissipated, for the little French children broke out with the measles. This occurrence always struck me as a striking instance of Moorish carelessness; and I feel very sure, from many things I heard when in Algiers from French medical men, that it might just as well have been small-pox as not; the Cadi and his family would not have taken any better precaution,

nor have hindered the little Christian dogs from running close to the bed-side of the patient. The Moorish ladies were not handsome; their faces were too heavy, though not ill cut; and their hair is very ugly, being plaited in long tails, and the front locks cut short, like a charity child's, and reaching mid-day down the cheek. Their dress had also a tawdry effect: in rich stuffs of woollen or silk it might have been handsome, but in thin materials the folds crumple and look shabby. I remember particularly one young lady in full pink muslin trousers, and thinking how far she was from realizing our Oriental dreams of feminine beauty and costume. The truth is, that many of the staple articles of Moorish dress now come from Lyons and——Manchester! I have no doubt that the pink muslin trousers were native to the latter unpicturesque locality; and I have seen gay handkerchiefs of woollen and cotton sold in the bazaars of Tunis, which were undoubtedly due to the same ingenious looms.

The lady traveller who cares to penetrate into the inner life of those mysterious houses of Algiers, of which I have endeavoured to give my readers an external impression, should cultivate acquaintance with Madame Luce, than whom no Algerine resident will be found more intelligent and polite. Madame Luce is a stout, sunny-faced French woman, who has opened a school where more than a hundred little Moresques are learning reading, especially French writing, arithmetic, and various kinds of needlework and embroidery. She inhabits a fine old Moorish house, in the very heart of Algiers, and the story of her life is as romantic as its achievements are remarkable. She came to the colony thirty years ago, and was at first a private governess; but as time went on, and she realised the social degradation of the women of Moorish families, she set her heart on founding a school for the education of little Moorish girls. Her facilities were indeed few. She had acquired the Arabic language, and was intimate in several Mussulman households; but she was poor, and a widow (her name was then Madame Allix), and the enterprise was entirely novel. Government had already established schools for instructing native boys in French, under a system by which each scholar received two francs a month for attendance: but these institutions were not flourishing. The Mahometans entertained a great dread of religious proselytism, more particularly if Catholic priesthood had any share in the work. As to the girls, nobody ever thought of them, except in such cases (rare, and only connected with charity,) in which they fell under the eye of the Sisters of Charity.

Madame Luce (I use her present name to avoid confusion) began her scheme of action in 1845 (fifteen years after the conquest), by endeavouring to persuade the Moorish fathers and mothers

to entrust their little girls to her for a few hours a day, that they might be taught to read and write French and to sew neatly—an accomplishment in which Moresques are as deficient as in Latin and mathematics. She coaxed and entreated, made solemn promises not to interfere with the religion of the children—without which assurance, and its being believed, she would not have got one pupil—and at length, by tact, energy, and a few presents, she got together four little girls—*such* little girls, if they were like the present scholars whom I saw—dressed in full trousers and jackets, their hair twisted into long pigtails behind, and tightly bound with green ribbon, a-top of which were little caps of velvet, embroidered with gold thread. The nails of their little hands were tinged with henna, and their legs, perfectly bare from the knee to the ankle, were finished off with anklets and slippers—stockings being apparently unknown. Imagine four young objects thus attired, densely ignorant, and choked up with prejudices, brought to her swaddled up in veils by their mothers or an old servant, either of which would be equally invisible, save for a slit under the brow, permitting two black eyes to pick their way up and down the labyrinthine streets. Upon these four she set to work without delay; and by degrees, as a rumour of the school spread from household to household, by means doubtless of the morning calls which the Moorish ladies make from house to house, by stepping, like cats, from roof to roof, the school increased to thirty or forty pupils. Madame Luce then applied to the local Government for the same support which it afforded to schools for boys, on the plea that it was in vain to try and civilize the population of Algiers, while the mothers of the next generation were left in ignorance and degradation. But the Algerine officials could not be brought to see any good in educating women; and though they complimented Madame Luce on her energy, they declined giving her any money. What was to be done? Her slender purse was exhausted, and the expenses were heavy; the children had to be bribed to come, the poorer ones to be helped with food and clothes. Then there was the hire of the school-room and the purchase of school books; and though her moral aims were answering, she could not make both ends meet, and there seemed no resource but to close the school,—and on New Year's Day, 1846, the school was closed. This undaunted woman then actually resolved on a trip to Paris, across nine hundred miles of sea and land; and she straightway pawned her little plate, her trinkets, and a gold thimble given her by a friend, and started off for the capital, which she reached early in February, and there she at once memorialised the Minister of War, visited the most influential deputies, and by dint of indefatigable representations saw daylight break upon the sympathizing official

mind. The Parisian authorities behaved handsomely, defrayed the cost of her journey, and urged her to return at once to her work, promising aid. She obeyed, and reached Algiers in June, where she reopened her school amidst great rejoicings from parents and children. But seven months elapsed before the Home Government really fulfilled its promises, and she had often much ado to meet expenses from day to day. The Curé of Algiers gave her a little money and much sympathy; and Comte Guyot, a man high in office, helped her from his private purse; and at length, in the beginning of 1847, the dark days were over: her school was fairly adopted by Government, its expenses were defrayed, and a proper salary allotted to herself. In 1857 the school numbered 120 pupils of all ages, from four years old to eighteen. I visited it three times. On the first occasion the children were eating their dinners, which they had brought with them; on the second, they were all writing—some making pothooks in large text, and others writing from French dictation, in a small, bad, running hand. The main object is to teach them French, so as to put them in communication with Europeans; and the Arabic race display a remarkable facility in acquiring that language. I have heard Moors speak it with the most perfect ease and the purest accent. The third time the whole school was sewing—making white towels and green cotton frocks. Madame Luce pays great attention to the sewing, and to such industrial education as she can find means to impart, for the Mahometan woman has no means of gaining a respectable livelihood by her own exertions; and this deficiency is a grievous plague-spot in society, as may be easily conceived. At the Great Exposition in Paris, in 1855, Madame Luce gained a first and second class medal for work done in her establishment. Among the specimens was a set of dolls, carefully dressed in native costume, many of which were executed by a poor deaf and dumb girl, whose lot, but for Madame Luce, would have been deplorable. The school possesses a Moorish assistant, who has passed a regular examination and taken out her diploma. This young woman dresses in French costume, except when she walks out with her mother, in conformity with whose feelings she then wears a veil.

I must now draw my reminiscences to a close. They have been presented in a desultory form, yet will, perhaps, carry my readers in imagination to the wild and beautiful colony, which will for ever remain deeply impressed on the memory of one who has once beheld it. I have spoken only of Algiers itself, but I had a cursory view of a considerable extent of country. In company with a lady, who has since married and taken up her per-

manent residence in the neighbourhood of the town, I travelled by diligence sixty miles into the interior. Our first day's journey led us over the broad plain of the Meltidja, which separates the Atlas mountains from the Sáhel—a range of hills bordering upon the coast. This plain, a hundred miles in length, and from thirty to forty in breadth, was once the granary of Rome: it is now a vast tract of desolate land, overgrown by dwarf palm, where the *colon* is struck down by deadly malaria, if he neglect, in the slightest degree, the minute precautions enjoined by medical advice. Occasionally the diligence rumbles heavily past a hooded Arab, tending a flock of sheep or small brown cattle, wandering at will upon the trackless turf. Such was the Chaldean shepherd who watched the stars in the plains by night, such was Moses when he sojourned forty years in the wilderness, and David, when as yet an uncrowned boy he kept his father's flocks. From age to age this eastern people, close kindred to the great nations of antiquity, sacred and profane, have presented their aspects and their customs unchanged. They preceded the Roman civilization, and remain watching their cattle now that the Roman civilization has passed away from the face of the land! It will take the partial sacrifice of a generation of colonists to redeem the land over which the Arabs have so long wandered at will. I have seen one hundred men lying in the malaria ward of the civil hospital at Algiers, and the disease, though not considered infectious, is of so deadly a nature, that the constitution, once impregnated with its fatal poison, is usually broken for life.

At Blidah, a small garrison town at the foot of the Atlas, we slept the first night. The mountains rise to a sublime wall, parallel with the length of the vast plain, barring out the interior of Africa from the rest of the world. Our second day's journey took us to the farthest point inland to which we penetrated, to Medeah, a town high up in the mountains, gained by a long day's ascent up a road which rivalled the Simplon for grandeur and engineering perfection; but, instead of coming, as among the Italian Alps, to a fair and fertile descent, we reached at sunset a billowy table land, and a strongly fortified town, and the remains of a Roman aqueduct pressed into service as part of the wall. How clear and yellow shone the western light through the double arches as we drove into the town!

On this excursion I was out nearly a week; and later in the year, when I had left Algiers, my friends penetrated ten days' journey inland, as far as the "Great Cedar Forest." My homeward route lay along the coast to Tunis, and from thence across to Genoa, in a rolling tub miscalled a steamer, being no other than

that famous vessel the "Cagliari," which some months later set Europe in a ferment, being seized first by Italian insurgents, and afterwards by the Neapolitan government—to the great trouble of the poor old captain, and of "Watt and Davis," the sturdy British engineers.

I landed successively at Bougia, at Philippeville, and at Bona—outposts of French civilization. How bright and lovely was Bona on that sunny Sunday morning! the church bells ringing sweetly once more over that wild African shore, once the bishopric of St. Augustine.

At Tunis—which, like Morocco, must eventually fall under European domination—I found a low, flat-roofed town, built on a plain about ten miles from ancient Carthage: the streets were soft with fathomless dust; the sun poured fiercely down in a blinding blaze on the 17th of March; and the few European residents were quarrelling among themselves with a scandalous intensity, only to be excused by their being nine days' post from London, and having little or nothing to do, and not a book-shop of any sort in the town.

One night only I slept in the quaint Moorish inn kept by a French landlord, and sailed for Italy the next day at noon. It was in the tender mists of a soft yellow sunset that the beautiful hills of Africa faded away from my yearning eyes.

V.

SUNNY DAYS AT OXFORD.

A PLEASANT thought was that of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, when she entitled the recollections of her first visit to the "old world,"—that region "*outre-mer*," so full of attractions in its hoar antiquity, to the inhabitant of newly-found America—"Sunny Memories;" for such indeed are the thoughts that arise when we call to mind some scene, not only marked by great natural beauty, but by crowded associations of the suggestive and picturesque past. Among many such memories, one now rises vividly before us,—the "sunny" days which we some time ago spent in Oxford.

"Oxford! only fifty-five miles from London by the old stage-coach road, and within a two hours' journey now," cry tourists, who can see nothing at all worth looking at unless five hundred miles from their own doors. "Oxford!" contemptuously repeats the admirer of all that is modern. "Oxford!" the hereditary abode, as Gibbon declared, of

"port and prejudice,"—forgetful enough that, as to the latter, Gibbon had quite as ample a share, only in a different form, as "the monks of Oxford,"—forgetful, too, that from her high antiquity, her blind adherence to the wretched Stuarts, and her stubborn Toryism during the reign of the Georges, are but episodes in her lengthened history. Let us contemplate that long history, and we shall find Oxford sending forth many a scholar whose fame was recognized in the distant schools of Italy and Spain: many a statesman who gave good counsel at the court of our Plantagenets; and many a man of letters, in later times, of whom England is justly proud. It is worth a visit to Oxford to tread the cloisters they trod, to muse upon them under the shadow of those "immemorial trees," that sheltered them in their daily walks.

But not dependent upon these associations alone is Oxford. She is "the fair city," touched but lightly as yet by the mischievous hand of modern "improvement;" still wearing her antique beauty as a garment of exceeding loveliness,—still a picturesque city of fair arched halls, and pinnacled towers, and tall, graceful spires rising proudly above her rich clustering trees. Often had we heard of her from aged men, on whose decaying memories the one bright spot that yet lingered was beautiful Oxford,—from artists, who, familiar with the most highly-lauded continental cities, had still an especial note of admiration for her magnificent High Street; so on a soft bright autumn afternoon, we found ourselves, for the first time, in Oxford.

"And *this* is Yarrow," said Wordsworth exultingly, when the scene on which a poet's imagination had long dwelt was at length seen by his bodily eye. A severe test this, for most scenes, but Yarrow stood it,—even though a Wordsworth gazed on its silver current. No wonder that, to our less vivid imagination, Oxford fully realized our anticipation; and as we slowly paced the High Street,—of course our first walk—we caught ourselves almost unconsciously exclaiming, "And this is Oxford! beautiful Oxford!" Little thanks, however, does the fair city owe to the two railways, save for the swiftness with which they convey her inhabitants; for while in the "old coaching days" the approach to Oxford was celebrated as one of the most imposing of views, from the time when the eye caught the first sight of her spires from Shotover hill, to when, passing over Magdalen bridge, the handsome buildings of the Botanical Gardens on the left, and the stately towers and groves of Magdalen College on the right, formed a fitting entrance to the grand High Street, now, either railway sets you down in an obscure and dirty quarter; and the first view you have of the "classic Isis" is a sluggish, muddy stream, laden with coal barges, and resonant with the oaths of the boatmen—grimy fellows—and perhaps the shrill squalls of the slatternly naiads, who certainly do not "adorn" her banks.

But we soon pass on, and, turning toward Beaumont Street, catch some glimpses of rich trees, and the stately front of the Taylor Buildings—would that, like all the buildings around, it had been Gothic!—and then we pause beside the "Martyrs' Memorial," and look round

us. Here we first obtain a pleasant view of Oxford. The picturesque front of St. John's College, with its row of noble trees; and broad St. Giles, with its double row of beautiful elms, that form so fair a vista, closed by the picturesque church in the far distance; and then turning, the eye rests on the handsome front of Baliol College, and the well-restored church of St. Mary Magdalen. The Memorial Cross, too, beneath whose shadow we stand, deserves notice, although it is scarcely creditable to the English architect of the nineteenth century, that he should do little more than reproduce one of the beautiful crosses of Queen Elinor. Nothing, we allow, can be more beautiful than these wayside memorials—unmatched in any other country; but then we so closely connect them with the fair and good queen, whose graceful effigy still smiles in meek beauty on the passer-by, that we feel a kind of disappointment when, looking up to the well-known cross, we see harsh-featured, bearded old men. Still, honour to those who originated the "Martyrs' Memorial," and to those who watched over its completion; for it is the triumph of "low church principles" in the very head-quarters of high churchism,—the public defiance flung back to the Newmans, and Palmers, and Oakleys,—the abiding pledge that the University from whence Wycliffe came forth, first on the battle-field of the Reformed faith, will ever hold fast her Protestantism.

But let us go onward, and, passing the Corn-market, enter the High Street, that "broad and noble street that winds through the city in a serpent curve, disclosing—like the banks of a devious river—new effects as you pass on, building after building of new and different beauty," as an enthusiastic architect wrote some twenty years ago; "that street which has not its equal in the world," as Dr. Waagen, well acquainted with continental cities, with even more enthusiasm remarks. And yet, beautiful as is the High Street, the noblest and most beautiful colleges do not grace it. New College is far to the left; Magdalen—although her grey and silvery turrets look down upon you as you approach the bridge—stands apart; and Christ Church, that proud monument of "the ryghte triumphant lord hyghe Cardinal," is quite away on the other side. And so we may leisurely walk down the High Street, admiring stately church and noble college front, raising our eyes to the beautiful spire of St. Mary the Virgin, or fixing them on the fair towers of St. Mary Magdalen, rising so proudly amid those grand masses of foliage gilded by the setting sun, and still bear in mind that many are the noble and time-hallowed structures which will claim our admiration on the morrow.

Oxford is the city of colleges—seventeen in number, besides her halls; and she is a city of some antiquity, although even her most devoted antiquaries have not claimed for her an antiquity equal to Troynovant, or Caerleon. Indeed, even those most inclined to claim the highest for their "*alma mater*," have contented themselves with Saxon times. They have, however, made up for their moderation in this instance, by asserting that the University was in full flower in the

reign of King Alfred; and Antony à Wood declares that the good king "did, about the year 879, institute and found, and endow with perpetual salaries, lecturers in almost every faculty." We may be excused for doubting this, as well as his other assertion, that "lectures on Arabic and Chaldee were instituted in 1311." We have, certainly, no direct evidence earlier than that of Ingulf, in the eleventh century, as to the existence of a school at Oxford; and when we call to mind that in Saxon times there was a flourishing priory for nuns here, of which Frideswyde,—for so many centuries the tutelar saint of Oxford—was superior, we cannot place the establishment of its schools, we think, earlier than some time during the eleventh century,—that era when the European mind seemed so suddenly to arouse itself, and to "lay hold of all knowledge." In the twelfth century we find great numbers of Jews—those great teachers of science—at Oxford, and tradition reports that the scholar-king honoured it both by his gifts and his frequent visits. During Stephen's reign, even a raging civil war around them could not damp the ardour of the knowledge-seekers of that early day; for Vaccarius lectured there upon civil law, and the students were numbered by thousands; the fathers of St. Maur record, too, that toward the close of this century, a school of canon law here became so famed that many students, even from the University of Paris, repaired hither to avail themselves of its superior teachings. At the beginning of the following century, we find Oxford more distinguished for turbulence than for learning. From the crowds—thousands, say the chroniclers—of "idle varlets," who flocked here, more for riot than for study, Oxford seems to have surpassed Paris in the insubordination and profligacy of her students, and even the "gallows tree" did its office in vain. It was then that the plan of "colleges" first found favour, and the scholar really desirous of profiting by the lectures and disputations, was invited to enter quiet abodes, governed on the monastic system, where food and lodging—sometimes apparel too—would be provided, instead of sharing each night a wretched shelter at the "hostels," and seeking each day a precarious meal from the canons of St. Frideswyde's, or at Oseney abbey. First among these colleges Merton is to be placed; University College stands next in order of foundation: the third perhaps is Baliol, while most of the others were founded during the two following centuries.

It would be interesting to picture to ourselves the student-life of these earliest Oxford days: homely enough, in comparison with later times, it seems to have been, judging from some of the rules, drawn up by the Lady Devoirgil's confessor, for the management of the college which her husband, Sir John Baliol, had bequeathed to her charge. In these "ordinances," we find that the scholars are to be kept under strict control, and to be in all due obedience to the college authorities. If offending, they are to be publicly reproved; and, "if incorrigible, to be removed from the common table, and eat by themselves, and be served last!" What a visitation must *this* have been to the hungry scholar, in those days of hearty eating and hearty good fellowship!

Placed far away from his merry companions—no one beside him to reciprocate "Wassail," when the huge peg-tankard was lifted to his lip—doomed to see a score of fellow-students carving to their heart's content at the mighty joint, or fishing up the fattest morsels out of the bowls of pottage—and he waiting, waiting there, until the big pewter dish, with little beside bones, was placed before him. We doubt not that by this plan most excellent discipline was maintained among the Lady Devoirgil's scholars, and that other colleges wisely adopted this wholesome rule of Baliol. From the same "ordinances," we find that attendance on public worship was strictly enjoined, and also close attendance at the schools; that the "common speech" was to be Latin, and that, further to sharpen their wits, there was to be a disputation among the scholars each alternate week, "so that they may oppose and answer one another." We may laugh, fairly enough, at the "wordy wars" of the Middle Ages—at the actual "passion" for syllogism and splitting of hairs; still, it cannot be denied that great men were reared in these schools, and that the keen dialectician often became the profound reasoner. And many illustrious names can Oxford of the Middle Ages boast, although almost all have been forgotten save Roger Bacon, who owes his popular fame more to his apocryphal brazen head than to his undoubted scientific discoveries. Alas! Friar Bacon's study has been pulled down. Tradition asserted that it would fall on the head of the first "philosofre," greater than he, who passed underneath it. Was it feared that in this present enlightened age it might bury not one, but a whole dozen philosophers, proceeding to some "scientific *soirée?*"

But these colleges—with which shall we begin? Ancient Merton, and its gorgeous chapel, finished in a style to make one half in love even with *sedilia*, and chancel-hangings, and altar-candlesticks, and its noble gardens and unrivalled north-terrace walk;—New College, so venerable and so *old*, with the ivy clustering over the old city walls, that now enclose its "trim garden," and the beautiful buildings over which William of Wykeham presided;—or stately All Souls, the proud monument of Chichelé's devotion to learning, with its beautiful chapel of the later Gothic, and its great quadrangle, most picturesque, notwithstanding its "wild intermixture of styles;"—or Magdalen, with her quaint cloisters and unrivalled walks, beneath those giant elms, which make one an instant convert to the opinion that the high-arched, long-drawn aisles of Gothic architecture, were first suggested by the grove of stately trees—Magdalen, unrivalled for her grounds;—or Christ Church, the only college without grounds, or even garden, but boasting its magnificent quadrangle four hundred feet square, and those most pleasant meadows, never forgotten by the Oxford man—the Christ-Church meadows. With which shall we begin, do we say? rather, where should we end, if we once attempted even a cursory survey of Oxford and her colleges.

We may go to many highly-lauded places—we may even make many a tour—but when we have marked the beauty of the landscape,

or the splendour of some building, little remains for the mind to dwell upon. Far different is it here. Here is beauty of field, of grove, of garden; beauty of church, of cloister, and hall; but recollections of more than six hundred years cluster around them all—stirring recollections, pleasant recollections, such as might give brightness to very commonplace localities. Emphatically, of Oxford streets may we say—

> "We never tread upon them, but we set
> Our feet upon some reverend history."

Look up to the stern Castle-keep, so spectral in the pale moonlight, so picturesque with the slant sun shining upon it. There it stands, stalwart and grim, looking down upon hall and college, just as its grim castellan, Robert d'Oyley, looked down upon the city and its Saxon inhabitants in the days of Norman power. Many a stout assault have these stern grey walls sustained, and many a long siege. It was a bone of contention to the barons in the reigns both of John and his son; and many a time did the huge mangonel batter its outer walls, while defiance was flung from the battlements, and the broad standard with the Plantagenet lions floated proudly there. It was one of the "royal castles;" and therefore claimed by name by the confederate barons when, with Simon de Montfort—that earlier Cromwell—as their leader, they demanded that the provisions of the Great Charter should be maintained; nor laid down their arms until the weak-minded, false-hearted king had yielded. All readers are familiar enough with the story of Oxford during the Parliament war, when plumed cavaliers manned her walls, and satin-robed dames added beauty to her fair gardens, and she boasted herself as the "*Aula regis*," and the king held his court in the truly royal hall of Christ Church; but few are aware that, almost four hundred years before, Oxford was the scene of a far more important gathering—that here "the third estate of the realm" was first summoned to meet the twenty-four barons, chosen half by the king and half by the De Montfort party; and that actually in Tory Oxford the "Commons of England" were first recognized as a power. And little did these hooded representatives, as they reverently laid their hands on the holy Gospels, and swore, "in good faith," that "each and altogether they would aid each other in doing right against all folk," think what a proud history that of England's "Commons House of Parliament" would be! How little did noble-hearted Simon de Montfort dream of what an illustrious band of patriots he was that day the leader, even as ere long he became their proto-martyr! But the Oxford Parliament was soon dissolved, and the "Oxford Provisions" scorned as a dead letter; but the principle was established, and ere the next generation "the *three* estates of the realm" became a recognized legal phrase.

We cannot be surprised that Henry III. had no great liking for Oxford; nor did his son, the "ruthless king," often honour it by his presence or his gifts. In earlier times our kings seem frequently to

have resided here, for there was a palace on the site of Beaumont Street, and there Richard Cœur de Lion was born; but we do not find many of our Plantagenets paying Oxford often the respect of a visit, or indeed much notice. Queen Philippa, however, doubtless at the instance of her confessor, Robert Egglesfield, founded "Queen's College," and liberally endowed it. In the buttery they still show the drinking-horn—a capacious horn that will hold two quarts—the gift of their foundress, with the hearty old English word, "Wasseil," engraved upon it. Queen's College is scarcely worth a visit, although Wren has "the dubious glory" of its erection. But many portions are doubtless later than his day; certainly the gateway, "graced"—shall we say?—by an immense stone cage, surmounted by a clumsy crown, and enclosing the statue—not of the veritable foundress, but of metaphysic-loving Queen Caroline, mounted on the top of some steep steps, and evidently wondering how she came there.

Since the matriculation of our young Prince at Oxford, fashionable newspapers have been very anxious to make out that many scions of royalty received their education in former days here; and, as may well be supposed, have, like Fadladeen, "most learnedly shown that they knew nothing at all about the matter." The case really is, that from the very nature of the studies then pursued, and from the peculiar characteristics of the indispensable disputations, it was simply impossible for a king's son to have been a student there. Very pleasant for the ermine-robed Plantagenet, with the strawberry-leaf circlet on his brow, to be jostled in the schools by the thread-bare scholar, prouder of his academical honours than of noblest armorial bearings;—to hear "*negatur*" thundered in his ears, or to be challenged by some stalwart "*baccalaureus*" to a war of words, in which the gentlest epithet would be "*stultissime!*" Besides, the military education which was really necessary in those days, when kings led their own armies to battle, began at as early an age as the scholastic. On this account, even although the story were less apocryphal, we should utterly disbelieve the assertion that our Henry V. was an Oxford scholar. It is true that in his case—although it seems to have been forgotten—his father was simply Earl of Derby, and his prospect of the crown visionary indeed; but he was the eldest son, and on him would devolve the maintenance of the rights of the proud House of Lancaster; the victor of Agincourt, therefore, was doubtless trained to arms, and not to arts. John of Gaunt's sons, however, were all distinguished for love of learning; and as Henry Beaufort was Chancellor of Oxford at the close of the 14th century, it is not unlikely that his nephews, the *younger* sons of Henry IV., while yet Earl of Derby, might have been sent there; and when we remember the strong attachment always expressed towards Oxford by Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, and his magnificent gift both of a library and books, we think there is little doubt that he pursued his studies there. Queen's College was most probably his residence, for it was founded and endowed by his great-grandmother.

It is indeed to Duke Humphrey that Oxford owes her first library. There is an old drawing of it, executed badly enough, but still showing enough to make us regret that the Gothic hall has been superseded by the more modern structure. But still, it were both unjust and ungrateful to regret, when standing in that noble room, which the almost life-long care of that "thrice worthy man," Sir Thomas Bodley, provided, two hundred and sixty years ago, for all those who, like himself, might seek "to set up their staff at the library door." But how different to modern libraries, even in the approach to it, is this! There is no need of going seeking about for *them*. They are conspicuous enough, with lofty portals, and a splendid gas-lamp over the door—perhaps a pair. But, here, you enter a bizarre-looking court, under a gateway composed of the five orders—a strange jumble of "the classical," and a monstrosity fitly enough surmounted by a statue of that wretched pedant James, who is presenting his works to Fame!—a gift which that lady has long ago forgotten. We gladly turn our backs on the gateway, and look at the various buildings in the court, chief among which are "the Schools," with large traceried windows; but where is the Bodleian? We go to one huge door and then to another in vain, and at length are pointed to a small door quite in the corner, which admits you to a flight of age-worn oak stairs. On we go, upward, upward, as though mounting a church-tower, and, half wearied with our ascent, reach a double-leaved door, and we enter "the solemn Bodleian." Not a wholly inappropriate phrase is this, for the case-mented windows, and the dark oak fittings, and the heavy ceiling, though painted and gilded, give it at first a sombre look; but we soon find it light enough, and we glance along the book-shelves, and the cases, and into the pleasant little cells, and then up to the richly-blazoned ceiling, where, amid armorial bearings, that noblest of texts for a library meets the eye at every turn, "*Dominus illuminatio mea.*" Yes, "The Lord is my light." Can the student seek a more inspiring motto?

The "pleasant" Bodleian was that venerable library to us, that still retreat where even the footfall sounded rudely. How delightedly we looked around and then into those little nooks, veritable cells, each with its mullioned window enclosing, picture-like, some "bit" of rich greenery, just touched with autumn's crimson and gold—or some graceful hall and tower, or that grey castle-keep, seen through distant interlacing branches. Pleasant little cells! We have been in literary institutions, surrounded by books in gay bindings, and by gaily dressed readers; in the old Museum reading room, with the "busy bees" of literature all working hard, and in that new and beautiful room—that palace-hall, so completely supplied with every appliance the reader can desire: but for study, actual study—not for making extracts, not for painful and hurried "reading-up," but for quiet, deep, veritable study, nothing can compare with the *old* library. How suggestive of the earnest, devoted, student-life of other days is everything here. The cell with its latticed door, that shuts you out even from the quiet world

of fellow students, and the large oaken arm chair (were they giant those old days in size as well as in learning?), and the low desk, the bookshelves above, and the high desk just under the plea window, if the student preferred to stand. Very suggestive was all to us, as, for the first time, we closed the latticed door. It brou almost bodily before us the deep, earnest scholar-life of centuries ag that life of intense enjoyment which we can scantly realize now, w learning was followed for its own exceeding great reward, and pale-eyed student smiled wonderingly at the question, "Where this toil?" and answered, "*Labor ipse voluptas.*" Long we although some illuminated manuscripts from the Douce collect "beautiful exceedingly," lay unopened; for we almost expected hear the harsh murmurs of the "disputations" in the schools bel or to see the hooded doctors in their budge-lined robes pass by, or benevolent face of Sir Thomas Bodley himself, greeting us with kindly smile. Pleasant, indeed, were the mornings spent in the ve rable Bodleian library.

But the sun, shining so gloriously on those grand masses of leaf just touched into brighter beauty by early autumn, bids us go fo Whither shall we go? Let us pay a reverent visit to William Wykeham's foundation, the college, "new" some four hundred eighty years ago, when, his magnificent pile of buildings comple the warden and the seventy fellows took possession of "St. Mar College, of Wynchester, in Oxenford, otherwise Newe College." A little of William of Wykeham's own work remains as he left it. E portions which might have stood until now have been meddled w by "cobbling architects" as they have well been called. Still, entrance quadrangle gives the spectator a fair idea of what it loo like, when just finished almost five hundred years ago, and the b tiful chapel would, we think, gratify the founder himself, could he to look upon it again. We are almost inclined to retract the assertion, however, when, entering the solemn ante-chapel, we pointed to the celebrated great west window, with the Nativity pain by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the seven attitudinizing ladies bene What has a Gothic chapel to do with a window which puts one mind of a painted blind, more than anything else? And this window flaunting its garish colouring, while on each side of it the original painted windows, with their rich though subdued ti and filled with loveliest figures of virgin saints—how lovely s The windows of the chapel are Flemish, very rich in their colouri but still wanting in the delicate grace of those in the ante-cha The chapel itself, too, beautiful as are the decorations, seems to spoilt by the cold stone screen, fine perpendicular Gothic though it being substituted for the usual east window. What a glorious tro of the fourteenth century would this chapel have been with a wind rich as that which surmounts the altar in gorgeous Merton Coll chapel, with its exquisite tracery, and its many tinted lights, no glass, but of molten gems. Although having no especial admirat

for embroidered altar-cloths, we almost regretted the absence of one here; for the beautiful slab of purest white marble not only looks cold, but reminded us of a huge *console*.

Let us go on into the garden, hurrying through the smaller court, and shutting our eyes, if possible, that we may not see the wretched "Louis Quartorze" style of the buildings which superseded Wykeham's stately Gothic. Could *he* see them, we think he would at once seize that beautiful crozier which we have just admired, and, putting it to its most solemn use, have waved it, as he pronounced "Anathema" on the head of the pragmatical architect who dared to set up his miserable second-hand imitation of the worst *renaissance* under the very shadow of New College chapel. But the garden makes amends to us, with its noble rank of lindens, and its "velvet lawn," and the rich clusters of flowers, and then the lofty fragments of the old city wall, climbed over by thick ivy, which flings out its long fingers at the top, seeking yet higher support. Pleasant is it to sit here, and mark the quaint turret of ancient St. Peter's church, standing out from those grand masses of leafage in the distance, which we have before admired. These are "the stupendous elms" of Magdalen College; let us go thither. After visiting the noble foundation of William of Wykeham, Edward III.'s great architect, and the bishop to whom Winchester owes so much, it is fitting enough to visit the foundation of William Waynflete, his successor, both in the see of Winchester and in his magnificent liberality, for to him Oxford owes Magdalen College.

But Waynflete, although liberal as Wykeham, was not gifted as he. He gave wealth largely and willingly, but he could not preside over the rising halls like the great episcopal architect of the earlier century. Still, his builders did their work well; and when at length, in 1473, Magdalen was completed, it stood unrivalled by any college, save that of Wykeham. Magdalen tower, that "cynosure of every eye," is of later construction: it is said to have been designed by Sir Reginald Bray, Henry VII.'s great architect, and the builder, at a later period, of that monarch's elaborate sepulchral chapel. Much of the buildings are, however, modern, and unfortunately modern in style, with comfortable sash windows, and the parapet surmounted by a balustrade, with a pediment in the centre. Happily, some portions of the old buildings remain. There is the chapel, with its fair stone coronet over the west door, beneath which, each as in a shrine, stand five figures of the guardian saints, and the founder; and a little further on is the beautiful statue of Mary Magdalen—not as "the woman who was a sinner," but as the pure and holy saint who sat at her great Master's feet, and whose name was to be held in everlasting honour. And how lovely is this Mary, with the long parted hair on the calm brow, and her hand so gently laid on her bosom, as though still meditating on "the words of eternal life."

If it were needful to disprove for the hundredth time the stupid falsehood that charges our Puritan forefathers with all the injuries

our cathedrals and churches have sustained, we would point to this lovely effigy. Brave Ironsides, in the full flush of victory, trod this pavement, perhaps stabled their steeds hard by; but no hand of theirs was raised to deface the beauty of foliaged arch, or crested pinnacle, not even to dash the image from its shrine. As we walked through Oxford, we felt this more forcibly than ever, for disproof met us at every step. Full fourteen years was Oxford in Puritan hands—given up helpless to the Goths, who rejoiced in breaking down images and smashing painted glass; and yet New College chapel retains her beautiful windows, and the beautiful effigy of the Virgin, too, over the hall door: and this chapel of Magdalen has every window untouched, save by the hand of Time, and the ornaments in that rich fretwork which seems as though the mere touch would crush it, still cluster over arch and wall. And the cathedral, too, although John Owen preached in its pulpit, or sat as dean in his canopied stall—still everything, save the altar, remained untouched. At the "glorious restoration" the poor cathedral experienced ruder treatment; for Antony à Wood tells us that "the dean and canons being minded to *adorn* it, plucked up the floor of the chancel, taking up many marbles with Saxon inscriptions, which, being looked upon by the dean and canons as old superfluous stuff and unhandsome, did cause them to be cast out, and some they caused to plank a *sink* that conveyed water under ground." They also made short work with the beautiful columns that stood in the way of their "improvements;" indeed, the venerable church of St. Frideswyde received from high-church hands as complete a "Dowsing," as that celebrated iconoclast could himself have inflicted on her.

But onward we go through the pleasant cloisters—wishing, however, that the grotesque heads had been suffered to remain grey and decayed, instead of being so carefully restored; and soon we reach the far-famed Magdalen walks. One is called Addison's Walk, and, as a student at Magdalen, doubtless he often walked here. But this is not a place to think of Mr. Addison or the "Spectator" in; Birdcage Walk, in St. James's Park, is quite as suggestive of them. But Chaucer should have gazed on these glorious elms, and sang of them in companionship with the oaks to which he has given immortality. And here Milton might have wandered in the solemn twilight, musing a whole "*Il Penseroso*;" or Herrick, when the glad sunshine played among their branches, and carolled a sweet Anacreontic to the spring. Loitering beneath these shades and beside the lilied Cherwell, we feel vexed that these poets of ours who felt so intensely the charm of natural scenery, should have been condemned to dull Cambridge instead of beautiful Oxford. "Beautiful exceedingly" are, indeed, all the trees here: not those modern, half-acclimated trees brought from warmer lands, with scanty foliage and leaves shivering in our health-giving air; but kings of the forest, the growth of many centuries, lifting their heads and stretching out their wide branches in stately independence, English on English ground, taking possession of it by right. These glorious elms! But then along Christ-Church meadows are trees almost as

noble; then what lindens are those in New College garden? And those stately chesnuts in Merton gardens that shade that unrivalled terrace walk, where the long view is closed at one end by the fair tower of Magdalen, and at the other by the beautiful spire of Merton College chapel. But where shall we end, if describing beautiful trees, when there is scarcely a college in Oxford but has some one to boast of.

Many, many a generation of scholars must these groves of Magdalen have seen. Young Wolsey, "the boy-bachelor," doubtless wandered in their shadow: and, gazing on Waynflete's noble chapel and college, did the wish then arise in his mind that he, the obscure scholar, might one day found a college which should hand down his name? Well known has that name become; but his regal foundation, Christ Church, brings him most pleasantly, and here, most appropriately before us. It is a singular coincidence that the three prelates to whom Oxford is indebted for her three noblest foundations, were alike Bishops of Winchester and Lord Chancellors. Wolsey, however, distanced his predecessors Wykeham and Waynflete, and stopped short only of the papal chair; and, as his ecclesiastical fortunes surmounted theirs, even so, proudly above all the Oxford foundations, stands Christ Church.

Very suggestive of the "ryghte triumphante lord highe Cardinal," is that stately stone building, with its four hundred feet frontage, flanked by castle towers, and the great entrance adorned with the two richly-wrought turrets, oriental in their pear-shaped domes, but grand in effect. The tower is of later date, for Wolsey fell from his proud eminence ere his "Fayre gate" was finished; and the tower was built almost 200 years after by Wren. And worthy is "Fayre Gate" still of its ancient name, with that beautiful fan tracery, and its rich down-hanging bosses,—worthy entrance to that magnificent quadrangle! We may pause beside the statue of its founder, looking upward as though appealing to Heaven for the justice certainly denied him by his king; and we may ask, was the haughty lord high Cardinal a sinner so great above all others of that fierce and rapacious day? His chief crime was that which his brutal master and the time-serving nobles deemed his one solitary virtue—obedience to the will of a despot. Poor Wolsey, haughty and over-bearing as he showed himself to Henry's nobles,—*parvenues* themselves, and therefore they could not forgive "the butcher's son,"—there were some that loved him, and these were the men who waited daily in his presence, and wore his gorgeous livery. And his heart was tender to them. Witness the bitter tears he shed when he took leave, as Cavendysh relates, of his "most faithful gentlemen and true-hearted yeomen," lamenting that while he had been able to provide for his chaplains, he was compelled to dismiss them unpaid: and how, notwithstanding his utter destitution and disgrace, many still clung to him, and followed him into Yorkshire. And when he set out on that last sad journey which was cut short by his death, the commissioners actually locked these poor dependants in the chapel, that he might not bid them farewell. But they "made

such a ruthful ryot," that they were let out; and then the "lord cardinal" took leave of them—not with solemn form and priestly blessing—but with tears, "shaking every one by the hand." No such love did his brutal master ever obtain, for no such kindliness was he capable of feeling. Most of us have a strange notion that Wolsey was an *old* man, but he never saw threescore years. He had but just completed his fifty-ninth year when he died.

Gorgeous was Wolsey's whole plan; the great quadrangle is the largest in England; for the college chapel he took the chief church in Oxford, and his scholars were a hundred and one. We watched with much interest, the first night we spent in Oxford, for the first stroke of "mighty Tom," who each night "booms" his hundred and one tolls to summon the students home, just as he did three hundred and thirty years, and more, ago. The tone is very fine, though not so deep as St. Paul's; and the effect, tolling on, tolling on, through the now deserted streets—for few students remained—was strangely solemn.

A fine hall, with fan-traceried ceiling, supported by a beautiful clustered pillar, leads to the staircase, wide enough, as the saying is, "for a coach and six;" and this leads to the "Westminster hall of Oxford," the stately hall of Christ Church. How many a crowned head, how many a greater uncrowned one, has stood in this hall! Here Elizabeth listened to long speeches in choice Latin, and answered in still choicer Greek. Here Charles kept his court, until he went forth to the fatal battle of Naseby; and then this hall welcomed the great leaders of the Parliament army. Fairfax was received here with fitting honours, and here that "ruler by God's grace and the might of his own mind," great Oliver, was feasted. That the victor of Naseby should become chancellor of Oxford has often awakened ridicule; but a University which selected a Wellington to the same office, could scarcely, save from political prejudice, assert that a Cromwell was unfit. And here Charles II. laughed and revelled, and held his disgraceful parliament of 1681; and hither came James, anticipating the time when high mass would be sung in the cathedral hard by. But lengthened, indeed, would be the list of those celebrated in history, who have trod this hall. We must not, however, pass over the visit in 1814 of the "first gentleman in Europe," with the Emperor of Russia, and King of Prussia; and how when, like the royal personages of a far older day, "his heart was merry with wine," he called for the college book, and condescendingly signed his name in it as student of Christ Church!

But how crowding are the historical recollections which make every walk about Oxford so suggestive. What memories of great men, of great events, of influences that are yet working around us, will even the inferior colleges the more remote streets supply. Here is pleasant Wadham, where Wren—marvellous youth, and marvellous old man—studied, and where Dr. Wilkins first suggested the plan of the Royal Society. And here is Pembroke College, close beside that venerable relic of the long past, St. Aldate's church. Pembroke College—where

the tall uncouth sizar, in threadbare coat and worn-out shoes, bore in proud silence the laugh of the ignorant, and the scorn of the purse-proud, brave Samuel Johnson, who went forth to fight so nobly his stern life-battle,—never losing self-respect, never losing the respect of others, until Oxford and all England knew that in that struggling man of letters a true hero had fought his way. And here is Lincoln College, and, lingering in its pleasant garden, our eyes may rest upon the fair traceried windows of its chapel, and we may call to mind young John Wesley dutifully attending service there, unconscious as yet that not beneath fretted roofs, not within so-called "consecrated walls," but in the crowded highway, and on the wide moor, he should call thousands to repentance. And here, too, at one of these study windows, his brother Charles might sit, poring over the Latin fathers, and dwelling upon those rich treasures of mediæval hymnology, until he caught their very echo in his beautiful hymns. And here George Whitfield, most warm-hearted of men, often met them for earnest prayer and Christian converse, while their scoffing fellow-students sung their riotous songs, and swore, and drank confusion to the Methodists. Very curious is it to mark, how Oxford, in so many instances, with the bane has provided also the antidote, even from the time when Wyckliffe lifted up his unsupported voice in her schools. She sent forth Ridley, and Latimer, as well as Gardiner; and the same University that gave Laud to the Church of England, gave Owen and Howe to the "church universal." Filmer and Carte might stand forth to advocate "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," but a far nobler name, John Locke, stands foremost amongst the asserters of freedom. And strange is it that high church, Jacobite Oxford, should have nursed in her bosom those men who dealt the heaviest blow that "high churchism" had ever received,—men who scattered "Methodism" broadcast over the length and breadth of the land;—while only as yesterday, side by side with the mischievous teachings of Oriel College, came forth the nobler, the loftier teachings of one of its own members, Thomas Arnold.

No wonder that, with all these, and a thousand more, suggestive associations, Oxford is an interesting city. But, then, she is also the beautiful city; and thus is like a pleasant book, illustrated on every page by exquisite pictures. And passing along, not her noble High Street alone, but her quiet, picturesque side-streets and bye-ways, still there is something to attract the eye by its exceeding beauty—a beauty that we rarely meet with elsewhere. Fair arched gateways, giving glimpses within of gardens in one flush of gorgeous colouring; rich traceried windows, jutting out into sunny oriels; antique porches, round which flowers twine, and where in old time the maiden sat twirling her distaff, or neighbour stood chatting with neighbour, as the sun went down. The endless variety of the domestic architecture of the Middle Ages strikes you here. From the quaint ornaments on the high pointed gable, to the decorations of the porch, their countless diversity and beauty bear testimony to the exhaustless

riches of that style which can "expand into a hall or shrink into a turret, coil into a staircase or spring into a spire, with undegraded grace and unexhausted energy: subtle, flexible, like a fiery serpent, but ever attentive to the voice of the charmer."

Many had been our pleasant visions of the "olden times," but the beautiful reality was before us now, as we wandered through those picturesque streets; and long could we have sojourned there—each day finding out some new historical association for our thoughts, some new object for our sketch-book. "Farewell, beautiful Oxford," was our parting thought, as we quitted the fair city; "peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces:" a nonconformist, the descendant of nonconformists, can yet heartily say, "Peace be upon thee!"

VI.

THE EARTH'S OLD AGE.

A Fancy.

By J. G. Hargreaves.

The knell of another year will have tolled when these paragraphs meet the reader's eye. We grow older with every beat of the pendulum. The human structure is an apparatus which has been wound up for a brief run of three-score years and ten. For each of us, whose bodily machinery is permitted to play out its task without interruption, there must come a time when the vital force will begin to languish; when our capital of strength will appear to be exhausted; when the nervous power, which now works the limbs with such splendid efficiency, will trickle from its source in penurious driblets; when the gateways of sensation will be obstructed, or some of them entirely closed; and when the mind, participating in the frailties of the frame, will perhaps squander its little remnant of vigour in the dreams and inanities of dotage.

Now, if old age produces its effects upon man and beast—upon tree and flower—why should it not tell upon the earth we inhabit? After sixty centuries of historic existence, to say nothing of the previous geological eras, would it be any wonder if the world had lost something of its sprightliness and vitality? Or, if burdened with a load of infirmities, it were now sinking into a state of hopeless decrepitude?

Let us venture to sketch a few of the consequences which might be supposed to result, were the great forces of Nature—the agencies which give activity to the phenomena of our globe—subject to the law

of decline and decay. For the purposes of this waking dream, we will put forward the clock of Time some hundreds of years, at the least.*

Look up. The sun has nearly reached the zenith; but, instead of flooding the earth with the fine golden radiance of former days, it bathes it with a feeble twilight, even at high noon. The glowing disc upon which men could not gaze without burning the delicate balls of vision, or raising a crowd of phantom suns to haunt the trembling retina, may now be eyed with perfect impunity. In the most cloudless sky the luminary shines with a dull red glare, such as it exhibited in better days when battling with the morning mists, or when its beams were ploughing their way through sheets of fog. Why is this? The fountain of light is obviously failing. And is it surprising that such should be the case? For ages the great orb of day has been pouring out its streams of splendour without a moment's intermission. Not only has it lit up the group of globes for which it was specially constructed, but its emanations have occupied so huge a sphere of space, that not a single cosmical chip, not a stray atom of world-dust floating between us and Sirius, has been left in positive darkness. What artificial luminary could support such a prodigal issue of brilliancy, and not be beggared in a day? The sun is a lamp. All lamps and fires, as far as we know, require to be periodically recruited. Sir Isaac Newton thought that comets might be intended to serve as solar fuel; and that some of these wanderers, after fluttering round the sun like gigantic moths, fell into the furnace, and supplied it with fresh luminous material. All lamps and fires, too, demand occasional dressing. Why should not the sun? If that body is never trimmed from age to age, is it any marvel that its light should at last begin to wane? Great spots, we know, frequently make their appearance on its surface. Some of these have been distinctly perceptible to the naked eye. In the first year of Augustus, according to Plutarch, its brightness was so much impaired, that people could look it in the face without effort. In the ninth year of Justinian, it is said to have suffered under some peculiar obscuration for upwards of fourteen months. The acreage of some of these maculæ is enormous. In certain cases they have been calculated to extend over several hundreds of millions of square miles. Many persons have attributed them to the smoke and fumes arising from the body of the orb, and overcasting its fair front like the carbonaceous clouds which so often disfigure our landscapes at home. By others, as by Galileo and Maupertuis, they have been ascribed to the scoriæ floating on the liquid matter of which the sun was supposed to consist. The better opinion, however, is, that these solar stains are simply openings in the atmosphere, or photosphere, of the orb—rents which are easily made, and as easily healed; for they sometimes appear

* In a fancy sketch like this, it is scarcely necessary to say that some licence of language, not admissible in a purely scientific subject, may be fairly claimed and as courteously conceded. The reader is also requested to excuse certain incongruities which are almost inseparable from a topic of conjectural treatment.

very suddenly, and usually close up in the course of a few days at the furthest. Would it be extravagant if, in our ignorance of the precise cause of these variations, we inferred that the luminary was subject to internal changes which might seriously impair, and in the end wholly extinguish, its lustre? Might not fancy be justified in suspecting that the hour will come when the sun shall lie on the bosom of space—a burnt-out orb—a huge blackened cinder; and when the planets shall perform their rounds, draped in sackcloth, like a funeral procession of worlds weeping for some starry chieftain, some leader amongst the hierarchy of light, who has gone down to darkness and death?

Or if, adopting the undulatory theory, we remember that, in order to produce a red ray, the sun must throw the ether into such rapid motion that it will vibrate 458 billions of times in a second, could we expect that this prodigious activity would be maintained for ever? Once let the powers of the luminary fall below that mark, and his disc would be blotted out from view, for his influence would cease to be visible to eyes constructed like our own.

Let this be as it may, however. Now—that is to say, at the time to which we have transported the reader in imagination—the Lord of Day no longer comes forth from his chamber in the East like a bridegroom radiant with gladness, or like a strong man rejoicing to run a race; but with saddened face and blunted beams—his golden smiles all gone—he pursues his weary way across the heavens. Nature has suffered sympathetically from the change. The earth has thrown off its green vesture, and the landscape wears a sickly garb, in place of the rich livery of the sun. The flowers are no longer steeped in vivid dyes, and the plants that continue to grow are pallid in hue and consumptive in texture. There is no gorgeous petalling in the garden—no glittering plumage in the grove; gone is the bloom on beauty's cheek, and dim the fire in valour's eye. And since all organic life is in some degree dependent upon "holy light, offspring of Heaven, first born," the fading efflux of brightness from the central orb intimates too plainly that the earth's years are numbered, whilst the blanched vegetation shows that it is already putting on the white hairs of senility. It would seem to be quite true that—

> "This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
> And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
> The sun himself shall die, and ancient night
> Again involve the desolate abyss."

Concurrently with this change, the temperature of the globe is also reduced. For the larger portion of the year, you cannot venture out without furs or mantles to protect you from the cold. The icy caps of the Polar regions are gradually expanding, and, having invaded the mid-zones, are threatening to overlap the whole earth. Mountains, once green to their summits, are now crested with perpetual snow. Glaciers are crawling down with deadly step into tropical vales, where

these gelid monsters were anciently as unknown as snow on the burning sand. Rivers once fluent as the winds, and as untameable by frost as the plunging cataract, are now bound in fetters of indissoluble ice. Numerous families of birds and beasts, which formerly spread themselves over the temperate latitudes, have been compelled to migrate, and are huddling under the equator; while various species, which required a glowing climate, have perished for lack of warmth. Let savage Winter thus continue to extend his sway, and the time may eventually arrive when—

> "Ocean itself no longer can resist
> The binding fury; but, in all its rage
> Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
> Is many a fathom to the bottom chained,
> And bid to roar no more."

And then, if not previously, the few survivors of the human race may encounter a fate like that of Sir Hugh Willoughby and his comrades, whom the cold of the northern main

> "Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
> The sailor, and the pilot to the helm."

But still, may not man contrive to keep the enemy at bay for some period at least, and at the same time find compensation for the sun's waning lustre in the use of artificial fires and flames? Alas! another symptom of decrepitude has supervened. What is combustion? Simply the union of some fuel element with another substance, mostly oxygen; but a union effected so energetically, that heat and light are freely disengaged. Let the combination, however, be lazily accomplished, and in that case no sensible caloric is evolved; still less is any visible flame exhibited. Now, considering that chemical action implies the exertion of force, not only at the moment when a change occurs, but also at every instant during which the connection continues, ought we to be astonished if we discovered that this same force was gradually decaying in vigour? Why should two substances rush together with as much intensity now as they did thousands of years ago? Oxygen, in particular, is the hardest-used element on the face of the globe. It combines with almost everything in creation. It forms a large part of the sea, the atmosphere, the solid rock, the metallic ore, the fruitful soil, the succulent vegetable, the living animal. It is wanted in almost every process in art and nature. It is called for whenever a creature breathes, a plant grows, a taper burns, or a weed decays. We might almost fancy that its atoms would long ago have been worked to death, or that, if not altogether exhausted of vigour, at any rate their powers would be seriously enfeebled after centuries of incessant service.

And just such a result we will suppose to have occurred. The oxygen of the air now combines so languidly with most combustibles, that the heat which the process affords is scarcely felt, and the light

which it ought to supply is still more rarely seen. If a common candle requires a week to consume, what sort of illumination can we expect from such an attenuated flame? If a bushel of coals, thrown upon a common fire will last for months, is it not vain to expect that the caloric engendered will yield the same quantity of comfort which it would have done when poured out in a concentrated form in the compass of a few hours? Small profit, indeed, can those who are destined to live in the earth's declining years, derive from the splendid felony of Prometheus! In an era when gunpowder burns as sluggishly as small coal, many arts must necessarily be crippled; for how can glass be fused, copper melted, or iron cast? And if all the operations of cookery must be conducted over a slow fire, and demand many weary waiting hours for their achievement, can we imagine that a sirloin of beef will be particularly tender when roasted, or a plum pudding remarkably dainty when boiled?

In many other ways, too, this decay of chemical force has led to melancholy results. Why is it that both men and beasts are constantly gasping for breath, and that the lungs appear to heave with such frightful labour? Why this universal asthma which seems to prevail? It is because the absorbent power of the blood for the vital oxygen of the atmosphere has been considerably reduced. The competency of this gas to combine with the effete carbon of the tissues has been so far diminished that longer and larger inspirations are needed, in order to secure the requisite amount of aëration. The balance once so happily established between man's pulmonary work and his physical resources —a balance so beautifully maintained that his organs played unconsciously under all ordinary circumstances, though any undue exertion instantly told upon his frame—has now been broken, and consequently much additional duty is thrown upon the lungs. These extra drafts upon the fountains of energy must of course tend to drain them at a premature age. The traveller who has quartered himself for a short time on the top of a high mountain, or who has simply slept on the Grands Mûlets for a night, knows how the toiling organs of respiration suffer whilst foraging for additional supplies of the life-sustaining element which the thin air so grudgingly affords.* Besides, the blood when imperfectly ventilated, produces a mischievous effect upon the brain and the system at large. Stop the flow of oxygen to the lungs altogether, and the venous current, loaded with carbon, would poison the individual as certainly as if the heart were a reservoir of prussic acid or serpent's venom. Precisely to the same extent that the process of vital aëration is obstructed, must the delicate adjustments of body and mind be vitiated by the change. Hence, in the races who people the earth when its latter days have arrived, one prominent feature is

* Some persons are painfully affected on these occasions. M. Fornerot, who ascended Mont Blanc in 1802, said that the agony he endured "could only be compared to that of a man whose lungs were being violently torn from his chest."

the dreamy, drunken look they exhibit, the staggering gait they assume, and the sense of stupefaction which appears to becloud the brain.

Then, too, the atmosphere is labouring under another species of disorder. It has become well-nigh stagnant. The winds that blow are few and feeble. Instead of the bluff healthy breezes of olden times, there are only languid, timid zephyrs. And what is the result? The smoke collects over such large towns as still survive, increasing in density, until the air becomes almost opaque, and the flakes of soot are drawn into the lungs with every breath. Fogs, also, hang over the place of their birth for days or weeks together. The carbonic acid exhaled from the respiratory organs, or developed by means of combustion and in other processes, rests like a deadly pall over the spot, or tumbles to the ground in a mephitic sheet. Whatever noxious odours or emanations may arise, whatever elements of pestilence may make their appearance in the air, will cling like the shirt of Nessus to the doomed locality, and probably sweep away its inhabitants by the hundred. No longer churned by the winds which kept the atmosphere in a state of salubrity, the foreign materials poured into the aërial sea, soon engender a host of evils; and though the law of diffusion still operates to some extent, yet, as the force of chemical action is also declining, it cannot counteract the mischiefs which those great scavengers of the air, the breeze and the tempest, were intended to prevent. Nor does the ocean suffer much less than the land from the failure of ventilating power. Without gales to plough up its surface, the waters grow torpid, and in quarters where currents do not exist, "the very deep" appears "to rot"—

> "A thousand thousand, slimy things
> Lived on, and so did I.
> I looked upon the rotting sea,
> And drew my eyes away;
> I looked upon the rotting deck,
> And there the dead men lay."

And the vapour, also, which formerly supplied the land with the great element of fertility when hurried away by the winds, and deposited on the soil in pleasant showers, now falls idly back into the reservoir from which it was scantily lifted.

The means of irrigation being thus abridged, it follows that the desert tracts of our globe must constantly increase. Like spots of baldness appearing on the head of age, these patches enlarge until they overrun whole kingdoms, and threaten to convert the planet into a herbless wilderness. Besides, vegetation has already sickened under the decay of light and decrease of temperature. Tropical plants like the palm and sugar cane, have been expelled by the cold, and the natives of each zone are crawling up towards the Line in concentric ranks, leaving the higher latitudes wholly denuded of botanic life. In our own country corn is never reaped from the open field,

and in the once sunny South of Europe the grapes no longer hang in purple clusters from the trellised vine. The noble oaks and elms which formerly adorned our glades have been displaced by the shivering pines and puny birches of Northern climes.

And man, too, how does he fare in a world over which the snows of age are falling fast? Declining light, declining heat, declining vegetation, declining resources generally, have told upon the once lordly being who walked the earth with pride in his port and defiance in his eye. Wan in countenance and shrunken in muscle, his frame has become stunted like that of the children of Frost. Let this degeneracy be prolonged, as it must if the race is perpetuated, and may not the world be ultimately occupied by a tribe of pigmies? The length of individual life has also greatly diminished. Amongst the Buddhists there is a tradition that the duration of existence has been constantly lowering from a period of 80,000 years, at which it originally stood, down to its modern span, and that it will continue to contract until it reaches seven years; whilst in point of stature men will gradually dwindle away until they are no larger than your thumb.

The intellect, as well, has kept pace with the body in its decay. Suffering not only from the cramped *physique* with which it is now associated, but also from the adverse external conditions under which men exist, and withering, too, under the decline of arts and social comforts, it has become so dwarfish in its development that little of its civilized brilliancy still survives. No more Platos, Miltons, Bunyans, Newtons, Davys, Humboldts, are born. No great books are composed. Not a single discovery is effected in the course of a year. The Houses of Parliament are occupied by small statesmen, whose sublimest efforts are not equal to the eloquence of an African Palaver. Royal Academies and National Operas have become extinct institutions. In the pulpits, sermons are heard which would not have done credit to a six-year-old schoolboy when the race was in its prime. The writings and the inventions of former ages are becoming quite unintelligible. Youths at school get as far as vulgar fractions in arithmetic, or the *pons asinorum* in geometry, and then pull up under the impression that their education is complete. To master a single language fully is deemed a sufficient occupation for a whole life. And when poor fallen humanity casts its eye upon some relic of bygone grandeur—a ruined railway, a crumbling cathedral, a dilapidated picture, a mouldering volume which tells of the great feats the race has performed—it might well parody Swift's melancholy exclamation upon opening the "Tale of a Tub," as the shadows of lunacy were falling around him,—"What a genius I must have had when I wrote that work!"

Let us not prolong this sombre speculation, however, by picturing the unhappy results which would ensue were the principle of decay admitted into other departments of nature. If, for example, the magnetism of the earth were to become so feeble that the needle responded but faintly to its calls, or so eccentric that no dependence could be placed upon its movements, it is enough to ask how commerce would

languish when ships were deprived of their trusty guides across the deep. If the electric force were now so superannuated that it could not even produce a few flashes of mild sheet lightning such as we are accustomed to witness on a summer's eve,—or if its stormiest manifestations were as delicate as the tremulous pulses of the Aurora Borealis,—who can tell how the earth would suffer from the change in her vegetative processes and in a variety of important phenomena? Were the cohesive properties of matter to alter, would it not be miserable to know that iron was becoming brittle as glass, marble soft as clay or putty, and that ultimately granite itself would crumble into dust? Or, perhaps, the gravitating tendencies of the earth towards the sun might be slackening, and, in that case, provided the primitive impulse continued unabated, our planet would recede in space, and travel round its primary in a larger and drearier orbit than we could afford to pursue.

This, however, or something like this, might have been the appointed destiny of our planet. Doomed to decay, like the beings by whom it is inhabited, all its great agencies might now be suffering from the infirmities of senescence. Why they are not so we cannot comprehend. To keep them in ceaseless activity — for it must be remembered that they are "perpetual motions"—implies an inexhaustible stock of energy which none but a power that is truly divine could supply. If some of them, at least, had flagged in their labours—if, after undergoing the drudgeries of innumerable years, they had grown tired of their tasks—what could we have expected but that the machinery of Nature should break down, and all her phenomena fall into irreparable confusion? But it is not so. Ransack the whole creation, and not a single symptom of unquestionable decay, not a single token of absolute death, can be detected. The "greater light" still sparkles in the firmament with "unsuffering splendour," for, fortunately,—

"It is no task for suns to shine."

The atmosphere has not become turbid with the fumes it constantly receives, nor fetid with the noisome effluvia which are emptied into it incessantly, as if it were a huge cesspool. Far above our heads the clouds are continually conveying the rich moisture from the sea, and dropping it upon the needy land. Yet these fleets of vapour have not lessened in number, nor have the showers they discharge been reduced in quantity. The soil has not deteriorated in its produce, still less has it sullenly refused to yield its fruits. Thousands of crops have been extracted from its bosom, millions of men have fed on its corn, myriads of animals have fattened on its herbage. Forests, with tons of timber in many of its trees, and green leaves countless as the sands on the shore, have risen and fallen, and yet the ground has gone to its work as gladly as if the toil of rearing oaks or banyans were nothing but simple play. Fire burns as cheerfully as ever, and the mean temperature of the earth continues precisely the same, for aught we know, as

it was at the commencement of the human era. The winds never forget to blow, and the waves are rarely at rest. Nor has man yet yielded to his forefathers in point of stature, or fallen below them in point of strength; his imagination is still as brilliant as theirs, and his intellect not less searching and profound.

Yet the Psalmist tells us, in a fine figure, that, compared with the eternity of God, the whole universe shall wax old like a garment, and like a vesture shall it be changed. And the Apostle Peter declares "that the heavens (the atmosphere) shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works that are therein (thereon), shall be burnt up." What this transformation may be no one can confidently predict; but that it will be preceded by a season of physical decrepitude and disorganization we have no right to assume. At the beck of the Creator those mighty ministers of His will, which now keep the world in action, will fulfil the task which may then be assigned them, and when the fires of purification have swept over its surface, and the memorials of man's art and man's iniquity have alike been destroyed in that avenging flame, the earth shall come forth, not consumed but simply changed—not re-placed but re-modelled—not groaning in bondage because of the curse, but rejoicing in its primal freedom—not with the guilty drapery of human depravity still clinging to its form, but clothed in the beautiful garments of righteousness and of peace.

VII.

OUR CHRISTMAS TIME.

I WROTE you last "in the March sunshine," with the thrush singing on trees just beginning to take on their leaves. I write now after the glory and music of the summer has died, when the frost rime silvers the fruit-tree bolls, and when the wind is keen as the newly-sharpened scythe of the mower. At my last writing I sat in my garden, with the bland Spring air on my face: I write now with my curtains drawn, my fire cheerful, and my slippered feet resting on a footstool; while Tom is coiled up in a ball sound asleep in the ruddy heat and light. Outside, the ground is hard as iron, the firmament is sparkling with innumerable sapphires, and over the low, dark hill, lo! the tender radiance that precedes the moon. Every window in the little village has its light, and to the traveller coming on, enveloped in his frosty breath, the whole place shines like a congregation of glowworms. A pleasant enough sight to him, I daresay, if his home is there. The canal is not such an agreeable promenade now as it was in March last. The barges come and go as usual, but at this season I don't envy

the bargemen so much. The horse comes smoking along; the tarpaulin which covers the merchandise is coated with hoar frost; and the helmsman, smoking his short pipe for the mere heat of it, cowers over a few red cinders contained in a framework of iron. The labour of the poor fellows will soon be over for a time, for if this frost continues the canal will be sheathed over in a night, and next day it will be covered with stones to test its strength, and a daring urchin that ventures upon it will go souse head over heels, and run blubbering home with his teeth in a chatter; and the next—work will be struck, and the whole village will be upon the ice from ruddy dawn at nine, to ruddy eve at three; and hours later, inveterate skaters will be moving ghostlike in the gloom—now one, now another, shooting on sounding irons into a space of clear frosty light, chasing the moon, or suddenly wheeling to cut across the image of a star. Happy youths, drinking the frosty wind! In the harder winters of forty years ago, I could skim as swallow-like as any of you. I am forced now, however, to seek other pleasures in the bitter season; and, sooth to say, old December wears a jolly heart enough beneath his icy coat. Pluck up a single ivy leaf from the old wall, see what a jeweller he is. How the dark green, retaining yet its life, is silvered over with his frosts. Go into the woods, and behold on the black boughs his glories of pearl and diamond—pendant splendours that, smitten by the noon-ray, melt into tears, and fall but to congeal in splendours again. Nor does Winter work in black and white alone. He has on his palette more gorgeous colours than those in which swim the summer-setting suns; and with these, about three o'clock, he begins to adorn his West, sticking his red-hot ball of a sun in the very midst; and a couple of hours later, when the orb has fallen, and the flaming crimson has mellowed into liquid orange, you can see the black skeletons of trees scribbled upon the melancholy glory; infinitely weird, dreary, yet beautiful the sight, and has often before now brought tears to eyes not usually given to the melting mood. Nor need I speak of the magnificence of a winter midnight, when space is sombre blue, and every crowded star and planet in it "burnished by the frost," is glittering like the harness of an archangel full panoplied for a battle day.

And not only has winter its peculiar beauties, its spiritual whiteness after a whole night's snow, its depth of sunset tint, its starry splendours; but it has its own specialities of human kindnesses and remembrances. The heart warms as the frost increases; estrangements, which have continued the whole year, melt in the smile of Christmas eve. There are warmer hand-shakings on that night than during the twelve months bye past. Friend lives in the mind of friend. There is more charity at that time than at any other. You get up at midnight, and toss your spare pence to the half-benumbed musicians standing ankle-deep in snow beneath your window, although at any other time you would consider their music a nuisance, and call loudly on the police. Poverty and scanty clothing, and empty grates, come home at that season of the year to the bosoms of the rich, and they give of

their abundance. The very redbreast of the woods enjoys his Christmas feast. This charity takes tangible shape in plum-puddings. The Master's words, "the poor ye have always with you," wear at that time a deeper significance. For at least one night of the year, over all Christendom there is brotherhood. And good men sitting amid their families, or by a solitary fire, like me, when they remember the great light that shone over the poor shepherds huddled on the Bethlehem plains eighteen hundred years ago, and the bands of angels that appeared, and the song of "Peace on earth and good-will toward men," which for the first time hallowed the midnight air,—pray for that strain's fulfilment, that battle and strife should vex the nations no more, and that not only on Christmas eve, but the whole year round, men should be brethren, owning one Father in Heaven.

This, then, is Christmas-day, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine. Everything is silent in the little village. The smith's hammer reposes beside the anvil, the flying shuttle is at rest. Through the clear wintry sunshine, the bells rang from the grey church tower amid the leafless elms, and up the walk the villagers trooped in their best dresses and their best faces—some of these latter a little reddened by the keen frost—and took their places decently in the ancient pews. The clergyman,—who is no Boanerges or Chrysostom golden-mouthed, but a living, genial-hearted, and pious man, the whole field of his life from boyhood until now, full of charity and kindly deeds as yellow autumn field with heavy wheaten ears, and with as few traces of human weakness and gaudy poppies of pride and vanity scattered amongst it, as was ever man's lot, I believe;—the clergyman, I say—for the sentence is getting unwieldy on my hands, and one must double back to secure connection—read out in that earnest silvery voice of his, sweeter than any music to my ear, the chapters of the New Testament that deal with our Saviour's birth. How the whole congregation hung on the good man's voice, as he spoke of the Child brought forth in a manger; of the apparition of choiring angels that appeared in mid air to the shepherds; of the miraculous star that took its station in the sky; and of the wise men that came from afar, and laid their gifts of frankincense and myrrh at the feet of the Child. With the story every listener was familiar, but on that day, and backed by the persuasive melody of the reader's voice, it seemed to all of them quite new, at least they listened as attentively as if it were. The discourse that followed possessed no novelty of doctrine, contained no remarkable thoughts, dealt simply with the goodness of the Maker of heaven and earth, on the shortness of time, on the Christian duties of thankfulness, and of charity to the poor; and I am persuaded that every one who heard it returned to his own house in a better frame of mind. On coming out, I noticed on one side of the church-walk a grave newly dug. Poor Farmer Goodman, he was to be buried that afternoon. When my eye fell upon it, I remembered quite well that on last Christmas-day he attended morning service, and when it was over, he walked with me to my own door. I dare say it touched the hearts of

all the retiring worshippers as the best practical application of the preacher's discourse. Before this day next year, many other graves will be dug in that quiet churchyard, and some of those happy and blithe to-day, will be the quiet occupants—a consideration to mingle trembling with the Christmas evening mirth. There will be much quiet happiness in the little village to-night—plenty of good cheer, gatherings round cheerful fires, and remembrance of the dead and the absent. When should there be pleasant human intercourse of friend with friend, if not on Christmas eve? On Christmas eve the Emperor of all the Russias lays aside his sceptre and the burden of many realms, and, in conformity with the beautiful imperial custom, goes down into the streets and embraces his people, who are, for that night at least, his equals and his brethren. In Goethe's great poem, the music of the Christmas bells weans the dark spirit of Faust from despairing thoughts:

> "O those sweet bells, with voices rich and heavenly,
> The pledge and sign of a new covenant."

Although the season brings to me many sad and serious thoughts—for the twilight of that night in which no man can work is fast closing in upon me now—I cannot frown upon innocent Christmas festivities. It seems to me that gladness is most fit, most seasonable. The Americans rejoice, and with reason, too, on that white day of theirs in July—the anniversary of their independence. Flags wave, cannons boom, orators harangue, people crowd the streets in holiday dresses, and up to heaven, from all the confederated states, rise the flash and thunder of a nation's joy. On that day the pure name of Washington lives in a million hearts, and fathers relate to the children gathered around their knees the story of his battles, and how he built the freedom of his country up, and thus sow a fire in the young hearts, that in dark hours will gleam out from the deadly rifles of another and bloodier Bunker's Hill. We think the Americans quite right in so rejoicing. And shall Christian men be prohibited from the exhibition of a gladness—touched with solemnity, it may and ought to be—on this the greatest anniversary of the planet—when a Deliverer came to rescue the race from a deadlier tyranny than ever nation riveted upon another—who brought humility to the pure, and hope to the outcast, and tidings of great joy to all people? Surely not; and it delights me to think of the happiness that is all around me. Although I cannot be present at these friendly gatherings, I can, through sympathy, taste their sweetness, sitting in my room here alone.

Residing in this remote place, simply because I like it, and having formed no family tie or even very strong association of friendship, it has been my fate to eat my Christmas dinner alone. Friends are not readily made in old age. The making of friends belongs to youth, and it is one of youth's most precious privileges. And yet I need not say I sat alone. At such a time memory is busy, and to-day "all the dead that ever I knew" were around me. I sat in company with brave

youths, with fair girls, with those who were dearer to me than life itself—all mouldered into churchyard dust long ago—their graves all level with the churchyard grass, quite undistinguishable now to the eye. My whole life has, during the last few hours, passed before me in long-drawn, many-coloured procession—in spaces of clear sunshine, alternating with the gloom of tempest. Now it was laughter and merry voices, and now a dead silence, in which was only heard the dropping of bitter tears. I remembered my own youth, with its fiery aspirations and hopes; I remembered the great shadow of Death that fell across my path at noon-day, making afternoon of my whole life thereafter; and I remembered, with something of a sigh, my existence since—its aimlessness, so far as personal achievement is concerned—the half-loving cynicism, which has grown over my nature like a crust, keeping out the sunshine often, warding off blows sometimes, too—the importance I attach to trifles, the strange humours in which I indulge, and the pleasures I derive from the commonest scenes and the most humdrum events—this retrospection has not been altogether pleasant, and yet I cannot say it has been altogether painful. I can quite readily imagine a happier Christmas dinner than this of mine, and quite as readily can I imagine a more disagreeable. There is not much for me to do now in the world. I have but to wait till the shadow comes to say that I am wanted by the Master. His coming cannot be far off now, and my prayer is that I may be found prepared. Happy they who at the close of a long life sit down, as it were, patiently at the door of heaven, waiting till Death opens it, and bids them enter!

Although suggested by the season, and a lonely Christmas dinner, it is not my purpose to indulge in personal reminiscence and talk. Let it pass, however. This is Christmas Day, the anniversary of the world's greatest event. Isaiah, standing on the peaks of prophecy, looked across ruined empires and the desolations of many centuries, and saw on the horizon the new Star arise, and was glad. On this night, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine years ago, Jove was discrowned, the Pagan heaven emptied of its divinities, and Olympus left to the solitude of its snows. On this night, so many hundred years by-gone, the despairing voice was heard shrieking in the Ægean, "Pan is dead! great Pan is dead!" At this night, according to the poets, all things that blast and blight are powerless—disarmed by sweet influences:—

> "Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
> And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

The flight of the Pagan mythology before the new faith has been a favourite subject with the poets; and it is strange enough that, with

one exception, the noblest dirge for the unrealmed divinities, and at the same time the most eloquent celebration of the new Power and prophecy of its triumphs, has been uttered by Shelley, who cannot in any sense be called a Christian poet. It was written near the close of his life, and perhaps, had he remained longer amongst us, it would have been the prelude to higher strains. Of this I am certain, that before his death the mind of that brilliant but misguided man was rapidly changing; that for him the Cross was gathering attractions round it; that the wall, which he complained had been built up between his heart and his intellect, was being broken down; and that rays of a new splendour were already streaming upon him through the chinks. What a contrast between the darkened glory of "Queen Mab"—of which in after life he was heartily ashamed, both as a literary work and as an expression of opinion—and the intense, clear, lyrical light of this triumphant poem!—

"A power from the unknown God:
A Promethean conqueror came;
Like a triumphal path he trod
The thorns of death and shame.
A mortal shape to him
Was like the vapour dim
Which the orient planet animates with light.
Hell, sin, and slavery came,
Like bloodhounds, mild and tame,
Nor preyed until their Lord had taken flight.
The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set;
While blazoned, as on heaven's immortal noon,
The Cross leads generations on.

"Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep,
From one whose dreams are paradise,
Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,
And day peers forth with her blank eyes;
So fleet, so faint, so fair,
The powers of earth and air,
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem.
Apollo, Pan, and Love,
And even Olympian Jove,
Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them.
Our hills, and seas, and streams,
Dispeopled of their dreams,
Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears,
Wailed for the golden years."

It has been my custom for many seasons to read Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity" on the evening of Christmas Day. To my ear the lines sound like the full-voiced choir and the rolling organ of a cathedral, when the afternoon light, streaming through painted windows, fills the place with solemn colours and masses of gorgeous gloom. What a magnificent opening—the Prince of Peace entering a world then dwelling in unwonted peace!

"Nor war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around.
The idle spear and shield were high up hung:
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
The kings sat still, with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their Sovereign Lord was by."

The Heathen gods depart with weeping and vain lamentation, leaving oblivion to prey upon their empty thrones:—

"The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving;
Apollo, from his shrine,
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No mighty trance or heathen spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

"The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament:
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplars pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shades of tangled thickets mourn.

"Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine:
And mooned Astaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with taper's holy shine!
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

"And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol, all of blackest hue.
In vain with cymbal's ring
They call the grisly king
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

"He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne.
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling-bands control the damned crew."

That is noble and spirit-stirring poetry. The bass of Heaven's great organ seems to flow in the lines, and slowly and with many echoes the

strain melts into silence. Milton's poem is a prophecy of the triumphs of Christianity. All the Heathen deities, numerous as stars in the Milky Way, will perish in the new dawn. The beautiful divinities of Greece, "the fair humanities of old religion," fled with weeping, and dishevelled locks; and so also, sooner or later, are doomed to depart all other kinds of idolatry—the hundred-armed and hundred-headed divinities of Brahmin, as well as the Mumbo-Jumbo of the African. Believing, as I do, that my own personal decease is not more certain than that the religion of the Saviour will subdue and reign triumphant over the world, I own that it is with a somewhat saddened heart that I pass my thoughts rapidly over the globe, and consider how distant is yet that triumph. There are the great realms on which the Crescent beams; there are the monstrous idols and subtle philosophic meshes of Hindostan, of quite unknown antiquity, flowing out of the grey dawn and morning light of time; there is the colossal heathenism of China, weighing like night upon its millions; and there is the African's Devil worship and bloody rites. These are to a large extent principalities and powers of darkness with which our religion has never been brought into collision save at trivial and far-separated points, and in these cases the attack has never been made in strength. But what of our own Europe—the home of philosophy, and poetry, and painting? Europe, which has produced Greece, and Rome, and England's centuries of glory; which has been lighted up by the fires of martyrdom; which has heard a Luther preach, and has listened to the song of a Dante and a Milton? What of it? Did not, in the very year which is now dying out in the Christmas snow, the Italian hills hear the battle-thunders of a Magenta? Were not the Italian plains cumbered with the useless carnage of a Solferino? And did not two emperors meet, and breakfast, and chat, and smoke cigars together, and depart, the dearest friends—a hollow friendship, purchased by the agonies of two empires, and at the price of a hundred thousand lives? Woe's me! God's heaven has seldom looked upon a sadder sight than that. And is not the public air which nations breathe at this moment charged with thunder? Despots are plotting, ships are building, man's ingenuity is bent upon the invention and improvement of the instruments of death; Europe is bristling with five millions of bayonets; and this is the condition of the world, for which the Son of God died eighteen hundred and fifty-nine years ago! There is no mystery of Providence so inscrutable as this; and yet, is not the very sense of its mournfulness a proof that the spirit of Christianity is spreading and glowing in the minds of men? For, of a verity, military glory is becoming in our best thoughts a bloody rag, and conquest the first in the catalogue of mighty crimes; and a throned tyrant, with armies, and treasures, and the cheers of a hundred nations, rising up like a cloud of incense around him, but a mark for the thunderbolt of Almighty God—in reality, poorer than a Lazarus stretched at a rich man's gate. Besides, all these evil things are getting to some extent mitigated. Florence Nightingale, a true Sister of Mercy, walks through

the Scutari hospitals, and "poor, noble, wounded and sick men" kiss her shadow as it passes. The Emperor Napoleon III. does not make war to employ his armies, or to consolidate his power; he does so for the sake of an "idea." Mankind would revolt at the blunt, naked truth; and the taciturn Emperor knows that, as he knows most things. There can be little doubt that, when the political crimes of kings and governments, the hideous moral sores that fester in the heart of society, and all the "burden of the unintelligible world," weigh heavy on the mind, that we have to thank Christianity for it. Its pure light makes the darkness visible. The Sermon on the Mount makes the morality of the nations ghastly. The Divine love makes human hate stand out in dark relief. This sadness, nobler than any joy, is the heritage of the Christian. An ancient Roman could not have felt so. Everything runs on smoothly enough so long as Jove wields the thunder, and Olympus wears the coronet of gods. But Venus, and Mars, and Minerva, are far behind us now; the Cross is before us; and self-denial, and sorrow for sin, and the keeping of the poor, and the succouring of the oppressed, and the cleansing of our own hearts, are duties incumbent upon every one of us.

The Christmas night has fallen upon the world. In this little village the festive parties have dispersed. The lights have gone out in the windows. Midnight from the church tower vibrates on the frosty air. I look out on the brilliant heaven, and see a Milky Way of powdery splendour wandering through it, and clusters and knots of stars, and planets shining serenely in the blue frosty spaces; and the armed apparition of Orion, his spear pointing away into immeasurable space, gleaming overhead; and the familiar constellation of the Plough, dipping down into the west; and at once the strife and tumult of this little ball, the plotting of its emperors, the marching and countermarching of its armies, all its crowded life of mingled crime and goodness, fade away before the idea of Him who makes visible space His antechamber, and in whose hands are the issues of all things. He knoweth His own purposes, and the ambition of mighty kings but works out His behests.

I have read Milton's "Hymn to the Nativity" to-night; let me, before I sleep, read the Christmas song of another bard—of less majestic force, indeed, than the earlier strain, but more in consonance with our own times, and teaching, in eloquent music, the best aspirations of the best minds:—

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow
The year is going, let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more:
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress for all mankind.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife:
Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

"Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times:
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite:
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old:
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand:
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

VIII.

SIR JOHN COLERIDGE ON CHURCH-RATES.

If it be not true, as is popularly believed, that "the wisdom's in the wig," how is it that judges who have doffed the horse-hair cannot talk about Church-rates without setting at defiance law and logic? Exactitude of statement, cautiousness in assumption, a prescient recognition of possible objections, are usually the characteristics of the judicial mind; and when a judge has sat long enough upon the bench to earn a pension, we should suppose that he would carry with him into privacy tendencies calculated to save him from the errors of vulgar disputants.

When the Church-rate Abolition Bill was debated in the Upper House, Lord St. Leonards, an ex-Irish Chancellor, made the astounding statement that "there was not a peer who held any species of property the enjoyment of which was more sacredly guarded by the law of England than was the obligation to pay Church-rates;" a declaration which must have made each lordly listener rejoice, with shrugging shoulders, that his rent-roll was not contingent on a vote of vestry, or the holding of his broad acres on a vote of parliament. We trust that, in his recently published Handbook on Property, Lord St. Leonards has dis-

tinguished between these two heads of property, else landlords who study it will begin to be troubled about their title-deeds.

Within the last month, however, Sir John Coleridge, another ex-judge, has confidently taken the same line, and, outstripping his legal brother, ventured on assertions still more boldly absurd and palpably inaccurate. He tells an Exeter audience, that "it is desirable that men should come together and have their minds somewhat informed about Church-rates;" and then proceeds to illustrate the truthfulness of the remark, and the general need of enlightenment, by showing how slender is his own stock of information, and how ill able he is to make a right use of the little he possesses.

To describe Church-rates as a "permanent and continuous fund," or as a fund at all, in the face of the fact—proved by parliamentary returns—that every year they are, by the legal action of the parishes, diminishing in number and amount, is to trifle with language and to confound the most opposite things. When Sir John speaks of voluntary contributions as "something that is uncertain, and that is dependant upon the goodwill of the parishioners for the time being," he exactly describes the character of his supposed Church-rate fund, which may exist this year, be largely reduced the next, and reach what artists term the vanishing point the third. If he will travel out of Devonshire and go northward, he will find, not only clusters of parishes, but whole tracts of country, without any other trace of his "legal, continuous, and permanent fund," than is supplied in the records of the struggles which finally destroyed it. "I will take," quoth he, "£300,000 a year as the amount of the Church-rate, multiply that by 30 years' purchase, and you get a sum of £9,000,000," which he contends is the sum which abolition would put into the pockets of the landowners. Delightfully facile arithmetical formulæ! But how is it that the figure is £300,000 and not £519,000—the amount raised by rates in 1827? Simply because the "continuous fund" has been continuously diminishing;* and, as the process is still going on at the same ratio, Sir John Coleridge and his friends have but to keep up a resistant attitude for some time longer, and the sum likely to find its way into the purses of the landlords will be too inconsiderable to present a formidable obstacle to the settlement of the question. When, therefore, it is complacently asked—"Is our title bad?" the reply may be—"Good or bad, as the case may be: good, if people choose to recognize it; but utterly worthless if they prefer to question it." The tenure by which the residue of the Church-rate "fund" is now held, is, therefore, simply

> "The good old law, the ancient plan,
> That they should get who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

If churchmen think it politic to fight for each successive pound, how

* From £519,000 in 1827 to £261,000 in 1858

ever certain its ultimate loss, they, of course, may do so; but it is a little too much for our gravity to be told of the certainty of rates, and the uncertainty of contributions, when the rate-collector finds his occupation gone in fresh parishes every year, and every year the uncertain subscription list is growing in importance.

If Sir John Coleridge is thus wrongly positive about fixity of tenure, he is hesitating and confused enough when he comes to deal with the incidence of the tax which he defends. First of all, he announces that the custom—not of making a rate, but of repairing the church—"attaches to the parishioners." But he says, "when you come to examine it, it is clear to demonstration that it is *not* the occupier that virtually pays the rate, but the landowners of the country." Then, lastly, he thinks he reaches solid bottom when he "denies that either the landowner or the occupier pays the rate!" That, of course, bring us to the core of Sir John's case: "The Church-rate is a charge upon the estate, which existed before the proprietor took the land. It never was his, and if you abolish it, you would be making a present to the landowners of the value of that rate."

Now, if Sir John had only contrived to make good this one assertion, together with another, viz., that before even the ancestors of the present race of landlords the Church had a property in their land, he would have done a real service to his party, because he would have presented them with the only argument on which a claim for compensation can be founded. He, however, flings down his dogmas, and there leaves them at the mercy of those whose legal or historic knowledge is greater than his own. Why even so partial an authority as Prideaux's "Churchwarden's Guide" admits that "this rate *is only a personal, not a real charge*, for it is *not* laid upon the lands, but only upon persons, in respect of the lands which they occupy within the parish." Dr. Lushington, an ecclesiastical judge, whom we quoted last month, says explicitly, that the rate is not a charge on land, and that it would be impossible to make it one now. In a recent judgment of his, delivered in our hearing, he laid it down that the names of all occupiers should be upon the rate-book, on the ground that the obligation is *in personam*; and in his examination before the Select Committee of 1851, he adverted to the fact that in some parts of England the inhabitants were assessed, not in respect to houses or lands, but to the number of heads of cattle in their possession, the ships they owned, and even their stock-in-trade; and he further quoted a dictum of a deceased Chief Justice to the effect, that in strict law you might assess a man's whole personal estate to Church-rate. Asked if he wishes the Committee to understand that Church-rates at any time "would have been regarded as a poll tax," he answers decisively, "Certainly they were of that nature; and it is obvious they were, because wherever there has been a charge upon land, as in the case of tithes, there has always been a power of distress and seizing the lands; but though since the time that any church has been appropriated or impropriated, the impropriator is bound to repair the chancel, you cannot seize the

rectory or have a distress against the property: that has been decided by the courts of common law, upon the very ground which I am stating, that it was a tax *in personam*, and all you could do was to put the impropriator into prison, but you never could take his property." Now, of course an ex-judge has as much right to differ from his learned brethren off the bench, as he has on it; but it is rather too bad when he altogether ignores their differing opinions, and pronounces, *ex cathedrâ*, that Church-rates are an impost with which occupiers have nothing to do, they being, in fact, only another name for the munificent provision of our forefathers, made centuries ago.

Why it is obvious to us all, that this theory *must* be, so far as concerns the greater portion of the property now assessed to churches, a mere myth and pretence. Had our ancestors in the days of Canute or Ethelwolf anything to do with the farms now thriving on Chat Moss; with the Lancashire towns which have been the growth of this century; with the cotton-mills of Lancashire; with the palatial warehouses of Manchester and Bradford; with the value of land in London city, where its preciousness is reckoned by inches and by yards? These are questions which at once suggest the impudence of the specious pretext that Church-rates are a property created by others in past centuries, any alienation of which would be robbery and sacrilege. The upholders of the exaction cannot produce a single title-deed justifying the claim to have it regarded as being in the nature of a rent-charge, and even if they could, they would make out no case in equity for levying blackmail on the proceeds of modern capital, enterprise, and skill. The Church-rate was, at the outset, nothing more than a voluntary payment, made when all men were of one faith, and when none durst refuse obedience to the Church's demands. When refusals to pay originated, there was no other mode of enforcement than the ecclesiastical one of excommunication and censure. And the Ecclesiastical Courts possess no other engine of extortion now. They can, with the help of the Court of Chancery, touch the person for "contempt of court," but cannot lay hands on one sovereign, or one acre, of that which ex-judges and archdeacons declare to be the Church's "property," and which is year by year melting away before their eyes, without any ability on their part, or any desire on the part of our legislature, to stay the wasting process.

After all, Sir John Coleridge appears to have doubted that his comfortable legal notions would have great weight with his auditors; so he tried another tack, and endeavoured to stimulate them by an appeal to their fears. He, too, like Dr. Cumming, has his head full of "the Coming Tribulation," though he is in a state of doubt at present whether the trouble will not be a blessing in disguise. "Abolition" is but a step towards "Separation;" and "you may depend upon it that if you sever your Material Church, your Spiritual Church will go after it." "Don t let us exaggerate anything, for that gains nothing in argument," he wisely added, and then broke through his own rule by exaggerating on a grand scale.

Our space is precious, but we must quote one of these new Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," if only to show how State-Churchism makes even the earnest men of our wealthiest church whine in weak and cowardly tones. Who ever heard an Independent or a Primitive Methodist indulge in such a lamentation?—

"If we should have Church-rates abolished to-morrow, we *may* have *here and there* a Church well maintained, and have the offertory carried out to an extent so as to be able to raise a sufficient sum for the purpose *for a time*. In the first place, however, that would depend very much upon circumstances, upon the abilities, the zeal, and the popularity of the incumbent of the parish. You may have a Mr. A. in the parish; he is a vigorous preacher, a strong-minded man, and a man who exerts an influence over the people, and induces them to give very largely to the offertory. Well, in a neighbouring parish you may have a man quite as zealous, but not so well gifted with the power of preaching, nor the attractive manners, nor the popular arts of the other clergyman. And, perhaps, some vigorous, able Nonconformist preacher, possessing great influence with the people, resides in the same place. What is the consequence? Why, the state of things in that parish is exactly the contrary of that existing in the other parish. In the first place, the popular incumbent has succeeded in obtaining a large sum for the maintenance of the Church, while in the other case little or nothing has been subscribed. Again, you may have in a parish a landowner—a zealous Churchman, anxious for the maintenance of the Church; and in the other you may have a Nonconformist or Roman Catholic landowner, who does not care how soon the Church tumbles down. That is the state of things we have to face, and that which *would constantly be the case*. In some places *the Church would go to decay; you would not be able to go there without catching cold--the rain would pour in; persons would slacken in their attendance; the thing would lose its hold; and you would be one infinite step weaker down the hill than before*. And that would be only the beginning of sorrows, for the Church of England may be placed in difficulty—we cannot tell what may be in the dispensations of the Almighty. We may be driven from her hallowed walls. The Church of England may have to assemble her children in barns and sheds; upon the level hill-top, or in the narrow sheltered valley."

No doubt this piece of what, without prejudice, we must style "bunkum," did duty effectively at a meeting in a cathedral city; but we should like to have seen the faces of some of Sir John's friends as they read these passages in the *Guardian*. For Sir John Coleridge is a High Churchman, and so is Sir Stafford Northcote, who followed him, and who, apparently, so little liked the *ad misericordiam* appeal of his leader, that he felt constrained to say of abolition: "I am not afraid of it; and if, unfortunately, this rate should be taken away from us, I am not afraid but that we shall find some substitute, and that substitution will be found in the voluntary action of the laity and our people generally." Which is right—Sir John or Sir Stafford? Does Bishop Wilberforce, or Archdeacon Denison, or Mr. Bennett, believe that "the spiritual Church," which they so assiduously labour to build up within the Establishment, will share the fate of the Establishment itself? Is that to be the end of sumptuous new churches and magnificently-restored old ones—of an expensive and tasteful ritualism—of "Sisterhoods of Mercy"—of Cuddesdon and other colleges—of sermons, of speeches, and of books, all characterized by rare skill and contagious enthusiasm, bent on bringing the educated

mind of the country within the pale of a modified sacerdotal and sacramental Church? We are convinced they would change their fine linen for sackcloth, and crush their broad phylacteries, ere they would thus ignominiously succumb to imaginary "vigorous, able Nonconformist preachers," and represent the whole system as based on nothing stronger than the votes of vestry meetings or of parliaments—the auction mart for goods of modern Dissenters, or the fancied bequests of ancient Catholics. Churchmen of that class must have long since discovered how dearly they pay for the right of taxing other bodies, in the bondage now endured by their own. They, we believe, would appreciate an unfettered convocation more than another century of Church-rates; and purchase other immunities, for which they sigh, at the cost of abandoning powers which harass those who wield them as much as those who suffer from their exercise.

There is no necessity for Sir John Coleridge "surrendering the Church of our fathers into the hands of any one whatever." He is quite right in regarding its present members as "trustees of our forefathers who have gone before us, and for those who are to come after." But it would be more magnanimous if this brave spirit of fidelity were displayed in connection with a spirit of self-sacrifice. He will surrender nothing—not even the right to strip the members of other Churches of their worldly goods, to prevent himself and his friends "catching cold" in their own sanctuaries. His Episcopalian fathers extorted cash from Quaker and Independent, Romanist and Infidel, and "the treasure which we have received," he solemnly adds, "we are bound, by God's grace, to hand down untouched to those who are to come after." That is what he calls refraining from doing anything which "will weaken that stronghold which the Church of England has upon the hearts and feelings of the nation." "Leave us alone!" he exclaims, forgetting that that is the cry of the Church-rate abolitionists. They will leave Sir John Coleridge and his Exeter friends alone. They urge them, by precept and example, to repair their own decaying sanctuaries from that large wealth which they notoriously possess, and which they should deem it an honour to give to the Church of God; but they demand that Sir John and his party leave them alone. Shopkeepers as well as farmers say: "We build our own place of worship; we pay our own minister; why should you force us by a tax to repair your church, and support the service." We, therefore, in the name of all Church-rate abolitionists, conclude our reply to Sir John Coleridge by repeating his own words, "Leave us alone;" and we sincerely trust that the law lords will save their order from further discredit by taking Church-rates out of the category of topics on which future ex-judges like Sir John Coleridge may dilate, to the edification of an audience who, in getting law for nothing, will find it to be nothing worth.

IX.

THE DEFENCE OF ENGLAND.

It is so often stated that war is the exercise of nations, and the spirit of peace is the beginning of decay, that we are at times apt to forget our religion and to despise British policy. In conquest there is a wealth, and in glory there is a delight, which in themselves are sufficiently seductive, and when the political philosophers, including Lord Bacon, come down upon us with the assertion, "Above all, for empire and greatness, it importeth most that a nation do profess arms as their principal honour,"—our patriotic susceptibilities exalt into a duty what previously was alluring only as a forbidden pleasure. In point of fact, too, there is a foundation of truth im the statement that the decay of military spirit is the decay of national vigour. We have all a certain amount of pugnacity, and we know that this quality is a most valuable one—enables us to triumph over difficulties—is to be found in the most amiable natures, and is perfectly consistent with Christian principles. Without pugnacity what would become of us? We should yield to circumstances, we should submit to whatever is imposed upon us, we should display the most absolute compressibility, we should very soon be crushed. Our whole life is a battle, and when it ceases to be a battle it will be death. It is in representing this principle of pugnacity, which is essential to our success, that the military spirit can be described as the condition on which alone national greatness is possible; and we have to ask the political philosophers whether the pugnacity, or, as the phrenologists would term it, the combativeness which we and they admire, can be exhibited only in one way—powder and ball? Mere pugnacity, however, is not enough to carry us through the world, and in the military spirit there is another element united with pugnacity which is equally entitled to our respect—there is bodily strength and activity. The claims of the body manage to assert themselves practically in this world, but theoretically we have a strong inclination to underrate them. Poets and pietists combine to pour contempt on our bodies, thinking in this way to do honour to the more spiritual part of our nature. There cannot be a greater mistake. Most certainly in a weak and unhealthy body there cannot be a perfectly sound mind; there must be some defect—an irritability, perhaps, or a want of concentration, or some other species of morbid action. This is the view which is maintained, and we think with not a little force, by the school of "Muscular Christians." They insist upon it that it is ruin to cultivate nerves at the expense of muscles, and that the spirituality which neglects and consumes the body, is not the spirituality demanded in our religion. After all, a fine animal is a noble sight, and is as much the work of

God as a pure spirit. The perfection of the animal nature, which we find in military nations, is a thing worth striving for, and we believe that we state nearly the whole case in favour of the military spirit in saying, that it is a national exhibition of pugnacity and great bodily vigour. When it is said that a distaste for war is a sign of national degeneracy, the meaning is, that habits of submission and physical weakness are the precursors of such decay.

But if so, then the question naturally arises, whether it is not possible to cultivate all that is good in the military spirit without cultivating the bad. Is it a superstition that we look forward to a reign of peace upon the earth? Is it an absurdity to sing of a time

> "When man to man the world o'er,
> Shall brithers be for a' that?"

If that golden age is ever to come, must we now look forward to it as a period of degeneracy? The idea is not for one moment to be entertained. And if we analyze what is understood by excellence in war, it will be seen that a disinclination for that species of action does not necessarily imply the decline of power. Three things are implied in war, of which we have already mentioned two. There is, first of all, the spirit of pugnacity; which is combined, in the second place, with great bodily vigour; and is, in the third place, devoted to purposes of aggression and destruction. But evidently the art of destruction, or war, is to be valued, not for its own sake, but for bringing into play the spirit of resistance and the habits of physical energy. Defensive warfare is not, in the usual sense, a display of the military fire, although it exhibits all that is really valuable in that fire. And we, who repudiate the military spirit, may congratulate ourselves on displaying habits of emulation and energy of body such as never yet have been observed in history, except united with the rage of conquest. What is it that gives to our enormous trade its dignity but this, that it is more than trade, more than money-getting—it is enterprise. In its motive, it is the love of danger as well as of money—the admiration of progress, as well as of profit; and in its result it can boast of the conquests of civilization, which are as truly victories as any that have been won through rivers of blood on the field of battle. Commerce has in our day invested itself with the best attributes of war; but it is war with nature, not with man. We level the mountains, and pierce them with tunnels; we fill the valleys, and bridge them with iron; Ajax defying the lightning is not more truly a warrior, and a brave one, than is Franklin conducting the thunderbolt, or Wheatstone taming it to the purposes of the telegraph. What is all that defiance of the elements, that triumph over nature, that annihilation of time and space, which the modern union of science and commerce has enabled us to effect, but a display, in its noblest form, of that pugnacity which is the prime incentive to war? And with the incentive we have also the physical energy. That energy is sufficiently exhibited in the enterprises which engage us, but it is also seen in the success

with which we have cultivated all manly exercises. In rowing or riding, in running or walking, in boxing or wrestling, or in swimming, we are more than a match for any other nation. A Red Indian, called Brother of the Wind, or Flying Hawk, fancies that he can race all the world, and sounds a challenge, in which he is backed by all the Yankee betting men. He is a splendid-looking fellow—tall, muscular, evidently made to win. On the day of the challenge there appears on the ground, all enveloped in successive layers of great coats and huge cravats, a miserable little Englishman, who declares that he is about to contest the honour. Red Indian laughs him to scorn, and seems inclined not to run with such a mock antagonist. The race, however, comes off. The bets are all against the little Englishman; and especially when, as the race proceeds, he allows his competitor to advance ahead of him some five hundred yards. It is only a stratagem, however, to induce the Yankees to bet still deeper; and when the trick has succeeded, the little man dashes forward like Lightfoot in the nursery tale, to the astonishment of all—passing the winning-post first. Hundreds of such incidents could be recorded; and probably one of the most striking of these our readers will remember as having occurred last year at Paris, on the occasion of boat-races open to all the world. An English crew carried off all the honours of the two-oared, the four-oared, the six-oared, and the eight-oared races, although in each successive contest it had to contend with fresh crews. For indomitable perseverance and manly energy we may safely say that the English nation stands at this moment at the head of civilization, while at the same time it presents the singular spectacle of a great empire utterly averse from war.

We have been led into these reflections by the exposition of English foreign policy which lately appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from the pen of M. Forcade, who is the first among foreign critics to do us justice in the matter of our external policy. Ours is not a war policy. We are bent on peace—we have been bent on peace for many long years; and if ever we are dragged into war, it is against our will, and because we feel the necessity of defending our rights. But M. Forcade, on recognizing and applauding that line of conduct, has made an important historical mistake, which it is necessary to correct. It refers to the date when that policy was inaugurated. He declares that our present peace policy is directly opposed to the old invading policy of Chatham and of Pitt. We will put Chatham out of the question; but, with regard to Pitt, we emphatically declare that, in theory at least, his policy was identical with that which at present obtains. All through the great French war we were fighting for a policy of non-intervention. We disclaimed the desire of making any conquests; we admitted that it was no business of ours to fight against revolutionary principles, however much we might dislike them; and we took up arms but in self-defence. Napoleon was pursuing his conquests; he threatened India—he threatened our colonies—he had all Europe under his thumb; and we

were to be the next victims. We cast in our lot with the other nations of Europe; it was plain that we must stand or fall together; and we continued to fight for our allies long after we, through the destruction of the French navy, had ceased to be in any immediate danger. But the war in which we thus engaged was in no sense a war of aggression, and M. Forcade is wrong when he describes us as actuated by an invading mania in the days of the younger Pitt. It is true that, just as revolutionary orators among us talked wildly of dethroning King George and establishing a republic, there were patriotic orators who, in their admiration of the British constitution, proposed to enforce it on all nations at the point of the sword, and who regarded our quarrel with the French as strictly a quarrel with their regicide theories and republican form of government. But these views were never entertained by our ministers. It was always maintained in despatches and other public documents, that it is no business of ours to interfere with the internal affairs of any nation; and that, however much we might desire it, we could not undertake to fight in the interest of legitimacy for the restoration of the Bourbons. At Amiens we made peace with Napoleon as the head of the French people; and again and again we offered to make peace with him, provided he would abandon his European conquests, and let France fall back upon her ancient limits. In public documents, for which Pitt, Lord Grenville, and Lord Hawkesbury were responsible—at a later date, Castlereagh; and, still later, Canning, Aberdeen, and Palmerston—these principles are advanced; and they are essentially the same in theory as those for which Mr. Cobden now pleads as a new doctrine, and which M. Forcade celebrates as the amended policy of this country. Napoleon himself recognized our position when he said that we were a nation of shopkeepers. He saw that we had no thirst for glory, and he could only comprehend our views in describing them as a form of avarice. Even among ourselves our foreign policy has been disparaged as savouring too much of the commercial spirit; and it is only in these latter days, when trade has assumed gigantic proportions—when it has formed an alliance with science—and when its effect on civilization has been of marvellous grandeur—that we begin to perceive the dignity of our position. It is in discovering this dignity that M. Forcade is able to say, with reference to the reduction which had taken place in our defensive establishments, that these "are rather the accidental instruments of the power of a nation, than the permanent cause of that power;" an exceedingly valuable admission in the mouth of a foreigner. It is an admission that the disinclination for war, and a love of the peaceful arts, are not necessarily—as the political philosophers used to imagine—a proof of degeneracy. It is the acknowledgment of a motive, larger and nobler than a grovelling haste to be rich, in the mercantile enterprises of a mighty nation. It is a confession that, in abjuring the pride of conquest and the glory of war, we are the leaders of civilization, and present a spectacle unique in history; so that, whereas in the past no nation has ever been great, and pre-

served its greatness, without delighting in war, we have for the first time contrived to solve the problem of combining national importance with a horror of the destructive agencies. It is at once seen that, if other nations were as we are; if they estimated at its proper value mere brute force, and saw the inevitable victory which in the end belongs to public opinion and mental effort; if they had the same regard for natural laws, and felt the worthlessness of artificial restrictions; if they were willing that thought should be free, and trade should be free, and man should be free; then the game of armies would soon be relinquished, and the millenial tranquillity, of which at present we are so incredulous, would be an actual fact. Is it unreasonable, too, that we should accept the attitude of England in the matter of war as in itself the promise of a brighter day—an earnest of universal peace—the first-fruits of all that poets have dreamed of, that prophets have prophesied, and that good men have prayed for since the world began?

With all our aspirations, however, we are not of those who can look with frowning on the defensive measures which at this moment occupy so much of the public attention. We rejoice to say that England sets a good example to the world in a policy of non-interference, which, if universally followed, would soon turn all swords into pruning-hooks; and we have no doubt that in time the good example will be imitated; but in the meantime while we are alone in the prosecution of such a policy, we are in danger of suffering for our good intentions, of having our forbearance mistaken for weakness, and of being suddenly attacked. Where the attack is to come from we need not now stay to inquire. It must come from some naval power, evidently—it may be France alone, or France in league with Russia—but whatever be the direction from which the danger may proceed, it is necessary to be prepared for the contingency. We have never believed in the invasion of England, as popularly apprehended, and do not now believe that it will be seriously attempted. When people talk of a French army landing in Pevensey Bay and marching to London, setting the Thames on fire, and sacking the Bank of England, they do not fairly calculate the cost of such an experiment, and should first of all consider whether an enemy is likely to be so foolhardy as to embark on certain destruction. The sort of invasion with which we are threatened is not of this kind, spite of the awful warnings of Sir John Burgoyne, Sir Howard Douglas, and General Shaw Kennedy. A war with England, of which the principal object is the possession of London, the humiliation of government, and the obtaining a large ransom, may be set down as utterly impossible. But a war with England, in which the invasion of our island might be threatened, or might actually take place, as a diversion is quite possible. So long as we are open to such a danger, we cannot afford to send our troops abroad to defend our colonies, or other possessions. Most serious injury may be inflicted on us, even if a hostile force should never be able to find the road to London. By means of the new guns the existing arsenals might

easily be destroyed, for they could be shelled from a distance so great that while the converging fire of the attack would tell with certainty on so large a mark as our dockyards, the diverging fire of the defence would be directed against marks, which in the distance, would be comparatively small. Or supposing that our arsenals were safe—conceive a landing effected in some outlying district, and the enormous injury that might be inflicted on almost any part of our coast. These are dangers which must not be permitted, and which, apart altogether from any question as to the possibility of conquering England, or of capturing the Lord Mayor, may not unnaturally kindle alarm. The destruction of our arsenals would be fatal to our power, and a descent upon any part of our coasts might create suffering, and destroy property to an extent, of which happily we can form but faint idea, since to use the illustrations of Sydney Smith, "it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle on English ground, or a farm house been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate."

In August last, a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the sufficiency of the fortifications existing for the defence of the kingdom, and to consider "the most effectual means of rendering the same complete, especially all such works of defence as are intended for the protection of the royal arsenals and dockyards." It is understood that the Commissioners have agreed as to their report, and that we may soon hear of a formal proposition to add some ten or twelve millions to the national debt for the purpose of strengthening the defences of our arsenals. It would be absurd in us to pronounce upon the scheme before we have heard what it is; but if there is a large sum of money to be expended, there are certain principles of which we must not lose sight. Our dockyards and arsenals are Deptford, Woolwich, Chatham, Sheerness, Portsmouth, Devonport, Keyham, and Pembroke. Sir Howard Douglas says of Woolwich arsenal—in some respects the most important of the whole—that it has become a monstrous evil, which cannot be abated, but must be cured. The idea of fortifying it is too extravagant. Portsmouth, Keyham, and Devonport, again, all lie within the limits of from one mile to two and a half from low water; and in reality, none of our dockyards, except Pembroke, which is eight miles from the sea, can be rendered quite secure from the shot and shell of long-range guns. But even if it were possible to render them perfectly secure by means of elaborate fortifications, it is a question whether these fortifications would not demand a larger garrison than our limited military force could well spare. How is little David to fill Goliath's armour? It seems that if money must be expended it should be on the creation of arsenals beyond the reach of modern cannon from the sea, and also beyond the reach of sudden attack. If Woolwich were destroyed, we should be nearly helpless; and the real question is not how we are to fortify such exposed depots as Woolwich, but where we are to find substitutes

for them? Let our dockyards, such as they are, be put in condition to give a good account of themselves to the enemy—let the enemy feel that in attacking such places, however he might come off victorious, it would be at too considerable a cost; but surely, to turn them into Sebastopols is a useless extravagance, especially since in these days every day makes some new discovery in the material of war, and in a year all our devices may become as exploded as the theory of vertical fire. The best plan is to remove our arsenals to a safe distance from a sudden, that is, naval attack.

The theory of modern warfare is based on the principle that everything depends on rapidity of movement. Solidity is a good thing, but rapidity is better, and modern enterprise has enabled us to add enormously to our powers of movement. It was by means of the railway that Louis Napoleon was able so rapidly to transfer the strength of his army from its right to its left wing, and to astonish the Austrians at Magenta by appearing there in full force, when appearances indicated that he was making his way rather to Piacenza. And Sir Howard Douglas suggests that if steam has bridged the channel, other modern appliances have given us the means of such rapid movement and intelligence, as may well countervail the advantages of that flying bridge. If steam power, he says, facilitate as it no doubt will the passage of a fleet of ships across the Channel, it must be remembered that the like agent on land, will give to the defenders of the country—if properly taken advantage of—prodigious power of concentrating their forces during the long time that a landing of the invaders is being effected, in open row boats, subject to the action of strong tides and other impediments on the coast. Besides this power of concentration at a point of debarkation, steam gives to England immense advantages in the interior of the country, where every railway station is a strategical point, and every railroad a strategical line, on which at the first notice of invasion, the electric wire will set in motion the whole disposable force of the country, in conformity to preconcerted arrangements, so that the bodies of troops may follow and support one another while all are directed to the threatened point. It is in this spirit that Sir Howard Douglas, than whom there cannot be a higher authority, condemns the construction of permanent batteries along the coasts forming fixed stations for troops, since these might be *turned* by the invaders, and thus the usefulness of the troops serving in them would be in a great measure paralyzed. He recommends as preferable the making roads or railways along the coast in its more accessible portions. In connection with these railways there would be provided moveable batteries of 18-pounders, which might be conveyed rapidly from point to point according as they are required to repel an attempt at landing, or to prevent it altogether. If there was a railway along the coasts of Kent and Sussex, the benefit, it is calculated, would be equivalent to an addition of 50,000 men to the army. "Look at those splendid heights all along the coast," said the Duke of Wellington; "give me communications which admit of rapid flank

movement along those heights, and I might set anything at defiance." These are palpably principles of the first importance, and they obviate the necessity of attempting to render our arsenals and dockyards absolutely impregnable. Everything is at this moment in such a state of transition in the art of warfare, that to erect formidable fortifications which may next year be superseded, is a ruinous procedure; while, on the other hand, these works must be manned with a greater number of troops than we are able to spare. Everything points to the desirableness of making available our natural resources, instead of relying on extremely artificial obstructions; and of aiming at the success which is to be obtained from rapidity of movement, rather than from solidity of resistance. Perhaps never more than at the present moment have we had more need of singing with the poet—

> "Britannia needs no bulwarks
> No towers along the steep."

But the reason is not because her march is on the mountain wave, and her home is on the deep, but because she has a very fine way of marching on the land, and she is quite at home in a railway carriage.

The fact is, we must look more to the men than either to the stone walls or the wooden walls, and this brings us to the subject of the volunteering which is now going on so briskly. Such a spirit has been roused in the country, that probably we shall never again hear of a panic rising from the state of our preparations. There is not a county, there is scarcely a large town in Great Britain, which has not gone vigorously to work, and a movement which at first was languid, has gathered force by time, and now moves on with daily accelerated momentum. Volunteers were not much liked in this country, and perhaps but for that 10th of April, 1848, which showed how well our people had learned the maxims of the constitution, and how implicitly they trusted in the force of truth rather than in brute force for the victory of their opinions and the redress of their grievances, the government would have refused to arm a whole population. A population, indeed, armed with the old Brown Bess, would have been of little use, but it so happened that, by one of those coincidences which the historic muse loves to bring about, that just as our people had been so schooled in a wise political philosophy that they could be entrusted with fire-arms, an arm was invented which could be useful in their hands against any attempt at aggression. Drill is dreary work, but shooting is interesting enough, and there seems to be every prospect that the Enfield rifle will become what the old English bow was, when every village had its butts, and the yeomen practised there until their skill enabled them to perform feats, which were they not matters of history, might be ranked among the fables of romance. An association has been formed for the encouragement of these rifle clubs, and it is proposed to establish an annual tournament, at which prizes of not a little value will be distributed. Lord Elcho talks of £10,000, and there can be no doubt that such an inducement would set every young

man in the kingdom practising at the target, and collect as great and as brilliant an assemblage of persons as meets at Epsom on a Derby-day. The shooting may be left to take care of itself—we are certain to produce the best shots in Europe. But two other objects are not so easily procured—and these are acquaintance with drill, and the training necessary for pretty long marches. Without the latter, our volunteers will, when brought into a campaign, be physically of little avail; and without the former, they will lose their heads, and be incapable of obeying the word of command. Some of our writers, indeed, appear to have but little faith in the steadiness of volunteers, and are disposed to echo Sydney Smith's description of the panic that would follow—"old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round, cart-mares shot, sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country, and the minister of the parish sorely wounded in his hinder parts." We do not think so poorly of our countrymen, but it is undeniable that they require the most careful generalship, and that it would be madness to bring them into action except as a support for regular troops. Mr. Russell's remarks on this subject, coinciding as they do with those of Sir John Burgoyne, and almost every officer of experience, deserve especial attention:—

It must not be supposed for a moment that riflemen, however excellent as marksmen, steady in drill, and perfect in discipline, could hold possession of ordinary country unaided by regular troops, and other branches of the usual military organization. I have seen the best and steadiest riflemen pounded out of a trench by a few well-directed shrapnel and shell from a howitzer enfilading them a little by its fire; and in open country, without cover, riflemen would hav very hard times of it, with vigorous, well-led, and experienced cavalry. If a regular army, provided fully with all branches of its equipments, were to find itself in a close country, cut up by hedgerows, studded with covers, and intersected by narrow paths, its commander would, under any circumstances, feel himself constrained to act with the utmost caution; if he were informed that masses of the enemy's riflemen were in his front, he would probably cast about to see if, by some flank movement, he could not get round the dangerous district, and resume his direct march under more favourable circumstances. But should he come to the conclusion that for any strategical reason it was necessary to clear the ground right in front, he would not for a moment hesitate in his plan of attack. The very hedges, and covers, and paths which give confidence to his enemy would not be without advantage to him. His disciplined and experienced riflemen, handled by skilful officers, would search their way carefully from bush to bush. Should there be a check, up come the field-guns, which in the country of the kind I am alluding to possess an advantage which is not at first sight very obvious. It is simply this, that they can be worked in positions well-sheltered from the fire of the opposing riflemen, so that the artillerymen cannot be seen. But "they cannot see either," it will be said. True; neither is it necessary they should, provided they know the general direction of their enemy. Along the hedgerows, through the copses, into the thick long grass, fly flights of deadly grape, shrapnels burst and hurl their iron showers in fast extending columns, shells burst above, below, and all around the isolated riflemen, and the round shot roar through the trees, and shiver their trunks, or bring down the forest tops on the men beneath. Now, I think officers of experience will corroborate me in stating that under such circumstances riflemen attacked by men of their own arm and a powerful artillery must rapidly give way, and can only be saved from destruction by great steadiness, by eventual support, and by their capacity to act in all respects like regular

infantry. Against any number of cavalry, and against a strong artillery, a close country might be held by a very inferior force of skilful and audacious riflemen—the essence of such a corps is well expressed in the motto of the 60th, "Celer et audax."

But the conditions of success are well determined, and I have but limited confidence in the efforts of irregular rifle corps directed to stop the march of a regular army. Their peculiar uses are of immense advantage, and their impeding power, if properly directed, is enormous. Very recently I saw on the banks of the Raptee, or close to them, an advance of our cavalry and artillery checked by some Sepoys, who threw themselves into a jungle in our front with two nine-pounders, and opened a fire which obliged a splendid regiment of British cavalry and a troop of our artillery to retire, principally on account of the musketry. Should it happen, by any unfortunate complication, that an enemy ever lands on our shores, I trust we may never permit our rifle volunteers to engage them till they are properly supported by artillery, horse and regulars; for I know that the consequence of a severe punishment inflicted upon one of those admirable gentlemen guerilla bands would be the loss of that prestige which is worth thousands of bayonets in a newly organized force.

One man can handle a rifle, it is his own weapon, he knows perfectly all that he has done or may do with it; but the same interest is not felt in a gun which has to be worked by several men. In the case of a field-piece, each man has but a share of the honour, and he cannot, at his sovereign will and pleasure, say, Now I will shoot, because I am in the humour for that exercise; now I will put the gun aside, for I have had enough of it. And so it has happened that, while the rifle movement has flourished, the attempt to establish corps of volunteer artillery has been languishing. And yet for the defence of our coasts, the artillery is even more important than the rifles. The rifles may prevent the landing, or at least seriously embarrass it; but artillery might prevent even the attempt to land, and it is to be hoped that this arm of the service will not be neglected as heretofore. There is, we have said, a natural reason to account for this neglec ; but all the greater efforts should be made to compensate for the loss which ensues to the service.

Brief Notices.

THE EVANGELISTS AND THE MISHNA; OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE FOUR GOSPELS, DRAWN FROM JEWISH TRADITION. By the Rev. Thomas Robinson. Nisbet. 1859.

THE labours of Lightfoot and Schvetgen bestowed upon illustrating the writings of the New Testament from Talmud and other Jewish works of antiquity, have by no means exhausted the subject. Mr. Robinson, therefore, has rendered excellent service in this beautifully-written work, going over the fields not gleaned by others. One or two quotations will show in some manner the nature of the work.

"Behold, the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are

ye not much better than they?" Matt. vi. 26.

"It seems to have been the Lord's object in these words not merely to teach his people in general to dismiss anxious cares about temporal support, as both unnecessary and unbecoming in them as children of God; but more particularly to assure those whom he called to preach the Gospel, that they need be under no concern as to their worldly maintenance, though no longer able to provide as formerly for their own support. The beautiful and impressive manner in which our Lord conveys this lesson may be compared with the following saying of Rabbi Simeon Ben Eleazor:—'Hast thou ever seen a beast or a bird that followed a trade? and yet they are fed without toil. But these were only created to minister to me, while I was created to minister to my Maker. Was it not right, then, that I should be supported without toil? But I have marred my work and forfeited my support.'" (P. 48.)

"And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister and sat down." Luke iv. 20.

"In the passage of the Mishna last quoted, it is in like manner said of the high priest after reading the prescribed portion of the law:—'He then rolled up the book, and put it into his bosom!' So Jesus, after finishing the portion, closed the book, or rather rolled up the scroll containing the prophecies of Isaiah which had been given him to read, and returned it, according to the custom of the synagogue, to the Khoran or Minister, to be replaced in the ark or chest." (P. 208.)

The book will be found a useful manual to every Sunday-school teacher and intelligent student of the Scriptures. We trust that the industrious and self-denying author will be encouraged to follow it with another, containing similar illustrations on the remaining books of the New Testament, as promised in the preface.

Christianity contrasted with Hindoo Philosophy. An Essay in Five Books, Sanskrit and English. By James R. Ballantyne, LL.D., Principal of the Government College, Benares, London: Madden. 1859.

The design of this essay will be best understood by giving the origin of it and the terms with which its author had to comply. A warm-hearted and praiseworthy Christian member of the Bengal civil service offered a prize of £300 "for the best statement and refutation, in English, of the fundamental errors (opposed to Christian Theism) of the Vedanta, Nyaya, and Sankhya Philosophies, as set forth in the standard native authorities, in the Sanskrit language, treating of those systems; together with a demonstration (supported by such arguments, and conveyed in such a form and manner, as may be most likely to prove convincing to learned Hindoos imbued with those errors), of the following fundamental principles of Christian Theism, viz.:—

"*First*—Of the real, and not merely apparent or illusory, distinctness of God from all other spirits, and from matter; and of the creation (in the proper sense) of all other spirits, and of matter, by God, in opposition to the Vedonta.

"*Second*—Of the non-eternity of separate souls, and their creation by God, in opposition to the Nyaya and Sankhya.

"*Third*—Of the creation of matter, in opposition to the tenet of its eternity in the shape of atoms (as maintained in the Nyaya and Veiseshika schools), or in the shape of Prakrili (as maintained by the Sankhya.

"*Fourth*—Of the moral character and moral government of God; and of the reality and perpetuity of the difference between moral good and evil with reference to such dogmas of the above systems as are opposed to these doctrines."

As this Essay obtained half the prize of the £300, the gentlemen appointed as umpires judged it to

have thoroughly come up to the demands of the prospectus; and we have no doubt that all readers of this masterly Treatise will be perfectly satisfied with this judgment. Dr. Ballantyne gives first a brief but very comprehensive and lucid description of the three great systems of the Hindoo philosophy, showing their agreements and differences, for which European scholars will ever feel indebted to him, as this is more intended for us than for the Hindoos. Having given us, in about 22 pages, this valuable exposition of the Philosophic systems, the author enters upon his great task of contrasting Christianity with this Philosophy, which he performs throughout in a most able and pleasing manner. Though the work is chiefly intended for the Hindoos, and as a manual for missionaries engaged in preaching the Gospel to them, yet we believe that readers generally will derive both pleasure and instruction from perusing it. It will moreover show Christian friends at home what those intellectual enemies are which our devout missionaries abroad have to encounter, and thus be the means of making us pray more ardently for those soldiers of the cross whilst engaged in the conflict with spiritual powers in high places.

THE GREAT PYRAMID. Why was it Built? and Who Built it? By John Taylor. London: Longman and Co. 1859.

IN this age of wonder and astounding discoveries, when *whole volumes* which have been buried in oblivion for ages are brought to light again, the announcement of Mr. Taylor that he has made an attempt in this book "to recover *a lost leaf* in the world's history" does no longer startle us, though the leaf is indeed curious. It will readily be surmised that this leaf has been converted into a book of respectable size (it contains 314 pages), and the author informs us at the end of it that "it would have been easy to make it a larger book."

To the first question as to the design of these stupendous structures, the author answers, so far as we can gather it from the book, that the Pyramids were formed for a record and memorial, to the end of time, of the measure of the earth, and for a standard of measure of length, capacity, and weight to which all nations might appeal. (P. 224.) In another part of the book, however, we are also told that this common system of weight and measure was designed as an indubitable testimony to the end of time, "that mankind were originally brethren, sprung from one father," as well as "to bind the families of the earth together before they had so far quitted each other's society." (P. 200, &c.) Accordingly, the building of these Pyramids show that the builders "were the greatest philosophers and the greatest benefactors the world ever knew." (P. 224.) *To bestow such an extraordinary blessing upon mankind was the reason why the Pyramids were built.*

To the second question, viz., who built these Pyramids? Mr. Taylor replies, 1, Noah; 2, Shem; 3, Arphaxad and his brethren, *Elam*, *Ashur*, *Lud*, and *Aram*; and Salah and his cousins, *Uz*, *Hul*, *Gether*, and *Mash*; 5, Eber; 6, Peleg and his brother Joktan; 7, Reu and his cousins, the thirteen sons of Joktan, which, according to our author, accounts for the latter being mentioned in the 10th chapter of Genesis. These individuals began, continued, and ended this marvellous and most disinterested work. But though they did the work, yet to Noah alone is to be ascribed "the original idea, the presiding mind and the benevolent purpose of this extraordinary undertaking," the builder of the Ark being, of all men, the most competent to direct the building of the Great Pyramids. "He was born 600 years before the flood, and lived 350 years after that event, dying in the year 1998 B.C. Supposing the Pyramids were commenced in 2160 B.C. (that is, 4,000 years ago) they were founded

166 years before the death of Noah." And now comes a marvellous exposition of Scripture, to show that this Patriarch was the grand designer of this blessed enterprise. "We are told that Noah was a 'preacher of righteousness,' and this was his title, probably, before the flood. But nothing could more perfectly illustrate this character of a preacher of righteousness after the flood, than that he should be the first to establish a system of *weights and measures* for the use of all mankind, based upon the measure of the earth." (P. 228).

Mr. Taylor favours us with another passage of Scripture and exposition to show when *the geometrical division of the earth* took place. After bitterly complaining of "the English version" for representing both *Parad* and *Peleg* by the word *division*, thereby "obscuring the true sense of the latter word in some degree," as he is pleased to call it, since *Parad* means *that which is separated from something else*, whereas *Peleg* means *that which is divided in itself*, Mr. T. affirms that when "it is recorded that in Peleg's days *the earth was divided*, we ought to regard it, not as a declaration that in his days the earth was portioned out among mankind, but that in his days the entire superficies of the earth was divided into *degrees, minutes, and seconds*, each having a certain measure assigned to it, and the whole surface being intersected by these divisions." (P. 242.)

A mere tyro in Hebrew knows that the term *earth* is frequently used synecdochically for *the produce* or *the inhabitants of the earth*. When the Lord said to Adam, "Cursed is the ground (or earth) for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat it" (Gen. iii. 17), viz., *the earth*, the antecedent to which the pronoun refers, every one sees that *earth* stands for *the produce of the earth*. When we are told "the whole earth was of one language" (Gen. xi. 1), who does not perceive that by *the earth* is meant *the inhabitants* of the earth? Accordingly, when the sacred writer says, that in the days of Peleg "the earth was divided," we at once see that *the inhabitants* of the earth are described. Mr. Taylor's explanation of this passage, however, is quite in keeping with his interpretation of Noah being "a preacher of righteousness," with his assertion that, in "the sublime passage of Job xxxviii. 1-7," the creation of the earth is described in language borrowed apparently from the building of the Great Pyramid (p. 262); that "the second instance of a reference to the Great Pyramid in the Scriptures is found in the 118th Psalm, verse 22 (p. 270); that the third reference is to be found in Zech. iv. 7, in the words, 'Grace, grace unto it' (p. 273); and that our Lord Jesus gives us the fourth illustration of the Great Pyramid in Scripture, when he describes the corner-stone in these terms, 'Whosoever shall fall on that stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to pieces.'"

We grieve to see so good and laborious a man as Mr. Taylor evidently is, misapplying the Bible in so lamentable a manner. There is hardly a single explanation of Scripture in this work in which Mr. Taylor does not violate the first principles of exegesis.

EGYPT'S PLACE IN UNIVERSAL HISTORY; an Historical Investigation, in Five Books. By C. C. J. Baron Bunsen. Translated from the German by Charles H. Cottrell, Esq., M.A. Vol. III. Longman & Co. 1859.

M. BUNSEN proposes in this work to reconstruct the chronologies of Egypt for a period of nearly 4,000 years before the Christian era, and "to restore to the ancient history of the world the vital energy of which it has been so long deprived." That which concerns us most is, the bearing of this reconstruction of Egyptian history upon

the records of Scripture, and the extraordinary conclusion at which the Baron has arrived respecting important events narrated in the sacred volume. From the simple reading of the Book of Genesis, and a comparison of the genealogies given in the 11th chapter, we see that man was created a little more than 4,000 years B.C., that the Deluge took place about 1656 B.C., and that the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt was about 430 years. M. Bunsen declares that man existed upon earth about 20,000 years B.C., that the Deluge occurred 10,000 years B.C., and that the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt lasted 1,434 years! At these conclusions our author arrived from the remaining fragments of Monetho's History of Egypt and scattered hieroglyphic inscriptions. This Monetho, however, tells us himself that he derived his information from priestly registers and popular traditions (Joseph. c., Apion, i., 16, 26), which are most conflicting and contradictory. Add to this, that Monetho was most partial and untrustworthy upon this subject. In his days the Jewish Scriptures were translated into Greek, and this Egyptian philosopher read for the first time the Jewish account of God's dealings with the Egyptians. Deeply wounded at this humiliating description which the Septuagint gave of the plagues brought upon his people; how the Jews ultimately departed from his country laden with vessels of gold and silver, the incensed historian asked some of the Jews, so the traditions tell us, whether the Septuagint was a faithful version of their history and creed. Having been told that it was, Monetho hereupon incited his countrymen to demand of the Jews the return of those vessels of gold and silver which their own books say they had borrowed from the Egyptians and carried away. Whereupon the Jews replied that the book which relates this, states also that the Egyptians kept their forefathers in bondage upwards of 400 years, and made them build [illegible] and Rameses without paying [illegible] Now, if Monetho and his co[illegible] men would pay them for b[illegible] those places, they in return [illegible] replace the costly vessels.

It is this Monetho, the no[illegible] enemy of the Jews, that M. [illegible] trusts for the narrative abo[illegible] sojourn of the Israelites in [illegible] rather than to the revealed w[illegible] God.

We shall now show how our [illegible] deals with the Bible. Nothi[illegible] be plainer than the threatenin[illegible] the description of the death [illegible] first-born—"And Moses said, [illegible] saith the Lord, About midnig[illegible] I go out into the midst of [illegible] and all the first-born in the l[illegible] Egypt shall die, from the firs[illegible] of Pharaoh that sitteth up[illegible] throne, even unto the first-b[illegible] the maid-servant that is behi[illegible] mill, and all the first-born of b[illegible] (Exod. xi. 4, 5.) "And it [illegible] to pass that at midnight, the[illegible] smote all the first-born in the l[illegible] Egypt, from the first-born of P[illegible] that sat on his throne, unto th[illegible] born of the captive that was [illegible] dungeon, and all the first-b[illegible] cattle." (Exod. xii. 29.) M. Bu[illegible] interpretation of this passage is [illegible] *to the statement about the destr[illegible] of the first-born, I believe that [illegible] judgment was in part executed [illegible] Solymites, who, according [illegible] annals, were called in by the Isr[illegible] and committed great cruelties [illegible] land. The name is not strictly h[illegible] cal, as there cannot have been Sol[illegible] before Jerusalem took the pl[illegible] Jebus. But that name w[illegible] Monetho's time current as a d[illegible] tion of the inhabitants of Ju[illegible] Palestine. We are therefore [illegible] to assume that the Egyptian [illegible] spoke of Palestinean tribes as [illegible] vaders.*" (P. 202.)

As regards the ages of Ab[illegible] (Gen. xxv. 7), Isaac (xxv. 26), [illegible] and Joseph (*ibid* iv. 26), M. [illegible] remarks: "*According to this [illegible] account—*

Abraham lived	...	175	years.
Isaac „	...	180	do.
Jacob „	...	147	do.
Joseph „	...	110	do.

Here it is not a question of a solitary exception in the case of one individual. It is true that no instances can be adduced demonstrably historical of any one reaching the age of 180*; such a case, however, as an exception would not contravene the laws of nature. But that the three patriarchs should have lived, one after the other,* 150 *years and even more, and the viceroy Joseph, their successor,* 110, *cannot be historical. There must be a means of detecting some blunder here, or else the historical nature of the narrative will be liable to grave suspicion. None but those who still cling to the infatuation that the antediluvian patriarchs, as well as Noah and Shem, lived from* 600 *to* 1,000 *years, have any excuse to offer for such purely childish delusions, persistence in which can only be productive of doubt and unbelief.*" (P. 340.)

We ask, what reliance can we place upon this critic's deciphering and expounding half obliterated and contradictory hieroglyphics and temple records, when he treats the plain words of Scripture in such an arbitrary and violent manner?

ETUDES SUR LE ROLE POLITIQUE DE LA FRANCE. Par Antoine Arago.

A GREAT name is a heavy burthen, and if it be true, as the French proverb has it, that *noblesse oblige*, the inheritance of a great name also imposes its especial duties. "Stat magni nominis umbra;" the second generation, if it appear at all prominently on the world's stage, is bound to keep up at least the tradition of its ancestral dignity, and its works are sure to be scanned by critical and severe eyes. The name of Arago is one of those which impose such obligations; and it was, therefore, with feelings of mingled interest and curiosity that we received the volume mentioned above, in which one of the Aragos of the present generation has pretended to discuss the more abstruse questions connected with the politics of the world as they present themselves to the minds of philosophical inquirers at the present day. Alas! our disappointment has been more than equal to our anticipations; and we must at once say that if he continue as he has begun, M. Antoine Arago will not revive the prestige of his great namesake, if at least the present work is to be taken as an indication of what the future is to bring forth.

It is not, however, on the score of any deficiency of literary merit, or on account of a less comprehensive view of politics than his predecessor had possessed, that we have been so much disappointed with M. Antoine Arago's book. It has, indeed, many of the artistic qualities of François Arago's style of work; and it is written (no small praise for a French author under the Imperial rule) with a marked attention to the rules of grammar and of verbal logic; whilst the political notions it conveys are at least of equal value to those propounded in former days by the late somewhat inconsistent and very ill-natured Secretary of the Académie des Sciences. But there was an excuse for the errors and the mistakes of the elder Arago in these matters, in the mere fact that his studies and pursuits were not such as to enable him to know much about the political affairs he so delighted in embroiling; and in his own walk of science he was a brilliant, if not a very sound, scholar. Antoine Arago has retained, as we said, much of the artistic power of his namesake, but he has exaggerated his defects, and thus has produced a book which may be read without much effort, or even with some kind of pleasure, but which will not fail to disgust any one who is capable of seeing through the wordy *chauvanism* of the author to some of the real bearings of the weighty problems agitated by this feeble courtier, as we suspect, of the clique which oscillates about the small sun of the Palais Royal.

Now, even the great Arago was habitually unjust whenever a question arose in which England was concerned; and he was about as ignorant of English principles of conduct, or, what was still more culpable, of English history, as any of his countrymen have been from the days of Montesquieu and Voltaire downwards. But even the superficial philosophy of François Arago in these things grows profound when compared with that of his successor; and it is difficult to say whether there be more of bad faith than of shameful ignorance in the accounts given of the proceedings of our Government in some of the more important events of modern times. No doubt the manifest interest of a nation like England, being of a permanent and serious nature, must impress upon its rulers a policy of a sufficiently stable character to assume in the eyes of foreigners a traditionary form. But what Englishman will believe that Lords Palmerston, Aberdeen, and Malmesbury have ever come to a distinct understanding as to the policy England should observe in the matters of the Suez Canal and the Euphrates Valley Railway? We cite these two special illustrations because M. Antoine Arago dwells particularly upon them, and cites them as illustrations of our wonderful machiavellism in thwarting the natural tendencies of the human race for our own peculiar commercial advantage. The remarks he makes on these subjects are, however, so peculiar, yet they are, after all, so decidedly reflexes of similar accusations made by men who ought to know better than to repeat such nonsense, that we propose to say something upon them in reply.

M. Arago, in an early part of his work, incidentally admits that it has been practically demonstrated that railways furnish the best, the cheapest, and the most certain modes of intercommunication between extreme points of any social region; yet in the subsequent parts he boldly asserts that canals are more efficient means of diffusing civilization than any other elements of traffic. This is a small inconsistency, no doubt, but it may be explained by the desire to make a point, or to give effect to a sneer, at English opposition to the Suez Canal scheme: for, evidently the man who could propound the two opinions could know but little of the reasons for either of them. But if we admit, for the sake of argument, all the wonderful cosmic advantages of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez, it remains to be proved that England has originated the evident repugnance of the Turkish Government to a scheme which is avowed by its most ardent partizans to be intended to ensure, sooner or later, the annihilation of the Turkish influence in Egypt. This is, after all, a question to be decided by the respective governments of Turkey and of Egypt; and the intervention of the Western Powers, under any pretext whatsoever, is a sheer piece of impertinence. On this score we ourselves blame the busy, mischief-making interference of Lords Palmerston and Stuart de Redcliffe, quite as much as we do that of the patrons of M. de Lesseps, that architype of stock-jobbery and humbug; we say this advisedly, because we happen to know something of the conduct adopted in England to influence public opinion in favour of the Suez Canal: and we are prepared to show professionally that, first, the canal could not possibly be executed for less than twice the present estimates; and, second, that even when executed, it could only be kept open by dint of heavy annual outlays, and such exorbitant working expenses as would render it utterly impossible to carry on the experiment for any length of time. The fact is, that the same physical laws which caused the formation of the Isthmus of Suez, and of the Delta of the Nile, will always prevent the maintenance of a navigable passage through the Isthmus. If Lord Palmerston, had, therefore, had the common sense to leave this scheme to its natural fate, its inherent defects would soon have caused it to sink into oblivion—or the

ruin of its propounders would have quietly settled the question. Under any circumstances, the duty and the interest of England were to leave the nations which so anxiously desired the execution of the canal to do the works at their own risk, and then to have used it for her own purposes. Lord Palmerston has, however, succeeded in removing a question of purely a commercial nature into the regions of national contests; and thus has furnished the pretext for the interference of other States. Left to itself, the Suez Canal scheme must have come to nought: opposed with the usual impertinent, ignorant violence of the Palmerston school, it has arrayed on its side the passions of nearly every nation in Europe. The wretched nonsense about the development of civilization, either latitudinally or longitudinally, which has been bandied about by the paid advocates of M. de Lesseps, would soon have opened the eyes of the thinking part of European politicians and capitalists to the inherent defects of the scheme, it was found necessary to defend upon such visionary grounds. The result of the interference of our politicians in this matter, small though it has been, has hitherto simply been to create the belief that England has a direct interest in opposing the prosperity of the rest of the world—a proposition so monstrous that it could only have originated in our own folly, or in the disordered imaginations of such men as Antoine Arago.

Before going further, we would ask the class of continental Chauvins, to which M. Arago belongs, whether in his abuse of England it ever occurred to him that any of our Governments of the day were susceptible of being turned out of office at a very short notice from either the Crown or the Legislature. He and his contemporaries of the Anglo-phobian school can hardly be expected to know much of the workings of a free constitution. But the traditions of M. Arago's own family ought to have taught him that in a free country, the opinions of any ministry of to-day might differ, *toto cælo*, from those of their successors of the morrow; and that therefore there is always danger in holding the nation responsible for the acts of its temporary servants. We who flatter ourselves that as authors and professional men we come in contact with all classes and conditions, both at home and abroad, can assure M. Arago, and M. de Lesseps even, that Englishmen regard the whole story of this Suez Canal with as much of indifference as to its results, as of contempt for the unblushing quackery with which it has been propounded; and that they will be very willing to give its schemes all the rope they may require.

The funniest part of M. Arago's diatribes against England is, however, the one in which he pretends to discuss the motives of our government in the Eastern affairs of 1839, 1840, and 1841. The peculiar form given to the book before us, it is true, renders it difficult to say to what precise extent the words employed convey the author's meaning; but it would seem that he believes that the successive ministers of our country have consistently aimed, during the last sixty years, to facilitate the communications between England and its Indian possessions, at the same time that they aimed at rendering the traffic between those extreme points unproductive at least, if not onerous, to the nations across whose territory it was to pass. With this deeply-laid plot in view, the expedition of Colonel Chesney (which, by the way, only produced a very worthless report of the de Lessep's style) was sent to survey the country between the head of the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean—avowedly for the purpose of re-opening the navigation of the Euphrates, but really for the purpose of making a railway! Now, at the time when Colonel Chesney wrote his book, railroads were but in their infancy; and France itself could only boast of the Versailles, St. Cloud, St. Germain, and St. Etienne lines, or a

total length of very inferior railways of about sixty miles. To suppose that our Ministry should have then contemplated the erection of the immense line of railway between the points above cited in a country so wild and uncultivated as those Turkish dependencies, is perhaps a method of giving those ministers credit for forethought almost superhuman; but certainly it is so absurd that it must ever remain a marvel how a reasonable man could utter such nonsense. To us it seems as wickedly absurd as to say, in the manner M. Arago does not hesitate to do, that the massacre at Djeddah and the revolt of the sepoys may be attributed to the persevering hostility of England to the scheme for uniting the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. Alas! we fear that M. Arago, with all his affectation of philosophy, is but an ignoble stirrer up of strife, and that his only object in writing about the destinies of humanity as affected by the state of affairs past, present, and to come in the East, has been to fan the rising flame of discord between the Germanic and the Latin races; for no man in his senses could possibly believe one tithe of the things this man utters. A quarrel is wanted by some of the adventurers who have, for their own ends, lately perilled the peace of Europe, and so any pretext will suffice, if a real one should not exist, an imaginary one must be made; and M. Arago has vigorously addressed himself to his task. The wolf never wanted advocates to prove that the lamb disturbed the stream!

If we have dwelt upon the matters of detail connected with the asserted conduct of our Government in the negotiations for establishing communications between Western Europe and the East, it has not been for the reason that we attach more importance to the question they involve than we do to the other questions M. Arago raises upon the future destinies of our race, but simply because it is only in those parts of his book in which England is to be abused that he condescends to talk intelligibly.

When men think clearly the press themselves intelligibly; b this book they ape some grand r physical abstractions, which s of the Hegelian jargon which i fashionable at the Palais R Thus, to talk about its being the per and natural course of things civilization should be diffused *lati nally* instead of *longitudinally*; that, therefore, England is the e of the human race because in conjunction with Austria Turkey, instinctly prefers the *l tudinal* development instead o *latitudinal* one which Franc supposed to advocate, is to arrant nonsense. The duties of France and of England are, we be to diffuse the blessings of civili in *every* direction provided we c so peaceably, and without viol the rights of the nations or t with which we come in co Unfortunately, neither France England are exempt from m reproach on this score. Lik Abbé Michon, to whom allusio made in our last number, M. A proposes that the Pope s be transferred to Jerusalem whom and at what cost? we ask. Correctly read, M. A remarks on the present of political affairs are even bitterly satirical upon the exi Government of France than the even upon the Machiavellis who picture in our Foreign-office. W will Frenchmen learn to look at h and to address themselves to removal of the beam from their eye? Is the whole world not to peace in order that France ma main enslaved to the "idées certain titled rationalists in p religious, and of certain despo purely political affairs? If th necessary, we can understand forced quarrel such men as A Arago seek with us; if not, l like the "Etudes sur le Role Poli de la France" should be held u universal reprobation.

THE ECLECTIC.

FEBRUARY, 1860.

I.

FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions. By Captain M'Clintock, R.N., LL.D. With Maps and Illustrations. London: Murray. 1859. pp. 402.

The dream of the merchant-adventurers of England for three centuries past has been the attainment, by a short passage of ice and storm, to the glories and gauds of an Eastern clime, its luxurious languor, and its luscious fruits—a dream never to be realised in the sense in which it played before the tricksy fancy. A fair Atlantis, a Sabbation of rest rose, rolled before the visions of these sons of thrift and toil; and, credulous as children to a fairy tale, they sought the summer clime, the waters that flowed silently, beyond the Polar Sea; but the very discovery of the passage has extinguished those olden and fantastic hopes. For three hundred years and upwards this dream was nevertheless the stimulant of hardy enterprise and unstinted expenditure—the earlier adventures being the outgrowth of private impulse, and not of national or royal patronage. A gallant set were they, and a hardy, who first coasted the region of Labrador, and pushed northward into the circle of perpetual frost—a race of whom England may well be proud, progenitors of the race not less daring and enduring, who in our own day have solved the problem, and rent the veil of the Arctic Isis, but with no mercantile or poetic results. Cabot, Hudson, Davies, Baffin, Thorne, Hore, Lok, Frobisher, Fotherbye, who can pronounce without the respect which courage and science inspire, associating them with Parry, Ross, Franklin, and the living heroes of the north-western enterprise? The man that first looked off the deck of a "caravell" of twenty tons upon a sea and scene of boundless ice, and encountered its horrors, and traced its margin as far as he might, must have been a man with heart as sturdy as his native oak, and cased in a mail of threefold brass. This vision of barrenness and fear was quite unlike the fancies entertained of those "landes never knowen before," that cheered their launch from fair Bristowe, with promise of "spicerie," and "gold, rubies, diamonds, bolasses, granates, jacincts, and other stones, and pearles"—matters "pleasant to the eye and good for food." The dream is over and gone;

but the geographical problem is solved, and science and England and the whole human race is better for the fortitude, faith, and manhood that have signalized these Arctic expeditions from first to last.

Sebastian Cabot is the earliest voyager who ascertained for us the existence of these rugged climes, and traced the coast-line of America as far north as 67 degrees in 1497, drawing the inference, "by reason of the sphere," that "by way of the north-west a shorter track into India" might be found, and it is added that "men became excited by this fame and report to attempt some notable thing." After him followed, in desultory succession, one and another—the greater part of them in the eighteenth century—including the names of Cook and Nelson, till at last the evidence of a water communication between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans growing yearly more demonstrative, our own century has pushed the enterprise to a proof. What Sir John Barrow, the father of modern Arctic discovery, asserted all along to be the Q.E.D. of northern geographical investigation, and affirmed to be practically ascertained that "the current which sets round the icy cape, after continuing along the northern coast of America, discharges itself through the Fury and Hecla Strait of Parry into the Atlantic," the course of events since Franklin's last expedition has confirmed, and settled for ever the fact that there is a water communication between the two oceans. But as all great enterprise is inaugurated with costly sacrifice, this grand exploration was not to be an exception to the rule—Sir John Franklin and Captain Crozier, in the *Erebus* and *Terror* with able officers and their picked crews, were to lay down their lives a holocaust on the altar of their country's glory and of the triumphs of science. These devoted and courageous men sailed from the Thames on the 26th of May, 1845, followed by the most sincere prayers for their success, and the most ardent aspirations for their safe return. The instructions given the expedition were singularly clear and forcible, indicating the very track in which the north-west passage has at last been found. Sir John Franklin was not sent on a wild-goose chase into the unlimited vastness of the icy seas, but was directed to confine his research to that part of Barrow's Strait southward and westward of Melville Island and Cape Walker, where actually at last M'Clure and Collinson found the problem solved, and the mystery of ages and generations cleared up. "We direct you," say the instructions, "to this particular part of the Polar Sea, as affording the best prospect of accomplishing the passage to the Pacific." From 74½ degrees north latitude and 98 west longitude the search was intended to begin west and south; and only when that region was traversed in quest of the missing crews were any substantial traces of the expedition found. Strange that hallucination should have so misled many an exploring venture before M'Clintock's, as to go almost anywhere rather than where his instructions bound Sir John Franklin to proceed. In this view the voyage of Kane up Smith's Inlet cannot be considered other than a great mistake; but it

shares that characteristic with several others from our own country. The painful conclusion is forced upon us by the result of Captain M'Clintock's search, that the northern winds that sweep the pole might never have howled their dirges over our hapless countrymen in 1848, if the expeditions undertaken for their relief had pursued the only rational plan of making direct for the spot where the instructions of the Admiralty should have led the missing ships. Nothing could possibly have been more mismanaged than the whole scheme of rescue—the more strange when universal sympathy stimulated science to propose its most reliable plans, and a great empire to employ its inexhaustible resources to achieve the object in view. What remains for us, now that the disastrous end is known, is regret for the past, and a warning for the future; for there, where the earliest investigation should have been made, the miserable relics of the ill-starred expedition were found—an altar of sacrifice, not a trophy of success. Even yet, with all the light which these painful reliquiæ cast upon the history of Franklin's expedition, so marvellously well has the secret of the dysthanasia of these brave men been kept, that affection knows not where to weep, nor national regret on what shore to raise their sepulchre. We know that Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847; but we know not where the funeral honours were accorded him—

"Pulveris exigui parva munera."

That he was interred on shore we take for granted, unless, indeed, his remains were preserved in spirits for transmission to England with the return of the vessels. A very inadequate search has hitherto been made into this as well as into other matters of far more serious import. How did they perish? Where did they perish? Do any still survive? "are questions answerless and yet incessant." Neither tide of ocean nor breeze of land has whispered the thrilling tale—neither apocryphal Esquimaux nor dubious interpreter—neither credulous whaler nor intelligent expeditionist, in such accents as command belief. No clue has yet been furnished to the remains of the dead, and no anodyne applied to the anxieties of the living. It is scarcely too loud a reproach to vent against all the expensive and well-founded exploratory expeditions sent out from this country, from 1847 to the very last, to cite the impassioned inquiry of Campbell:

"O star-eyed science! hast thou wandered there
To waft us home the message of despair?"

Among the expeditions sent out in search of the missing navigators, none is so interesting, previous to M'Clintock's, from the magnitude of its results, as that of Captain M'Clure, because it at once and for ever opened the knot of the Arctic transit puzzle, and laid curiosity to rest. This distinguished and enterprising sailor, in the *Investigator*, and Captain Collinson, in the *Enterprise*, made their entrance into the Arctic basin by the Gate of Behring's Straits, aiming to effect

a junction eastward with the other expeditions that had reached the Arctic circle by Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound, hoping to hear tidings of Franklin and his party, should that ill-fated sailor have succeeded in driving his ship through the ice south and west of Cape Walker.

On the look-out for Franklin's missing party, the ships of this expedition seized every opportunity of intercourse with the Esquimaux, when casual parties of that singularly dirty and disagreeable people fell in the way. The expectations of the party often shaped the inferences they drew from matters of observation or suspicion amongst the natives. For instance, if a person fairer than another appears among them on shore, the person who examines the group with a telescope from the deck pronounces him a European. Anything in the shape of a mound is directly supposed to be a foreigner's grave, and any signal post, of which there are many, the erection of the lost men. These fancies shaped the vision, and deluded the hope of the crew on more than one occasion; but it is now certain, from all that has transpired within the last two years with the *Fox*, that the Franklin expedition, neither by sea nor land, ever reached this region at all, and can only be tracked in longitudes further east.

The Esquimaux encountered by the successive voyagers to the Arctic regions, were marked by the usual characteristics of that unattractive race of men. They chewed the cud and divided the hoof, yet were they indubitably classifiable with unclean animals. That "cleanliness is next to goodliness" was a wise saw which had never reached so high a latitude as theirs. They suffered as a nation from a uniform complaint—hydrophobia. They had no faith in the water-cure. Anabaptism could never succeed among them. *Death before immersion* would have been their cry of despair. Their unsavoury savour was that of a midden in midsummer—to rub noses with them was perpetual assafœtida. All the comparisons wherewith you would compare them were, in Mrs. Malaprop's phrase, literally "odorous." Had we been there we should have preferred them anywhere except between the wind and our nobility. The offence of their nastiness was rank—it smelled to heaven! Human pachyderms, their skin was crass with dirt; to make them extemporaneous birds they needed only feathers, for they were tarred already with grime. They were the poetry of filthiness and fœtor—the *ne plus ultra* of human disregard of the decencies. Only hyperborean noses and nerves could bear a daily association with a people of such a high celestial flavour as this; for ordinary mortals this ammonian relish were over high

"For human nature's daily food."

Mr. McDougall, in his extremely interesting and business-like journal, declares that they "outvied all he had previously seen in want of cleanliness, and were, without exception, the most

disgustingly filthy race of human beings it has been my lot to encounter. The men might possibly at some remote period have indulged in a wash, but it is my firm conviction that the boys, apparently ten or twelve years old, had never undergone anything in the form of an ablutionary process. It is, however, almost impossible to convey an idea of the personal appearance of these degraded creatures who, though to us objects of commiseration, were by no means of that opinion themselves. On the contrary, they, with a most amusing serio-comic expression of countenance, imitated our gestures and words; and whenever success attended their endeavours, the performer was rewarded by the boisterous laughter of those around, which, in their excess of mirth, brought tears into their eyes." "The appearance of the interior of the tents was quite in keeping with their persons. The skins strewn around were anything but inviting, and although not very fastidious, it would take a considerable time to reconcile one to the thoughts of seeking repose amongst so much filth. Strewn around on the outside of the tents were bones of birds and seals, besides a quantity of putrid seal flesh and intestines, sending forth an offensive smell. We, of course, considered this to be the refuse on which probably the dogs were fed, but were soon enlightened by seeing one of the ancient ladies take a portion of the entrails, and swallow a quantity of it as Italians do maccaroni. Being, however, a few yards in length, she was unable to swallow the whole, and therefore contented herself with a foot or two, which was severed with a knife. This feat completed our disgust." As well it might, Esquimaux maccaroni is a somewhat rich idea, but unsavoury withal.

And yet these children of the North thrive on the garbage of their food, and the rudeness of their habits, and seemed in most cases active, strong, and healthy, save for an affection of the eyes, which was common. The women are more interesting than the men, smaller in stature, lively and cheerful. Their infants are carried on their back, hidden from view under their hooded jumper. When baby is released from its confinement, the mother unties the string round her waist, by which it is supported, and clutching the little biped dexterously by the leg, she brings it out of its dungeon, as naked as it was born. M'Clintock records such an occurrence:—"Whilst intent upon my bargaining for silver spoons and forks belonging to Franklin's expedition, at the rate of a few needles or a knife for each relic, one pertinacious old dame, after having obtained all she was likely to get from me for herself, pulled out her infant by the arm, and quietly held the poor little creature (for it was perfectly naked) before me in the breeze, the temperature at the time being 60 deg. below freezing point! Petersen informed me that she was begging for a needle for her child."—p. 235.

If designed to stay in that exposed position for any time, she clothes it in a little sealskin jacket like her own. The teeth of the women are white as ivory, and are constantly displayed in vociferous laughter; their feet and hands are beautifully formed, and small,

They tattoo their under lip to the chin in vertical and diverging lines. The fetish, or amulet, which the Esquimaux carry with them in hunting and fishing excursions, is usually a piece of ivory, about four inches long, carved with the figure of a bird or other animal on it. The family boat of the natives is called a baidar, and is paddled by women, but they have also oomiaks and kayaks. The baidar, like the others, is formed of skins of seals, stripped of the hair, and stretched over a frame-work of wood or whalebone. These contain many persons. The oomiak is the woman's boat distinctively, the kayak the canoe of a single Esquimaux. It is sixteen or seventeen feet long, extremely buoyant, propelled by a single paddle, and weighs about forty-five pounds, so that it can be carried on the shoulders with ease. It is capacious enough to contain all the implements of war and of the chase, as well as a sufficient supply of food. An Esquimaux, with his kayak adequately furnished, is as well provided for as a snail in its shell. The baidars are twenty-four feet long, by four broad, with seats across like our boats. The women propel them with great dexterity through the water. The nets they employ in fishing are made very ingeniously out of the ham-string tendons of reindeer, in lengths of about thirteen inches, and are knotted neatly by the hand. Most of the American Esquimaux trade either directly or indirectly in furs with the Hudson's Bay Company. For the skin of the silver fox, a singularly rare and beautiful fur, they obtain about half-a-crown's worth of goods; while a good specimen of that fur is worth fifty guineas in the European market. Some one must realise a large profit—a portentous *quid* for a very insignificant *quo*, on such a transaction.

Their only weapon for the chase is the bow, which they use with unerring aim. They capture the whale with harpoons, which they launch with the utmost dexterity. The harpoons have a piece of inflated skin, or bladder, attached to the upper part by a tendonous cord, or a walrus hide thong; and when thrown the barbed portion becomes detached from the shaft when it hits its object, the skin still adhering to it. In this way a whale is pursued by the men in kayaks, and receives such a number of wounds in succession as it comes to the surface, and becomes so worried and exhausted from loss of blood that escape is very rare. The spear heads are mostly made of bone, but also of flint, and sometimes of iron. One tribe met near Wollaston Land had all their implements of copper, and were in possession of abundant pure copper ore. Knives, arrows, needles, and other cutting and piercing instruments were all formed of this metal in the most ingenious and perfect manner by the simple process of hammering, without recourse to the use of fire. Skins were also prepared by them with the greatest ingenuity. The Esquimaux are probably of Mongolian race, and are met with in the extreme north-eastern limit of Asia, in the Alentian Islands, along the entire coast of America, and as far eastward as Greenland; to the south, as far as Hudson's Bay; and to the north, wherever the Arctic regions have been explored. They consider themselves quite

superior to the Kabloonas, or white men. They are generally well proportioned, but their size is under the average height, only five feet four inches, though some among them creep up to a taller stature. They possess keen small black eyes, the external commissure somewhat drooped. There is generally an absence of beard or whiskers, but in the seniors there is a more generous growth. The cavity of the mouth, often practically tested by the hugest gobbits of blubber, is prodigious. They seem to recognise the existence of a Supreme Being, but otherwise have no religion. Polygamy exists among them, whenever the husband chooses to afford the expensive luxury of a second wife. As a race, they steal and lie without shame or compunction, yet are true to each other, affectionate to their children, courageous and active, and extremely industrious in providing food against winter. In patience and endurance of cold and hunger, in ingenuity of construction and device with the coarsest implements, in perseverance and tenacity in the chase by sea and by land, in short in all the virtues of uncivilized man, they will bear comparison with any other race upon the face of the globe. It is a grievous pity and a mortal wrong to these poor waifs and outlying borderers of humanity, that more is not done, and persistently and systematically done, for their elevation and evangelization. That portion of the race of which we now speak, occupying the north-western shores of America, seems to have been entirely unreached by missionary effort hitherto.

By the 6th of September, after one month's sailing along the coast, the crew of the *Investigator* were off the small islands near Cape Parry, thus far they were on known ground. They now steered northward and eastward, and next morning discovered high land, but with the pack of ice resting on its western shore. This determined Captain M'Clure on adopting a course northward along its eastern side, which appeared comparatively clear. The headland they called Nelson's Head, and the land itself Baring Island. Making sail to the eastward, land was soon perceived in that direction, also Prince Albert's Land in lat. 72 deg. 1 min. north, and long. 119 deg. 25 min. west, leading to the inevitable conclusion that they were now in a channel between two islands, which, if unobstructed, would open into Barrow's Strait, and thus solve the problem over which science had been scratching its pate and nibbling its finger nails so long. In fact, seventy miles alone separated them at this point from Barrow's Strait, but a large portion of the intervening water was covered by dense ice, the accumulation of centuries. The drift bore them occasionally back from even this position; but hoping that another summer would furnish greater advantages for Arctic research the Captain determined to hazard the chance of wintering in the pack to returning disappointed of his quest. Travelling parties sent north along the line of navigation, proved that this channel communicated with the sea opposite Captain Parry's Melville Island, and thus settled for ever the long-agitated question of a north-west passage. As soon as this point was definitively ascertained, it was

recorded in the following modest terms in the ship's log of the *Investigator*:—

"October 31st, 1850. The Captain returned at 8·30 a.m.; and at 11·30 a.m., the remainder of the party, having upon the 26th instant, ascertained that the waters we are now in communicate with those of Barrow's Strait, the north-eastern limit being in lat. 73 deg. 31 min. N.; long. 114 deg. 39 min. W., thus establishing the existence of a north-west passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans."

And there they stayed till July 17th next year, before they could obtain their release from the chains of their icy environment, but with that day began their course southward, and round the western or seaward side of Baring Island, or Banks' Land, which, for undisguised horror, risk, and invincible daring is almost without parallel in the annals of naval enterprise. Succeeding in that course, the ship was forced into Barrow's Strait at its western entrance, coasted the shore till it reached a bay, called appropriately the Bay of Mercy, and was there frozen in in lat. 74 deg., long. 118 deg. on the 24th September, 1851. There the good ship probably still lies, and may lie for ever, its position being land-locked except to the north, having been abandoned finally in the early summer of 1853, after two winters spent there on the rescue of the crew by a party from her Majesty's ship *Resolute*, commanded by Captain Kellett. No men ever earned renown by more strenuous perseverance in the face of difficulties than the crew of the *Investigator*. No one ever solved a problem of the actual tidal communication between the two great oceans before Captain M'Clure, and it seems an ungenerous course which is pursued by many since the return of the *Fox*, to insinuate that Sir John Franklin had made a prior discovery of the passage. We do not disparage the merits of that fine old sailor, because indulgence is due to the dead, where indulgence is demanded by the infirmities or failures of those who cannot speak for themselves; but without the slightest ground for believing that Franklin needs indulgence, we must allege that his case is not proven by his advocates. It may be that his vessels were last seen in a channel which, if pursued, might land one westward beyond the mouth of the Copper-mine River; but if so, he was only there in obedience to his instructions. Again, that such communication by water does exist in that region is a point only surmised, not determined, even yet. And last and saddest of all, whatever may be the fate of his drifting ships, if they should ever find their way into the open sea west of Baring Island, the fact of a passage may be demonstrated by sheer force of nature and flow of currents, but not by Franklin. It is absurd to say of a man who was dead in June, 1847, that he had ascertained a point to which, in the only existing record of his voyage in the north, no allusion is made; and it is ungenerous to the living, whose experiment is demonstrative, to endeavour to tear the laurel from their brow. The President of the Geographical Society and the colleagues of Sir Robert M'Clure in northern adventure, ought

to be above this unworthy attempt to tarnish the brightness and success of his achievement. Others thought the passage possible, attempted it, were on the way to it, and within an ace of it—but M'Clure made it. Sundry endeavours were prosecuted by undoubtedly able and ingenious men to set this egg upon its end, but M'Clure has done it at once, and for ever. We heartily endorse the language of Brown in his History of the North-west passage:—"*That enterprising commander settled the question, that truly British question, of a north-west passage; and we feel it cannot be too often printed, or too widely known, that it was done by Britain.* Alas! that Franklin and his gallant associates were not restored to join in the exultation, that another wreath had been added to their country's fame."

There are two circumstances of the utmost interest which we are bound to notice in connection with this voyage, the one geological, and the other economical, bearing as they do, the former upon the history of our globe, and the latter upon the means of supporting life in the Arctic regions. The tropic dream of our early navigators would have been a matter-of-fact reality at some unknown period of the earth's annals in those realms where now the Ice-king holds undisputed sway, for indestructible evidence exists that there palm-groves once waved their fan-like branches, there the elephant and rhinoceros crushed their way amid opposing trunks, and there the eastern pigeon cooed its song of love. The trees that once clothed those naked heights have sent their fossil *débris* to attest their early existence home to England; and visitors of our museums may themselves see and handle the arborage that shaded panting beasts and birds from a sun no less fierce than that which now with its furnace-heat scorches the prowling lion of Africa, or the tiger of Bengal.

The greater part of the coast of America facing the Arctic Sea, along which, close inland, the *Investigator* passed, say from 155 to 125 deg. of longitude, is low and flat—in this presenting a marked difference to the coast of Greenland, which is faced with lofty and sometimes inaccessible cliffs and promontories. In the interior it is true, and at a distance, spots of greater elevation were found; but the general characteristic of the lands bordering the sea was a very gradual and slow ascent. All the evidence goes to indicate an emergence from the sea at no very remote period; and, singular to say, the coast presents tokens at the same time of having been dry and forest-land of considerable elevation before it sank into the sea, previous to its present restoration to the world. In more than one place, but in one notably, on Banks' Land, petrified trees were found in great abundance where now no trees will grow. About three hundred feet from the sea-level, and a quarter of a mile from the beach in the last-named locality, lat. 74 deg., numerous ends of trunks and branches of trees were seen protruding through the rich loamy soil in which they were embedded. On excavating to some extent, the entire hill was found to be a ligneous formation, being composed of trees, some of

them dark and softened, in a state of semi-carbonization, others fresh, the woody structure perfect, but hard and dense. In a few situations the wood, from its flatness and the pressure to which it had been exposed, presented a laminated structure, with the traces of coal. The trunk of one tree, the end of which protruded, was twenty-six inches in diameter by sixteen inches; that of another, a portion of which was taken on board, was seven feet in length and three feet in circumference. These have been pronounced to be pine; but there must have been oak trees also, for acorns were found, as well as pine-cones, in process of silicification. Distinct stratifications of wood were also observed cropping out on the bare sides of the hills in horizontal lines formed by the protrusion of the ends of trees, to some of which the bark still adhered. The discovery of wood in a recent and petrified state in regions whose blighting climate is opposed to the nurture of vegetable life, as evidenced in its scanty flora, partial verdure, and creeping dwarf-willow, its only arborescent production, is a subject for geological research no less interesting than strange. The same feature has been discovered in New Siberia in the same latitude, and in Melville Island, two degrees further north, nor less in the Antarctic circle, thus establishing the fact that throughout the wide extent of the Polar seas, as far as observation has enabled us to determine, there existed at one period various and luxuriant forms of arborescent growth in regions where nothing now is to be seen but desolate lands and trackless icy wastes. The abundance of coal in all the regions traversed by M'Clintock leads to the same conclusion, heat being one of the elements necessary to its formation, the presence, moreover, of ammonite and trilobite fossils, of the former of which Professor Haughton expressly says, "It appears to me difficult to imagine the possibility of such a fossil living in a frozen or even a temperate sea" (p. 393). Undoubted remains of huge saurians have also been lighted upon in these regions, together with the mammoth and the elephant—the whole evidence of facts gathered from a wide hyperborean surface conducing to M'Clintock's hesitant hypothesis based upon recent and superficial data.—"Many centuries ago a milder climate *may*, and probably *did*, exist, and a corresponding modification of glacier, and a sea less ice-encumbered" (p. 220). The facts thus rendered incontrovertible lead us to but one conclusion, that lands, probably of much greater extent, different in physical character, covered with forests, and with a climate more elevated in temperature, preceded the upheaval from the bed of the ocean of those now in existence. Hence the great accumulation of wood and coal beneath the surface, in various stages of organic change—metallized, carbonized, and silicified, resulting from one of those remote and inscrutable terrestrial convulsions associated with the great secondary era of geological formation in the creation of the world. The former lands having been for ages submerged, were upheaved above the surface by some powerful submarine volcanic action, and enveloped in the shingly bed of the sea; they

were again thrown upward as now, and from the chemical and igneous products of these combined operations the present appearances result. The history of this still unwritten page of the earth's annals, what pre-Adamite Herodotus shall show?—the book, who shall open?—the seal, who break?—the hieroglyph, who reveal? Did living man then tread the earth along with the mammals that roamed these hyperborean forests? Did they marry and give in marriage, laugh, weep, work, die, like the races now existing, or were these regions only the haunt of the quadruped, the reindeer, and bear, as well as of the mammoth and elephant? None may tell, and few even plausibly conjecture. The silence that pervades these present solitudes rules the past—we gaze upon a tomb, not a revelation—we question the oracle, but its response is the echo that mocks our request. Active volcanic agencies are still in operation in those regions; for the fires and smoke seen from shipboard, which were supposed to proceed from Esquimaux encampments, were more than once found on landing to proceed from natural mounds, hollow at the top, into which, when excavation was made, large masses of lime, sulphur, alum, and silenite were dug out in a burning state. Several small rills of water impregnated with the same substances, of an elevated temperature, flowed in the neighbourhood of these stratified mounds.

Of the superabundance of animal life in the regions adjacent to the North Pole, as high at least as lat. 77 deg., the evidence is satisfactory. Granite and other rocks, where absolutely bare of vegetation, are of course bare of sustenance for organic life; but wheresoever there is any depth of surface-soil and any coating of moss, where, moreover, there are accessible seas and ordinary skill in fishing and harpooning, both flesh and fish in satisfying quantities may be found. Captain Collinson, for instance, obtained in the pools in Wollaston Land, a fine supply of fish of which he could afford to salt a thousand salmon for use at sea, while other game rewarded expertness at the rifle with no bad substitute for beef, in the ribs of musk oxen and the haunches of Arctic venison. These larger game of the quadruped kind would not be in the high condition of a stalled ox, or the wearer of a medal at the Baker-street Cattle-show—especially at the fag-end of an unusually severe winter season—and yet might stew down into nutritive hashes and broths, to diversify the loathsome iteration of preserved meats, which no appetite can long relish. These fresh meats are further very wholesome, even when lean; while the chase and capture supply a most healthful stimulus to men who would otherwise pine and fret themselves ill under the darkness, dulness, and freezing chill of their untoward position.

Foxes were frequently caught in very inartificial traps, laid even on deck, to which the little Reynards would hie in quest of food. In mid-winter these miserable starvelings, when dissected, would commonly be found with their stomachs empty, or only small pieces of dwarf-willow, half masticated, therein. Hares were occa-

sionally shot, which were as slenderly fed as the foxes. Ptarmigan were seen at distant intervals, and commonly a single bird alone. The spring brought with it the snow bunting. Reindeer and musk oxen were not wanting, although shy and difficult to kill; the valleys and ravines intersecting Banks' Land, like the still deeper valleys and more abrupt escarpments of Melville Island, supplying them with an unusual degree of shelter and mossy diet. Bears were common, but not so common their capture, as they are by no means an easy animal to kill, their sharp swinging trot easily distancing those in pursuit, who are cumbered with their heavy Arctic clothing. The seal is the favourite food of the bear, but Bruin is not particular as to diet; anything he can swallow goes down—a jar of raisins, rolls of court plaister, tobacco leaf, shag, twist, or grass-cut, as readily as raw flesh, and he suffers from his voracity. One mode of taking bears by the Esquimaux is ingenious. A thick and strong piece of whalebone, about four inches broad and two feet long, is rolled up into a small compass, and carefully enveloped in blubber, forming a round ball. This is dropped in Bruin's way, who deeming it a luscious morsel, swallows it, to his great detriment; for no sooner does the blubber melt within, than the whalebone being freed, springs back, distends the stomach, and causes the death of the wretched monster in the greatest agony ere long. The snow owl visited the haunts of the wintering crew; gulls made their appearance everywhere in the vicinity of open water, being of the three kinds—*Glaucus*, *Argentatus*, and *Tridactylus*. Pin-tailed ducks and snow geese followed the summer in the higher regions, avoiding the sun. Golden plover and sanderlings appeared in the warm weather. Moose-deer were doubtfully reported as being on Banks' Land. The jer-falcon sometimes rewarded the labours of the naturalist.

The reindeer proved invaluable as a source of supply of fresh provisions during the time the *Investigator* lay north of Banks' Land. As many as 112 were killed, and nearly 8,000 pounds of fresh meat secured. Smaller game fell beneath the rifle in greater abundance. The skin of the reindeer is nearly as valuable as its carcase, for "when dressed with the hair on it, it is so impervious to the cold, that if clothed in a suit of this material, and wrapped in a mantle of the same, a person may bivouac all night in the snow with safety during the intensity of an Arctic winter." Much of the warmth is owing to the great density which the fur assumes on the approach of winter. During that season the colour of the animal is a browny white, during summer a whity brown. When animals were killed by any of the ship's men, the head and heart were assigned as a perquisite to the lucky sportsman, while the main carcase was appropriated to the messes at large. Some of the deer weighed 250 pounds, giving meat, clear of fat and bone, 164 pounds. The flesh was delicious, especially in autumn, before the hardships of the winter made the animals lean—far surpassing, it is said, the venison of this country, tender, juicy, light, easy of digestion, and covered

with a good coating of fat. The chase of the deer is difficult, for the animal is shy, and the temperature of the air trying. All the hunters were more or less disfigured with frost-bites on their faces, and frequently when they wished to fire on the animals, almost within reach, their fingers were too powerless to pull the trigger; quite as often, when they had fired, they were too benumbed to reload.

But there were other hunters bent on sport besides the English bipeds of the expedition—namely, the wolves. The boatswain started one day, to fetch home on a sledge a deer he had killed the day before. On reaching the spot, in a deep ravine, he found only its remains, which a pack of five wolves were then ravenously devouring. Determining to recover at least a portion of his sporting rights, he boldly advanced. He first endeavoured to frighten them by hallooing at the top of his voice—a boatswain's voice, be it understood, by no means of the "sucking dove" order—when three of the gluttons acknowledged the prohibition, and withdrawing a few yards, sat down, leaving two still at their occupation. The biped now seized one leg of the deer, while one of the quadrupeds dragged at the other, his companions sitting snarling spectators of what was going on. With his musket firmly grasped in one hand, and brandishing the long bone in the other, the gallant boatswain kept bawling, with his stentorian lungs, with the double object of keeping off his foes, and of attracting assistance; at every opportunity he snicked off warily portions of the remaining meat, at the same time presenting a bold front to the enemy, which growled its defiance and discontent at the operation. It ended in the stout mariner securing fourteen pounds of the flesh, a small guerdon for so great a risk: but under the circumstances a welcome addition to the ship's mess. The wolves will bring down a deer themselves. Their mode of operation is this:—They separate a beast from the herd, and then the hungry troop gather in upon him in a circle, and at last, as if by preconcerted signal, all rush in together, bring him down by main force to the ground, and dispatch and eat him *toute suite*. The musk ox is more difficult to shoot than the reindeer, and is of rare occurrence in those latitudes. His thick coat and hard skull will almost turn a ball. An adventure with these brutes was not without peril, nor without glory and profit to the hero, as it proved in the result. The sergeant of marines left the ship at noon, one day, and some hours later, when returning, he observed two musk oxen lying down, one of them asleep. He was able to advance within one hundred and twenty yards, when he fired, and wounded the larger; both had at this time got on their legs. On the receipt of the first wound, which did not appear to affect him in the least, the animal approached, with a most ferocious aspect, till within about forty yards, when he stood as if making up his mind for a charge; his assailant again fired, and again wounded him, but he still remained in the same attitude. The other ox had by this time approached more closely, and with the view of securing both, the

sergeant fired, and wounded him also. The animal, on being struck, became enraged, and advanced courageously. In the meantime the stout marine reloaded, and fired his fifth and last ball at his first antagonist, who still remained in the same position; the missile struck him in the centre of the forehead, passed through his brain, and he fell to the ground. His ball-cartridge having been then expended, the assailant quickly reloaded, and fired the screw of his ramrod at the second animal, which had approached more closely; this wounded the brute in the neck, who then fiercely advanced to a distance of only a few feet. Thinking the ox was about to make a final rush, as a last resource the ramrod was fired at him, which entered at the left fore-shoulder, passed diagonally through his body, and out at his right flank, inflicting a fatal raking wound, and he fell lifeless at the victor's feet. Both beasts were in excellent condition, and weighed in the gross 1,332 pounds. The gallant huntsman who achieved this feat of desperate valour evidently belonged to the real marines, and not to the fabled horse ditto, of questionable existence, although of wide-spread renown.

The lemmings, which are very "small deer" indeed, were in certain localities so abundant as to be innumerable. They have been observed from the deck, sometimes plunging into the open water from the edge of the ice for a bath, and going through this operation repeatedly in great glee, as if enjoying it. Their burrows under ground are excavated in corridors and convolutions far and wide. They are subterranean cities—catacombs for the living, not the dead. Their sleeping quarters therein are comfortably lined with feathers, moss, fur, and hair. If the tent were pitched inadvertently over the mouth of their labyrinth, instead of fretting themselves at the intrusion on their domains, the little cosmopolitans would adapt themselves to circumstances; and our sailors on waking would find the furry gentlemen snugly ensconced within the folds of their blanket-bags, rolled up in the ball-like form they assume in repose. The dogs, too, when fast asleep, would be honoured with their company, for the lemmings would dispose themselves for a nap about their bellies and legs, like so many puppies "to the manner born." They are amusing and harmless quadrupeds, and not to be despised in the shape of food.

Notwithstanding all that may be surmised or urged against our conclusion, we conceive that additional ample evidence is furnished in M'Clintock's narrative of the abounding of animal life, even in his high latitude, amid the stormy region in which he had wintered. In a year and a half his ship's company, which was far too few and too unskilful to furnish either numerous or competent sportsmen, managed to obtain ninety-one seals, each of which supplied two full days' fresh meat for all the crew, or 182 days' fresh provisions for a matter of some eighty weeks—more than two days a week. This is only one item. Next we have eight deer, but dozens of others were sighted and allowed to escape. These eight deer, at an average of 150lb. each, supplied 1,200lb. of fresh meat,

or another day of fresh meat in the week, making three out of seven. Then follow, of birds, ptarmigan, dovekies, and wild fowl, 218—furnishing perhaps 436 meals to twenty-five men, or fresh meat for another day in seventeen weeks. To this we have to add bears 4, hares 9, and foxes 20, supplying probably one day for the remaining weeks, or not less than four days of fresh meat out of the seven; and that in a most unfriendly region, and with few beyond Petersen, the interpreter, really fit to bring down game, either volatile or quadruped. The fact noted by M'Clintock casually on page 279 of his Narrative is of painful interest, relating, as it does, to the track pursued by the Crozier and Fitzjames party in their retreat to the Fish River. At Cape Herschel, he says, "there were many old caches and low stone walls, such as natives would use to look behind for the purpose of shooting reindeer; and we noticed *some recent tracks of those animals which had crossed direct hither from the main-land*" (p. 279). The italics are ours. This was not more than half-a-dozen days' journey from the forsaken vessels *Erebus* and *Terror*.

Only in the year 1850, after expedition on expedition had been sent northward, did any ship reach those obvious quarters, Point Riley and Beechey Island, and discover proof of the Franklin party having been there, in the graves of three sailors buried upon the beach. These had died during the winter of 1845-6, the first winter of Franklin in those regions—the only winter spent in that locality. But no indication was found there of the fortunes of the expedition up to the date of its departure from that quarter — no cache, with its well-preserved deposits of meat or manuscript—no tin case or glass bottle, with its record of the past or resolve for the future—no Franklin's Commentaries on civil or Gallic wars with insubordinate crews or angry elements. Not the least mysterious of the incidents connected with this hapless expedition is the absence of autograph memorials of the points of access and departure during the only three years of which we possess authentic records. The only two which have been disinterred from their graves of snow and ice are singularly curt and unsatisfactory, and by no means fill up the vacuum of progress and adventure during the intervening period. Such meagreness of detail is so totally at variance with the practice of northern navigators—that we must have recourse to the solution, either that authentic vestiges of the course of this party yet remain undiscovered to reward our further search, or that the caches have been violated by parties of Esquimaux, and the papers found in them have been destroyed. Our personal conclusion, we must avow, is that much remains undiscovered, and that nearly the whole history of the Franklin expedition will have to be written when the missing papers turn up. These, we are persuaded, will be no laconic notices, briefed with a view to admission into the same sheet of French, Spanish, Dutch, Danish, and German copies—stenographic utterances of lat. and long., date and place—but sufficiently large

and long traces to be at once vouchers and exponents of their perilous pilgrimage. There is no reasonable doubt that when we have learned to follow the steps of the voyagers from spring 1846 to autumn 1847, at which date the ships were again beset for the ensuing winter, we shall alight upon the missing cryptographs, which shall yield up the secrets now hidden from view to the light of day and the recognition of the world.

Meanwhile, we have to proceed with our history of the actual discovery of Franklin relics and the *vestigia* of his course. With a most honourable philanthropy, and a rare discernment of the true method of search to be employed, Captain Charles Wilkes, of the United States Navy, presented a memorial to Congress, in which he urged land-travel as that likely to be most effectual. It is true he did not point out the exact region which experiment has proved the right one; but it is conclusive of his sagacity that we have derived all our results from land-travel at last. This well-known Antarctic navigator says, "Fatal errors have been made in attempting the search in vessels, it being quite evident to the simplest mind that if vessels can track Sir John, he certainly would be enabled to get out. The only and true course is a thorough exploration over the ice by means of sledges or boats, making the advance in all directions." A curious confirmation of this view was presented in the same year, when tidings reached the Admiralty (Ap. 3, 1852) of certain discoveries made by Dr. Rae, a land-traveller under the Hudson's Bay Company. This learned and enterprising gentleman, being at the head of a geographical expedition for the commercial body whom he served, reached as far north on Victoria Land as Pelly Point, so named by him, lat. 70° 12′ 36″ N., and 101° 24′ 47″ W., on the 13th of August, 1851. On their return, on the 21st, they picked up in Parker Bay the butt-end of a small flagstaff and a boat's mast, bearing the broad arrow of the Admiralty upon them—drift wood borne down from the north by the east side of Victoria Land. How came these there, and to whom could they belong, but to Franklin's hapless crew? It is a singular but melancholy fact that Dr. Rae at Pelly Point was only some fifty miles west of the place where Franklin's ships had been abandoned three years before; and that a couple of days' journey over the ice might have landed him in the deserted cabin, where that gallant commander had breathed his last. Such coincidences have happened in other instances of Arctic travel, from the want of concert and mutual intelligence between the exploring parties.

In the same region, in 1853, Captain Collinson, of the *Enterprise*, 70° N., 101° W., fell in with a companion-hatchway, or door-frame, supposed to have belonged to the missing vessels, and to have proceeded from "somewhere in the vicinity of the magnetic pole." This guess of the direction from whence it came was almost prophetic. Next year, October 22nd, 1854, very important intelligence was received at the Admiralty from Dr. Rae, containing the report of

another land journey, undertaken under the auspices of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company. This gentleman had been sent to the north to complete the survey of the west coast of Boothia. When this gentleman reached Pelly Bay he encountered certain Esquimaux, who told him that a party of white men had perished towards the west, and near a river containing many falls and rapids. From this party abundant relics of the lost crews were purchased, bearing the names of Franklin, Crozier, Gore, &c. Here was the first certain and unquestionable evidence of the tragic termination of Sir John's expedition, but still unaccompanied by that documentary evidence which would explain the difficult and complete the defective in this melancholy history. King William's Land, Montreal Island, and the Great Fish River were thus clearly pointed out as the scene of the catastrophe that closes this great woe.

The report of Dr. Rae eventuated in the Hudson's Bay Company organising, at the suggestion of the British Government, the expedition of Messrs. Anderson and Steward down the Fish River, these gentlemen starting on June 22nd, 1855, from Fort Resolution, and sending home their first report under date of September 17th. Many further relics, including an ordinary letter-nip, were found in possession of Esquimaux parties; several Esquimaux caches, on Montreal Island also, were filled with other *reliquiæ* of an English ship's crew, but not a scrap of paper was met with, nor skeletons, nor remains of the crews themselves. This report arrived in England in the early part of 1856, and while it extinguished hope of the saving of the men, it did, by still more closely confirming previous discoveries, and narrowing the *locale* of the final disaster, stimulate curiosity to ascertain more fully the particulars of the event. There was much anxiety and excitement of the public mind connected with the subject, notwithstanding the stir and overwhelming interest of the Crimean war, and discussion was lively; but nothing was done during that year. Only in 1857 was that last expeditionary barque sent forth, which has given rise to this paper, and has filled all England with sorrow for her sacrificed victims—her unreturning dead.

So far back as the year 1854, nine years after the Franklin expedition started, the Government of England bade farewell to the hope of rescue, and removed the names of the leader and his followers from the Navy List. The Behring's Strait squadron, consisting of the *Rattlesnake* and *Plover*, were ordered home, and the *Resolute*, *Intrepid*, *Assistance*, and *Pioneer*, together with Sir Robert M'Clure's *Investigator*, were by the same instructions abandoned in the eastward Arctic seas. Henceforward reliance must be placed on private effort alone, stimulated by sympathy for the bereaved living—regret for the unrecovered dead. The American expedition under Kane produced nothing except evidence of chivalrous courage, great scientific qualification, and singular humanity on the part of the commander. Notwithstanding the eminent scientific and personal qualifications of Dr. Kane, we must always hold it a great mistake

to appoint a civilian to the command of an expedition like this. The Kennedy voyage was equally resultless. Her Majesty's ship *Phœnix*, Commander Inglefield, was no more successful, while her voyage has been rendered ever memorable by the loss of the adventurous young French sailor, Lieutenant Bellot. This brings us down to the year 1857, for during 1855 and 1856, although much was talked about, nothing was done, when at last, by the munificent devotion of Lady Franklin, and the help of enthusiastic friends, a vessel was procured, and the exploring expedition organised. The plan for this was laid before the Lords of the Admiralty, by Dr. M'Cormick, R.N., entitled, *Reasons for the Renewal of the Search for further traces of the Franklin Expedition, &c.*, and traces with singular sagacity the very route afterwards followed by Captain M'Clintock, which has been fruitful in such positive (we cannot call them satisfactory) results. On the 1st of July, 1857, Captain M'Clintock sailed from Aberdeen, in the small screw-steamer *Fox*, of 177 tons burden, well found in provisions and other gear, and with a ship's company of only twenty-three persons, of whom, however, he writes under date of August 6th, from the coast of Greenland :—" I am most fortunate in my officers and crew ; all deserve my praise alike." Frozen up in the ice, however, so early as a fortnight afterwards, the ship drifted south as far as 63½ deg. down Davis Strait, and was only freed, after 242 days' durance, on the 25th of April, 1858. The release of a vessel under such circumstances is a far more critical operation than its freezing in, just as architects tell us they will build a tower as high as Babel without fear of accident, but they will not answer for taking down so much as a cottage chimney. Construction is easy, dissolution difficult without damage to materials or dissolver. Escaping this risk the stout little *Fox* steamed for Barrow's Strait and Beechey Island, which latter place it reached on the 11th of August, 1858. There Captain M'Clintock executed his painful commission of setting up a cenotaph to the memory of the missing expedition of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, entrusted to his care by Lady Franklin. Finding Peel Sound only accessible by ships for twenty-five miles down its course, he retraced his way to Prince Regent's Inlet, and thence crossed into what is now known as Franklin Channel, by the means of Bellot Strait. Eventually Captain M'Clintock was obliged to put back his vessel through the Strait, and prepare for wintering in Port Kennedy, Brentford Bay, east of that sea he was so anxious to explore. From the secure but exposed quarters here obtained, he made arrangements for those exploratory expeditions in the coming spring of 1859, which have yielded such information as has gone far to slake the thirst of anxious friends and an excited public.

On the 28th of February, 1859, when near Cape Victoria and Boothia Felix, Captain M'Clintock, in company with Captain Allen Young, a disinterested and generous volunteer, accompanied by only one seaman, on their exploratory march encountered a tribe of forty-five Esquimaux, in possession of many relics of

the lost crews. These Boothian natives were well supplied with wood and iron, once the property of white men. Their story was, that several years ago a ship was crushed by the ice, and sunk off the north-western shore of King William's Island, but that all her people landed safely, and went away to a great river, where they died. One part of this story is inconsistent with truth, for we have the record of Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, that the vessels were left in an uncrushed state by the crews, amounting to 105 persons, on the 25th of April, 1848, who intended to start next day for the Great Fish River. Amid the tangle which the story takes from the report of other Esquimaux nearer the Fish River, and the presumptive evidence we possess that one party at least of the crew perished on their way back to the ships, it is hard to say whether there may not be truth in the story of the Esquimaux after all; and that what they report of the destruction of the vessel amongst the ice may not have taken place during a second occupation of it by its baffled crew. Certainly the boat found with the remains of its two hapless tenants, slightly north of Cape Crozier, was on its return, and not on its outward course; whence we are left to conclude that, from intense cold, want of provisions, or the hostility of the natives, the expedition towards the Great Fish River had not succeeded in their object.

Twenty-five days of sharp marching, amid intensely severe weather, were consumed on this preliminary trip—the mercury being occasionally frozen for hours together. Meanwhile Lieutenant Hobson prosecuted the line of search laid out for him, by crossing the ice to Cape Felix, in King William's Land, and by following the trail of the expedition in that region, on which he almost instantaneously fell. At a short distance westward of the cape he alighted on a very large cairn, and close to it three small tents, with sundry other unimportant relics, but no record. Within a space of five miles two other cairns were found, but still without records, and almost denuded of relics likewise. On the 6th May, 1859, beside Point Victory, Lieutenant Hobson discovered a tin canister, containing the record which announced all that we know of the expedition's progress up to April 25th, 1848. The facts were few, and contain no explanatory matter with them; that after spending the first winter at Beechey Island, they were beset in the ice in September, 1846, in lat. 70 deg., long. 98 deg., and that Sir John Franklin had died in June, 1847. That the survivors, in 1848, to the number of 105, were to proceed on the day after date to the Great Fish River, under command of Captain Crozier; and there the record ceases, but there our interest does not end, for just at this point painful conjecture and melancholy romance began.

A cairn was found a few miles southward of a year older date, containing a paper signed by Lieutenant Gore and Mr. Des Vœux, mate, stating that they had left the ships on the 24th of May, 1847, in command of six men. This may have been one of the ordinary exploring expeditions sent out in all directions from expeditionary ships in favourable weather, or it may have been expressly designed

to pioneer the way for those that should follow in due time toward the river by which they meant to escape. The *débris* of the final expedition southward are sufficient to attest their reaching the river—but what became of them there, or afterwards, no voice has hitherto been heard to tell. To ascend that river, whose navigation was beset with rocks, and shoals, and rapids, was perhaps an impossible task to enfeebled and starving men with heavy boats and frequent portages. They may have been wrecked, drowned, famished, or murdered by the natives. It seems all but certain to us that some endeavoured to regain the forsaken vessels, if it were only to perish under the shelter of a roof and in freedom from the exhausting labours of their land journey—an endeavour which did not meet with success, for they failed by the way. When the disastrous condition of the successful M'Clure crew is borne in mind after three winters' incarceration in the ice, as exhibited in both Dr. Domville's and Lieut. Pim's reports, official and non-official, of their encounter with that crew—a condition which called tears from the eyes of the hardy seaman when he first witnessed it—we shall not wonder if the dispirited Franklin-men were wasted by scurvy and privation into an unfitness for enterprise, and inaptitude for endurance after a like lengthened imprisonment. Government provisions are rarely good, and yet Government pays the highest price for provisions, and these are the main reliance of the Arctic voyager. The infamy of dishonesty, perilling human life, rests upon many a soul engaged in mercantile transactions with the Government of England. It cannot be too loudly trumpeted, too redly blazoned, that not the red-tapists of routine, but the high-minded merchants of Great Britain are the defaulters in cases like the present, and have been too often detected in trafficking with remorseless greed in the bodies and souls of men. When Captain M'Clure found 500 pounds' weight of preserved meats in his tin canisters to be putrid, and obliged to be thrown overboard the first winter of his expedition, it was unfortunately only a sample of, and not an exception to, the experience of our gallant sailors and investigators. M'Clintock's steward perished with scurvy rather than eat the loathsome preserved meats that might have saved his life. Such incidents as these are a sore blot on our commercial integrity, and must be denounced in the interests of loyalty and patriotism, as well as of justice and humanity. But in any case, the ships of Sir John Franklin, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, were only provisioned for two years, with the understanding that with economy these stores could be eked out for three years, if necessity required so long a dependence upon this artificial provision.

If under favourable circumstances, as in Captain M'Clure's case, three years in the ice were productive of scurvy, weakness, and despondency, what may we not suppose was the result of hardships that issued in the death of nine officers and fifteen men in the case of the earlier enterprise? The desperate 105, who left the ships on the 26th of April, 1848, had no reasonable ground to expect "a happy

issue out of all their afflictions," and the *derelicta* detected in their track by the searches of the *Fox*, seem to speak of a fatal event boding only "lamentation, and mourning, and woe."

Mutilated spoils of various kinds obtained from wandering Esquimaux and their cairns, and initials full of significance to the eye of recognition, the heart of affection, tell but one tale, of which the dreary burden is "lost, lost, lost." Yet maps and journals alike proclaim of the region about Cape Herschel, that it is "a limestone tract abounding with reindeer and oxen."

On a review of Captain M'Clintock's narrative and other recent stories of Arctic adventure, our conclusions may be summed up thus:—

1. In the first place, they leave it well nigh past doubt that the party of Sir John Franklin have perished beyond the reach of recovery.

2. That if this fate has befallen them, it need not have been necessarily of starvation, for both in the brief summer and long winter of the Arctic circle there is more or less of animal life to be found in most regions, and in some quarters it abounds.

3. That much yet remains to be achieved in the exploration of all the space which is included within 65 and 125 deg. W. long., and 66 to 74 deg. N. lat., which has been most inadequately examined notwithstanding all that has been done.

4. That the use of dogs in the land and ice travelling has never been sufficiently tried hitherto in any of our expeditions, yet with their help Dr. Kane did wonders in his very short excursions from the ship; and without them, M'Clintock with his scanty crew could have accomplished next to nothing. The Esquimaux dogs are curious brutes, full of character, and worthy of study by an observant hand. M'Clintock's pack had two pounds each of seal given them every second day; the time consumed in devouring this frozen morsel was exactly forty-two seconds.—P. 48.

5. That single small vessels, and short select crews are better adapted for exploration than cumbrous ships and numerous crews, inasmuch as fresh provision is easily secured in adequate quantities for a small party, but a very limited supply, unless under unusually favourable auspices, for a large one.

6. That a stout built small screw-steamer, in consequence of the coasting nature of much of the sailing in those regions, in narrow lanes between the pack and the shore must be of special service, and that an expedition consisting solely of such a vessel, or vessels, is worthy of trial, at least once more in the neighbourhood of Victoria Strait, for the specific purpose of hunting up all that remains of Franklin's expedition, while we conceive it quite possible that such a vessel might accomplish the western passage, in Sir Robert M'Clure's track, in an open season.

7. That a trial of the passage round the north-west corner of Baring's Land a month earlier than Captain M'Clure tried it might issue in an entrance into Melville Sound by water. If, for instance,

Captain M'Clure, entering Behring's Straits, had traced his way round Behring's Land westward, in his first year in those seas, he might have attained (we do not say he would) a more satisfactory position by the middle of September than the Bay of Mercy, into which he was forced to drive his ship the year afterwards. It is possible that Captain M'Clintock's plan of entering into Franklin's Channel by Bellot Strait, and going "southward to the Great Fish River, passing *east* of King William's Island" (p. 316), may yet be attended with success. The scheme seems founded on fairly probable data.

8. We express our hope that the exploration of these lands and seas will not be given up, inasmuch as there is no finer school for seamanship nor field for heroic enterprise than those which they offer, while, with ordinary precaution, and the care a country will readily bestow on its men of success and research, there is nothing unfriendly to life in the extreme cold of the northern regions. That ever this route will be available for commerce, we do not for a moment apprehend; but we entertain at the same time no doubt that in a favourable year, with an early start, the transit may be effected from the eastern to the western sea, and the path indicated be not only seen but followed out.

That the claims of humanity and science combined demand a further investigation of the Arctic seas, so as to complete the geographical outline of the whole of Parry's Sound south, we conceive, will be conceded at once. From Cape Walker, westward, nothing has been done since Captain Ommaney and Lieutenant Osborn discovered and named Ommaney and Osborn Bays respectively, the furthest point reached being only to long. W. 103° 25′. Captain Allen Young, that most devoted of Arctic pedestrians, with considerable risk to health and life, has indeed overlapped Osborn's discoveries *from the south*, so as to complete the insular outline of Prince of Wales' Land, and fix its designation for ever as an island. We greatly desiderate in Captain M'Clintock's narrative the verbatim journal of both Young and Hobson, to the latter of whom by far the most important Franklin discoveries are owing, while the former had the hardest work for his pains with no satisfactory results. *We venture to call for these journals.* A further westward investigation may lead to important results bearing on the whole question of a north-western passage, and at least suggest a practicable channel, other than Peel's Inlet, by means of which the *Erebus* and *Terror* reached their lat. 78° 5′ N., and long. 98° 23′ W., where they were beset in Sept., 1846. The suggestion is, that there must be, somewhere west of Cape Walker, such a course; but this is at present doubtful, as, although Captain M'Clintock was barred out by the ice so far north as Bellot Strait, in lat. 72 deg., it is not impossible that in favourable seasons there may be a passage practicable down Peel's Sound as far as Point Victory, where the last known position of Franklin's ships has been ascertained to have been.

After all that has been ascertained and done in these hyperborean regions of the earth, much still remains to be both ascertained and done, no longer in a geographical but social emergency. What is to be done is a renewed exploration of the *embouchure* of Back's Fish River, for vestiges of those evanished heroes who could not more effectually have escaped detection hitherto had they been swallowed up in a chasm of earth, like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. We must ascertain the history of the adventurers from the hour of their leaving their ship, April 26th, 1848, till the hour of their death or deliverance. We have no doubt that ample records might be found ready to be woven into an Odyssey of a polar Ulysses, an Argonautica of an Arctic Jason, or the Luçiada of some Icelandic Camöens. It is true that broken bottles and empty tin cases, in two or three instances of rifled receptacles on King William's Land, seem to tell of Esquimaux marauders making away with papers that would supply essential links in the narrative; but many other caches and cairns must have been raised on the journey of these hapless men through the wilderness—Ebenezers of thankfulness or stones of Bochim. Let these be found, and searched, and read.

Let the corpses and skeletons, moreover, be found of our yet undiscovered dead—England and humanity alike require it. Forty men together, tugging at one boat, are the highest numbers which the Esquimaux report as seen by them; but one hundred and five left the ships. Where are the other sixty and five? If they died, and some became the prey of Arctic foxes or grizzly bears, and some rotted in the summer thaw, this was probably not the fate of all; and, in any case, their bones survive. Where are these? The Esquimaux' report tells of regular burials, and hints at cannibal carousals of survivors, too horrible to believe; but, in any case, where is that formal burial-ground, where they laid their dead in frequent rows and considerable numbers, while there were many to bury and be buried? This, at least, has eluded search. Only three dead bodies have yet been met with, and those on King William's Land, not more than two or three days' journey from the ships, and these were waifs and strays, casual dead, that dropped as they went. Where is the full cemetery, the charnel-house, necropolis, in which both the ships' companies laid down their bones, and sleep—if sleep they do—in the slumber that knows no waking? No research has yet ascertained the resting-place of the multitude; and this, at least, demands thorough investigation and a decisive clearing up.

We rather wonder, too, we must confess, that M'Clintock did not insist on the guidance of the Esquimaux to that stranded ship of which they told him everywhere, which had been rifled by the men of their race, and which had proved, by its exhaustless stores of timber and iron, a gold-diggings to these wanderers of the frozen north. It could not have been far distant, on all the premises and ascertained data of the catastrophe; and its spoils met the captain on every hand, in the hut of every Esquimaux; and yet that shell of the forsaken ship was never hunted up. This we cannot but

think a great fault, demanding renewed search and reparation. The natives talked of the body of a large man being found on board, and many books. Who can tell what these might reveal, if carefully sought up? At least they would speak of Christian faith and hope in their selection, like those found in the boat: "Five or six small books were found, all of them scriptural or devotional works, except the *Vicar of Wakefield*" (p. 295). We except the exception, as we think Goldsmith's charming tale an edifying as well as interesting work of its class. But all the works of human genius pale their light before the full-orbed sun of inspiration. It is interesting to note how our English love and veneration for the Bible, which follow us everywhere, even to the regions of the reindeer and the whale, command the attention of foreigners. In the *Indépendence Belge*, a daily Belgian journal, an observant and candid writer (M. Lemoine) thus expresses himself on the subject:—

"Le sentiment intime de la Bible si commun aux Anglais, les suit partout; il les accompagne dans toutes les épreuves, les soutient dans tous les dangers. Quand le Calife Omar brûla la bibliothèque d'Alexandrie, il dit, 'si les livres ne contiennent que le Coran ils sont inutiles, s'ils contiennent autre chose, ils sont de trop sur la terre.' Ainsi, les Anglais, avec leur Bible, ce livre unique leur suffit; il contient tout. Et quand on les suit dans ces courses héroïques qu'ils font dans les régions inexplorées, on ne peut s'empêcher d'ouvrir avec eux le livre des livres. Ces intrepides pionniers, ces précurseurs de la civilization qui ouvrent à l'humanité des nouvelles voies, nous apparaissent comme des Moïses qui vont à la conquête de la terre promise."

The whole course of Arctic research, with its melancholy close, is a fresh lesson read to us on the ever-pertinent text of *vanity and vexation of spirit*. The north-west passage is probably never open for navigation, save perhaps in an exceptional year, once in a decade, or once in a century; but even if open more frequently, the passage, at the best of times, is too precarious for the uses of commerce. In pursuing this phantom we have lost some of England's best and bravest, whose bones bleach in the wilderness, or garnish the sea-monster's cave. The stable course of Heaven is in strange contrast with the feeble achievements of man: "They shall perish, but Thou remainest." While frailty pens her *In memoriam* over her human dead, the inexorable chariot-wheels of the universe crash heedlessly along their way, and grind the opposer to powder. In those regions where feeble humanity melts into impalpable decay, God still builds up his palatial architecture of avalanching snow and piled iceberg —cathedral heights of grandeur—Milan miracles of more than marble whiteness; while shining prisms of crystal paint the surface to the shifting eye with the hues of the rainbow—with natural frescoes that surpass the pencillings of Giotto. There, too, the perpetual ordinance of the Aurora plays, though the gaze that might look upon it is sealed in darkness, spanning with its luminous arches the width of heaven, opening high portals of glory into better worlds,

and dancing in the fulness of its electric joy. The winds that sweep the northern wastes will still make them merry with their mournful music, whether there be an educated ear to mark their measures or no—and life, animal life, life in the waters and life on the shore, will still roll and range, quicken and thrive, in the very presence of man's mortality. All the phenomena and scenery of the Arctic regions are emphatic insignia of the Divine power, and of the quiet irresistible working of unchangeable laws, various in aspect, yet appointed by one hand and co-operating to one end,

> "As in an organ, from one blast of wind
> To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes."

II.

ANSCHAR, THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH.

EXACTLY eight centuries have passed, according to the current computation, since the iron law of the first Emperor of Rome brought the Virgin Mother to Bethlehem, to give birth in a cattle-stall to her royal Son. Meanwhile, the Jewish peasant has made the proud pagan empire bow down to the tree of infamy to which it nailed Him, and because its homage was insincere, has dashed it in pieces like a potter's vessel. Still further to pour contempt upon the potsherds of the earth, a lamp of coarser clay is just being fashioned on the wheel of history, to carry the light to islands, shores, and continents yet unknown; and then so soon as it also shall have become too foully choked with soot and filthy lees for further honour, will be shattered in its turn. On the high festival of that lowly nativity a new Christian world is born. A second Augustus is kneeling before the symbol of weakness in the City of Strength. On his head is a diadem destined to be worn by himself and his successors for more than a thousand years; and the ornament which overtops all its glittering gold, and all its blazing gems is the cross. No augur of old Rome had divined her downfall by the hands of a crucified Jew, and the transfer of her purple to one of his barbarian worshippers; least of all that a Pontifex Maximus should solemnize the act. Yet here in the seat of the Cæsars, on the old Brumalia, now changed into the joyous commemoration of the *furcifer's* birth, the most sacred roof in the Eternal City, that dedicated not to the Capitoline Jove, but to the Galilean fisherman who has succeeded to the honours of the god, witnesses such a transfer. Karl*

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* We adopt the German form of the name, in this and analogous cases, as a protest against the too common confusion of the Frankish history with the French.

the Great, the mightiest ruler whom mankind has seen for centuries, or will see for centuries to come, is being crowned by the most venerated of priests Emperor of the West, and devoutly pledges himself as such never to forget that he is the servant of the Nazarene.

We need not stop to point out how this consecration by Leo III., in old St. Peter's, of the great Frankish realm, stretching from the Ebro to the Elbe, and from the Baltic to the Appenines, was far from being an unmixed triumph for Christianity. Yet with every drawback—and they are many—it was surely a sublime moment in its victorious march towards the final consummation, although the outward pomp and splendour of the scene served but to bedim its real significance. Neither the pontiff with his *ampulla*, nor the Frank soldier on whose head, during a momentary pause in his Thirty Years' War against the pagan Saxons, the sacred oil is poured, is the most fitting exponent afforded by even that rude age of the holy Christmas mystery. A manifestation of the truth, that God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty, happened about the same time in a remote province of Karl's empire, which, if less conspicuous than that dazzling display before the high altar of the principal church in Christendom, was far truer to the original. For it was within this ecclesiastical year, and perhaps whilst the Roman deacon was reading in that imperial solemnity the Gospel for the Advent season, that a poor but pious Picard mother gave birth to the Apostle of the North. The great evangelist of Scandinavia, Anschar, was thus a native of the same district of France which, seven centuries afterwards, when the long and harsh apprenticeship of the Mediæval Church was just drawing to a close, produced a still greater man, the Romanic Reformer, Calvin. After crossing the Channel from Folkestone in one of the South Eastern Company's splendid steamers, you are in Picardy as soon as you land at Boulogne. Beneath the pavement of the new cathedral, lately opened there with so much pomp, is a very ancient crypt; and if, as is not unlikely, you have paced its solemn and sombre aisles, you may possibly have been treading in the very footsteps of Anschar. Two-thirds of the railway thence to Paris passes through Picardy, of which Amiens was formerly the capital.

Born thus beneath the sceptre of the first Frank Cæsar, Anschar belongs to that period of *renaissance* styled after its founder, the Karolingian age, when Europe once more began to settle down into something like order after the Northern deluge. In the history of the Church that age stands just midway between the time of Apostolic purity and the epoch when ecclesiastical corruption had attained such Titanic proportions that Reformation or death became inevitable. This is its chronological signature, and the more closely we study it, the more proofs shall we discover that its inward character corresponds to this intermediate position which it occupies on the chart of time. It is more than most, before or since, a yeasty age, teeming with fresh creative energies for good and also for evil. But the antagonist forces which are afterwards to come into glaring contrast

and open conflict with each other, as yet either repose peaceably side by side, or if they do occasionally fence, it seems but in sport, and with buttons on their foils. The popes are loyal subjects, and the emperors are bent on increasing the power of the priesthood and its chiefs as a moral and civilizing influence. There are as yet no Hildebrands on the one side, and no Henrys and Frederics on the other. In this age were forged the Decretals, that famous arsenal of the papacy. Yet though designed in the first instance to favour the metropolitans, rather than the See of Peter, it is one of these, the great Hincmar of Rheims, who explodes the fraud. On the other hand we find Hincmar denouncing as a heretic Gottschalk, the Predestinarian, the forerunner of Wycliffe and Calvin, who, strangely enough, is vindicated by the bishops of Rome. In the bosom of the same monastery of Corvey, a tranquil controversy breaks out between an unfledged Aquinas, Paschasius Radbert, the inventor of Transubstantiation, and brother Ratramnus, an undeveloped Zwingli, its opponent. It was in this convent, and under its abbot Paschasius, that Anschar was trained; yet it would not be safe to assume that the pupil agreed with his teacher on this question, since it seems pretty certain that the founder of the Tridentine theology was for a long time in the minority. Rome which had spurned the yoke of the Iconoclast Greek emperors, tamely submits to the prohibition of image worship throughout the Frank dominions; and the Karoline books, written by Karl the Great's own court divines against the abuse, acquire the force of law in St. Peter's itself. Spain, afterwards fertile in inquisitors and Jesuits, now produces a great Reformer, Claude, subsequently bishop of Turin, who dies in the communion of the Church, without having encountered any serious persecution. He, too, as well as Gottschalk, and other heralds of the dawn on the one hand, and Paschasius Radbert, Pope Nicholas I., and their coadjutors in the work of darkness on the other hand, was a contemporary of Anschar. We see that it is a time which bears two manner of peoples in its womb.

We observe the same startling dualism in the Christian missions of that age. In Karl the Great's Saxon wars, and in other too similar instances in which he and his immediate successors did not scruple to offer their foes the alternative of baptism or the sword, we see antedated all the following Cainish struggles for the armed propagation of the faith, which are the peculiar infamy of the Church that boasts of being the One Spouse of the Lamb. But there is also, happily, a brighter page. There is one of the Karolingian missions which admirably foreshadows the Protestant type of evangelization; and it is the more worthy of attention, because it is the only considerable exception which meets us in that age to the dreary uniformity of the rule of forcible conversion.

This honourable exception is Anschar's Scandinavian mission. The bleak and barren soil of those jagged Norse Peninsulas which he sowed with the seed of the Gospel, was not first watered with blood. Yet it is a cheering fact, which strikes at the root of many a plausible apology

for the more military method then in vogue, that it throve none the less. Doubtless the crop thus planted was of slower growth than elsewhere. But what of that? It was never eradicated, and the hardy exotic could only thus have become acclimatized on those inhospitable and storm-swept shores. How else, but by the law of kindness, could those fierce Vikings, whose home was on the thundering main, have been subdued? At a later period, long after the death of their Apostle, when Christianity having mounted the throne, persecution was unwisely and wickedly waged against the pagan minority, the dissidents emigrated *en masse* to Iceland, and there maintained for some time longer the outraged religion of Odin.* And, surely, if in the homesteads of those daring pirates, whose name was the terror of Christendom from Sicily to the Hebrides, and who in Anschar's own time laid waste the capitals of his sovereign, Paris and Aix, the Gospel needed no carnal weapons to open the way for its approach, it could have done without them anywhere. Like the Apostle of the North, its ambassadors might have fallen asleep without seeing the full fruits of their toils and sufferings, but in due season the harvest would have been garnered, if by other hands.

As already hinted, Anschar, like so many others of the greatest heroes of the faith, was dedicated to God from the womb, and was the child of many prayers. In his fifth year, however, he lost his godly mother. After her death he dreamt he saw her in the bright train of the Queen of Heaven, and heard her ask him whether he was willing to come to his mother. On the pious child's expressing his earnest longing to do so: "Renounce then," said she, "the vanities of the world, and let your only endeavour be, how you may best please God, and belong wholly to Him." Already had his parents placed him in the monastery of Corvey, near Amiens. Attached to the convent was a flourishing school under Paschasius Radbert, afterwards abbot of this ancient and celebrated Benedictine house. Anschar was his most diligent pupil, and his thirst for the religious life keeping pace with his intellectual growth, he in due time received the tonsure, cheerfully surrendering the long hair of the Frankish freeman, in token of his having become the servant of the Lord. Meanwhile, his inward feelings and aspirations were still reflected in the forms of his excitable imagination. Voices from the upper sphere continued to call him thither. He saw shining fingers beckoning him home to the world of light when he should have finished, like a hireling reaper, his day's work in the missionary harvest, and won the martyr's crown. On one occasion, for instance, he thought he mingled with the bright throng around the throne on high, and he states what he witnessed as follows:—"All the ranks of the heavenly host, standing round in exultation, drew joy from the fountain of light. The light was immeasurable, so that I could trace neither beginning nor end to it. And although I could see far and

* The Edda belongs to Iceland, and is the record of the expiring faith of these pagan pilgrim fathers.

near, yet I could not discern that which was embraced within that immeasurable light. I saw nothing but its outward shining, yet I believed that He was there, of whom St. Peter says, that even the angels desire to behold Him. He himself was, in a certain sense, in all, and all around Him were in Him. He encompassed them from without, and supplying their every want, inspired and guided them from within. In every direction alike He was all. There was neither sun nor moon to give light there, nor any appearance of heaven or earth. But the brightness of the transparent ether was such, that instead of being in the least oppressive, it refreshed the eye, satisfying the souls of all with inexpressible bliss. And from the midst of that immeasurable light, a heavenly voice addressed me, saying, 'Go, and return to me again, crowned with martyrdom.'" Two years afterwards, whilst wrestling in prayer as was his wont, he had another of these visions. He thought the Redeemer appeared to him, and bade him confess his sins that he might obtain absolution. He said, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; not a thought is hidden from Thee." But the Lord answered, "It is true that I know all things; yet for all that it is my will that men should confess to Me their sins, that they may be forgiven." Upon this the young *estatico* confessed his sins, and Christ assured Him they were forgiven, which filled him with unutterable joy. On another occasion, after receiving a fresh assurance from the Saviour of the forgiveness of his sins, his devout gratitude overflowed in the inquiry, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" upon which he thought he heard Christ saying to him, "Go, preach the word of God to the tribes of the heathen." We have, evidently, here a heart deeply stirred by the Spirit of God, if the form of the young Christian Nazarite's piety is unmistakably that of the age, and bears besides the stamp of a certain *naïve* enthusiasm. The boy in the cloister of Corvey reminds us of the child Samuel in the tabernacle at Shiloh. We see, too, projected in his visions, the powerful impression made upon him by the current accounts of the missionary labours and martyrdom of the Hampshire man Winfrid, the Apostle of the Germans, and his companions, some of whom may possibly have survived to Anschar's own time.

Meanwhile, the fields were opening for which the workman was thus girding his loins. Karl the Great died in 814, and the event, we are told, greatly deepened the young Picard's sense of the nothingness of earthly things. For he had seen the mighty emperor in all his glory, and he now renewed his vows more fervently than ever "to belong only to the Lord." The conqueror of the Saxons had already determined to plant monasteries amongst them as centres of Christian culture, but he met with unexpected difficulties, and was cut down by death before he was able to carry out his design. He had, however, paved the way for it, by distributing Saxon captives amongst the Frankish religious houses, who should afterwards go forth as monks to evangelize their countrymen. A large number of these young Saxons fell to the share of Corvey, and one of them, Theodrad by name,

suggested that a monastery should be founded on a well-watered
of land belonging to his father's estate. The abbot Adalhard, a
man of the emperor Karl, approved of the idea, and sent the
monk home to negotiate the affair. Adalhard was soon afterwar
posed, but his successor, who bore the same name, zealously took
business; and at the Diet of Paderborn, held A.D. 815, a year
Karl's death, his son, the new emperor, Ludwig the Pious, ga
sanction to the scheme. But this first colony from Corvey pro
failure, since provisions were so scarce in the region, that b
waggon-loads of the produce of the more fertile fields of Picardy,
them from the parent monastery, the monks must have starved. I
after a six years' trial, the site* was abandoned, and a new and
hopeful one was obtained from the emperor, belonging to his
domains on the river Weser, between Cassel and Pyrmont. Her
the afterwards famous conventual establishment, which, far ec
the mother whose name it bore, is known as *the* Corvey of mec
history. It was founded A.D. 822, and of *this* swarm which
forth from Picardy to occupy the new hive, our Anschar was o
the leaders. Nay, since to him was committed the new conv
school, to him belongs the honour of having first lighted u
Pharos of the Dark Ages. Here, too, he began to preach t
heathen; for the waters of the Weser, into which the Saxon
been driven by thousands at the point of the sword, had not w
away their old pagan nature. In this valuable preparatory wo
laboured for four years.

But already in the year of his exodus from Old or Golden C
as it is styled by the monkish chroniclers, to the New, the icy
of the North began to turn on their hinges, as if in response t
movement of its Apostle towards them. A dispute had sprung
Denmark as to the right of succession to the Crown; and Harald
one of its princes who ruled in Jutland, sent an embassy in tha
to invoke the intervention of the emperor Ludwig. The em
in return, despatched an embassy to the court of Harald, at He
the present Schleswig; and, in addition to the political business
which it was charged, Ebbo, Archbishop of Rheims and Prim
France, who was placed at its head, was specially instructed to
the way for the introduction of a Christian mission into the co
Ebbo, who, besides being the Frank monarch's favourite statesma
no less zealous as a churchman, had long been ambitious of de
himself to the conversion of the Danes, and threw himself so he
into the work, that before he left Jutland, King Harald had de
in favour of Christianity. In A. D. 826, the royal convert, whose
sequent conduct justifies the suspicion that political motives may
had much to do with his change of religion, paid a state visit t
emperor at Ingelheim, where, with his queen and a portion o

* Its ancient name was Hetha or Hechi, and tradition identifies it with
near Neuhaus, in the bailiwick of Uslar in Hanover.

numerous suite, he received baptism. Ludwig himself stood sponsor for the king, and his empress Judith for the queen. Inquiry was now made by the devout Ludwig, of Warinus,* abbot of the missionary monastery of New Corvey, for a suitable person to accompany his godson on his return to his native land. The abbot at once named a young monk, whom he knew to be thirsting for the honour of the martyr's crown. This was Anschar, who at once volunteered, and so wrought upon a brother monk, Autbert, who endeavoured to dissuade him from engaging in this forlorn hope, that he won him for his companion in the mission. The two evangelists were honoured with an interview with the emperor, who received them graciously, furnished them with church utensils, tents, and other necessaries for their journey, and then commended them to the king. The royal savage, however, who seems to have had no eye for his new religion, save in silver slippers, handled the humble monks very roughly, even before they cleared the Rhine on their way by Holland to Denmark. Afterwards, indeed, when Bishop Hadebod, of Cologne, presented them with a vessel for their voyage, he himself accepted a passage in it, and by their exemplary Christian meekness he was at length very much softened.

Leaving them thus to improve their acquaintance on board, let us now take a rapid bird's-eye survey of this Scandinavia of the Karolingian age, towards which the ark of the Gospel is scudding. Its physical aspect was, of course, the same then as now, save that its firs have been thinned to build a thousand cities, and to furnish the masts and decks of a thousand navies. But the shores, all crag and cliff, jagged with deep fiords, as though, like the sword-fishes and the Vikings who dart in and out of them, they could never have enough of the sea, have seen no change since the last geological epoch, and will see none till the next. Deluges of rain and weird fogs drenched then as now, in vain, its patches of sand and barren heath. What there was of more generous soil was then as much a wilderness as the rest, for tillage was almost unknown. Piracy was the staple trade which victimized every other, even such as was struggling into life amongst the countrymen of the rovers, and on all sea-coasts as well as on all merchandize afloat, the "Raven" pounced only to plunder, and to dip its beak and claws in blood. It is, doubtless, the original of the black flag of more modern buccaneers. The Bird of Night, it flapped its gory wings in triumph, as it devoured its prey at home in its Baltic eyry, and little heeded the dove, already on its flight, to dispute with it its solitary reign. It is true, as hinted above, that there were fitful attempts at commerce—in skins and furs, for instance, with Novogorod the *entrepot* for Russia. There were even two or three trading seaports, which, by artificially blocking up with rocks the entrances to their roadsteads and harbours, so that none but the local pilots could thread the narrow

* Neander erroneously says it was Abbot Wala who presided over *Old* Corvey at this time.

and intricate passages, sought to keep off too obtrusive friends and neighbours. More inland and on the banks of the large and numerous lakes, roamed herds of reindeer, which were owned by the magnates of the land. It was naturally amongst that portion of the population which was devoted to the more peaceful enterprises of commerce, or to pastoral pursuits, that the Cross would first be planted, and we can form a tolerable idea of the mode of life led by these classes from accounts nearly contemporary. Adam of Bremen says: "Norway, by reason of the ruggedness of its mountains and its exceeding coldness, is the most unfruitful of all countries, and fit only for pasture: as, amongst the Arabs, their flocks and herds run at large. These are the support of the inhabitants. The milk serves them for food, and the wool of their sheep for clothing. It frequently happens," he adds, "in Norway as well as in Sweden, that the most aristocratic persons look after their flocks and herds themselves, after the manner of the patriarchs, and live by the labour of their hands." But the most graphic sketch of pastoral and commercial life as they existed at this time in Scandinavia, is that given by the Norse traveller, Othere, to our own king Alfred, towards the close of this century, and incorporated in the latter's Anglo-Saxon translation of Orosius. "Othere said," we there read, "that the country where he lived is called Heligoland, and that nobody is settled to the northward of him. He was a rich man, and had abundance of the possessions in which their wealth consists—to wit, deer. He owned, at the time he conversed with the king, six hundred tame animals, none of which had he bought. These animals are called reindeer. Six of the number were decoy reindeer, which are highly prized by the Fins, for by means of them they catch the wild reindeer. He was one of the first men of the country, although he owned no more than a score cows, a score sheep, and a score swine, and the little patch which he tilled he cultivated by horse labour. But their principal income is derived from the contributions levied on the subject Fins. This tribute consists of skins, eider-down, whalebone, and ship's tackling, which is manufactured from the skins of whales and sea-dogs. Every subject Fin pays tribute according to his ability. The richest is bound to deliver fifteen marten-skins, as well as five reindeer skins, a bear's skin, ten barrels of eider-down, a smock made of bear's or otter's skin, and two ship's cables, each sixty ells in length, one made of whale's skin, and the other of sea-dog's skin." We have here a striking picture of one of those Scandinavian patriarchs, of whom Adam of Bremen speaks, painted by the man himself. We see the Norse squire surrounded by his subject Fins, and living partly on the produce of his herds or his scanty harvests, and partly on the tribute of his serfs. In another passage, train oil and sea-horse teeth are added to the inventory of Norse possessions. "Besides the pleasure of seeing foreign countries," Alfred continues, "a desire to capture sea-horses prompted Othere to undertake the voyage, in which he sailed round Norway; for their teeth furnish a very valuable sort of bone, and their hides are very good for

making cables of. The sea-horse is smaller than the whale, and is not more than seven ells long. Off Heligoland is found the best whale fishing: they are there from forty-eight to fifty ells in length. Othere told me that with six large ships he had killed sixty of them in two days." The thirst for adventure and for seeing strange lands, of which Othere is a good example, sometimes carried these ancient mariners very far out of the ordinary ocean tracks. According to the very old Icelandic historian, Are, the Norse Viking Gunbjörn was driven by a storm on to the American coast, about A. D. 878, or a few years after Anschar's death, and the reports he brought back led to the formation, within a century or so, of Christian settlements in Greenland, Newfoundland, and Pennsylvania.

It should not be overlooked, as some slight extenuation of the piratical habits of the Norsemen, that the poverty of their country threw them for support on the harvests of the sea, that they regarded their predatory expeditions as war, and that war was sanctioned and hallowed by their religion. That religion, of which the Edda is the most authentic monument, was substantially the same with that of all the families belonging to the great Gothic race; and it is easy to piece out from this extant Bible of pagan Scandinavia the fragmentary accounts, given us by Tacitus, of the faith of the ancient Germans. There are not wanting traces in the Edda, and especially in the Wœluspa, that gem of the entire collection, that a lofty ethical spirit originally animated the system, fitting it, to say the least, to be no worse a preparation for Christianity than the mythologies of Greece and Rome.

The oldest Gothic belief was in the Vanes, gentle and kind genii, and in Freyr, named above, a kind of peaceful Poseidon, with his sister Freya, the Gothic Aphrodite. The Odin religion was a later growth, with which, however, the more primitive faith was partially blended. Odin, the great god, created heaven and earth out of his own body, and the first human pair out of the alder and the ash. The first man lived in a paradisaical state, in the fellowship of the gods, in a city built by those divinities the Ases, or Anses, and called after the builders, Asgard. Anschar's own name contains this word, combined with another meaning "lance," or "spear," and accordingly denotes "the spear of God." But the golden age in Asgard was doomed to end. Lok, who alone had been spared and received amongst the Ases, with Odin at their head, when the giants were overthrown by them, introduced into it vice and evil. This mischief-loving tempter and mocker of gods and men, who, however, is represented as an imp rather than a fiend, occasions the death of Baldur, the noblest and purest of the Ases. With the death of Baldur, crime and calamity gain more and more the upper hand; the monsters of the abyss break loose, the sad "twilight of the Ases" deepens into utter darkness, gods and men perish in internecine struggles with the giants, and the end of the world draws on. Then suddenly Baldur re-appears, the lord of a better age, to dispense glorious rewards to all who shall meanwhile have shown themselves brave, and condign punishment to cowards.

None but freemen who have died sword in hand are entitled to the delights of Walhalla. For women and slaves, nothing but a shadowy prolongation of their present sad lot is to be looked for beyond the grave. In the hall of Odin the glorified heroes daily fight their battles over again. The Walkyres—their guardian spirits, who chose them out of the slain on the battle-field, gave them immortality, and fondly flew with them to Walhalla—wait upon them still, and hand them huge beakers of mead to quaff. Daily also the great wild boar, Sahrimnar, is roasted for them whole; and, after being eaten, is renewed every evening. Odin's own portion is thrown by the god to his two wolves, Geri and Freki, who crouch at his feet under the daïs. For he needs no flesh; wine is to him both meat and drink.

But to return to the missionaries whom Providence had destined to shake this heathen system to its foundations. On their arrival at Hadeby —as we have already said Schleswig was then called—in company with the king, they are said to have met with considerable success, and to have made many converts from the first. This can hardly have been the case, and is doubtless an exaggeration of the monkish chroniclers, who are wont to forget that the gift of tongues has ceased. Though the Danish must have then been far more closely akin to the German dialects than now, yet much time must have been spent by the foreign monks in mastering the idiom of the country. Moreover, when our informants come to specific facts, we find no indications of any extraordinary success in the case. Quite the contrary. So unfavourably disposed towards Christianity were Harald's subjects, that his having embraced it led to his being driven across the frontier within a couple of years from his return; and in A.D. 829 Anschar himself—whose comrade, Autbert, had already, through sickness, been compelled to retreat to Corvey, where he shortly afterwards died—found it necessary to retire for this time. All that he had as yet been able to effect was the establishment of a school of twelve boys, some of whom he had purchased, the rest having been presented to him by Harald. In thus forwarding Anschar's plans for the training of future teachers of his nation, as well as in his holding his crown cheaper than his religion, the king affords pleasing proof that his voyage on board the missionary ship has done him a world of good. On the whole, however, this Danish door has, for the present, been opened but a very little way. A single beam of light has startled the darkness which reigns in that den of pirates, and now it is slammed to again. The Apostle of the North has met with his first repulse, but he still keeps his loving eye upon it; and when called elsewhither, gives strict charge to Brother Gislemar to watch in his stead.

The scene now changes to Sweden. For Providence so ordained that about this very time envoys from Björn, king of that portion of Scandinavia, where by means of Christian captives and the commercial intercourse with the then flourishing port of Dorstede some seeds of the Gospel had been scattered, arrived at the court of the Emperor Ludwig the Pious. These ambassadors, with the view possibly of

ingratiating themselves with the Frank ruler, and thus the better attaining their political objects, told him there were many Christians in Sweden, and invited him to send them priests. The emperor proposed this mission to Anschar, who at once declared himself ready to embark in any undertaking likely to glorify the name of Christ. Accordingly, in the summer of A.D. 829, he took a passage for himself and Witmar, a brother monk of Corvey, on board a trading-vessel bound for Sweden, carrying with him many presents with which he had been intrusted by the emperor for King Björn. On the voyage he had practical proof of the sort of people to whom he was taking the Gospel. The ship was attacked by pirates, who stripped them of their all, and then seem to have flung them, to take their chance, on a barren and unknown shore. His companions were for endeavouring to return, but Anschar declared he would not think of doing so, until God should have revealed to him that the time was not yet come for His word to be preached in Sweden. Through woods and across lakes, therefore, they pushed on at his earnest entreaty, and at length reached the town of Birka, on the Lake of Mälarn, then a considerable port near Sigtuna, the ancient capital of the kingdom, and not far from the present metropolis, Stockholm. Björn received the emperor's presents graciously, and readily accorded Anschar permission to preach in his country, and to baptize any of his subjects who might wish to change their religion. Of this liberty the missionaries joyfully availed themselves, and not only strengthened the faith of the Christians whom they found there already, by administering to them, bond and free alike, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, but induced some of the Pagans also to cast in their lot with them. The most eminent amongst these new converts was the nobleman Herigar, the governor of one of the provinces, who was honoured to erect on his own freehold estate the first Christian church in Sweden. After labouring thus with cheering success for a year and a half, Anschar in A.D. 831 returned to the emperor at Aix to report progress, and to lay the foundation for more extensive and systematic assaults against the strongholds of Scandinavian idolatry.

He so deeply interested the imperial devotee in his important work by these communications, that Ludwig determined to carry out forthwith the plan formerly entertained by his father for the establishment of a missionary metropolitan see at Hamburg, to which Anschar was to be consecrated. The unaspiring monk, however, steadily declined until the consent of the German Church to this new foundation should have been first obtained. This was arranged accordingly, and Anschar, having been raised to the new dignity, was sent to Rome, to procure the Pope's confirmation of the new archbishopric, and to receive the *pallium*. Since, moreover, the see thus created was rich only in cares, and was exposed to constant inroads from the north, the emperor gave him the abbacy of Thoroult, situated in Flanders, between Bruges and Ypres, for his support. Pope Gregory IV. not only ratified all that had been done, but also further showed his sense of the importance of this scheme for evangelizing the North, by associating with Anschar

in the work the Frank primate, Ebbo of Rheims, who being himself unable personally to embark in the enterprise, forthwith ordained as his substitute his nephew Gauzbert to the episcopal superintendence of the rising Swedish mission. Gauzbert entered into Anschar's labours with great zeal, and carried on the work with much success, till in A.D. 845 a storm of heathen reaction burst forth. The bishop was attacked in his own house, plundered of everything, and harried out of the country by the fanatical Pagan mob. For six years, in spite of all Anschar's earnest endeavours, nothing more could be done in that quarter. At length, however, in A.D. 851, he prevailed on a pious recluse, Ardgar, to forsake his hermitage, and to resume the Swedish enterprise. Ardgar was warmly welcomed by Herigar and the rest of the scattered flock, who had been so long destitute of the most precious ordinances and consolations of their adopted religion. Yet even in the interval progress had been made, and the Lord had carried on the work by means of native converts. In one instance, indeed, no other than a heathen priest had helped to spread the growing impression of the power of Christ. One of those maddened pagans who had plundered Bishop Gauzbert's house deposited his booty, amongst which was a church book, in the house of his father. The son and many other relatives of the family died shortly after, and the old man, smitten too by other calamities which befell him at the same time, consulted his priest, who told him he must have offended the God of the Christians, for he was sure so pious a man could have outraged no other of the gods. The man vowed satisfaction to Christ; and, yielding up the Christian volume, tied it to a stake, where it was found by the Christian who told the story to Anschar's scholar and biographer, Rimbert. The curious trophy was handed to Ardgar on his arrival.

Amongst the new converts, the most zealous was Herigar, the stadtholder, who had never lost any opportunity of furthering the good cause. On one occasion, when Birka was threatened by an invading army, and the inhabitants had implored in vain the help of their gods, he had boldly proposed to them to try his own God, whom he declared to be the Almighty. They listened to him, and at his instance actually held a solemn convocation in a large field, and vowed a fast to the Lord Christ, and a distribution of alms in His name. Thus wonderfully was the soil prepared for the good seed of the kingdom. For two years Ardgar scattered it plentifully, after which, upon Herigar's death, he seems to have become discouraged, and retired to his hermitage once more.

We next find Anschar himself re-appearing on this scene of his early triumphs. At first, indeed, he entreated Gauzbert to return to his post; but the bishop plausibly pleaded his unpopularity, and the bitter hatred evinced towards him when his house had been stormed eight years before, as likely to prove a serious hindrance to the truth. Anschar felt the force of the argument, and prepared to go himself. He was the more disposed to this course on account of a dream he had had, at a time when his spirit was greatly bowed down by his overwhelming

anxiety for the prosperity of the Swedish mission. He dreamt he saw Abbot Adalhard of Corvey in glory, who foretold to him that from his lips the islands and the distant tribes should hear the Word of God; that he was destined to carry salvation to the ends of the earth; and that the Lord would glorify His servant. This last intimation he understood of that call to martyrdom which he had all along anticipated; which, however, was not to be his lot. He seemed very near it, indeed, on his first landing again in Sweden. But before we speak of this, a few words must be said as to what he had been doing since he left Birka, and was raised to the archbishopric of Hamburg.

The Danish mission continued in abeyance for many years, save that Anschar did all he could in the way of preparation for better times. The Christian prince, Harald, had been succeeded by Horik, a pagan and a persecutor. Still Anschar did not abandon the hope of mollifying this bitter enemy of the Gospel, and meanwhile he patiently persevered in the adoption of every method in his power of ultimately making a breach in the sealed ramparts. He was unwearied in his exertions to evangelize his own extensive but almost wholly heathen diocese, which comprised at first no more than four churches. The more and the better Christians there were on his own bank of the Eider, the more surely would their religion cross over the narrow stream, and beautify the other bank also with the tree of life. All the surplus revenues of his poor see and of his monastery were invested, moreover, in that singular sort of slave-trade in which we have already seen him engaged in Hadeby. He purchased numbers of Slavonian and Scandinavian youths, whom he afterwards trained as monks and priests under his own eye, or sent them to Thoroult for the same purpose, intending to employ them as missionaries to their heathen countrymen. A heavy calamity befel him whilst engaged in carrying out his plans. In A.D. 845, the same year in which Bishop Gauzbert had been chased from Sweden, Hamburg was fallen upon by the Northmen. The ruthless pagans made the clergy and the churches, as usual, the special object of their fury; and the good archbishop was beggared. The splendid cathedral which he had built, together with the adjoining monastery, as well as his library, the gift of the emperor, were reduced to a heap of smoking ruins, and he had much ado to escape with his life and his relics. But for the Christian kindness of a noble lady of Holstein, named Ida, he and his ecclesiastical family must have starved. Yet he murmured not, but said with Job, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away—He hath done what seemed Him good—blessed be the name of the Lord." From his retreat on the Lady Ida's estate at Rameshoe he sallied forth to seek the bloody footsteps of the destroyers through his wasted diocese, and, like a good Samaritan, to heal the wounds they had inflicted.

In the same year, however, the bishopric of Bremen fell vacant, and four years afterwards the Metropolitan See was transferred thither, where its establishments would be safer from barbarian and pagan outrage. At the same time its revenues were very much increased by the

change, and with them the resources of the mission. Anschar was now able to make considerable presents to King Horik of Denmark, which was a favourite method with him of breaking down opposition to the truth. Moreover, in the conduct of some diplomatic business with which he was entrusted at the court of the Danish monarch, he so won upon his confidence and respect, that Horik declared he would have to do with no other negotiator in his transactions with the neighbouring empire. The violent Diocletian was not, it is true, softened into a Constantine, but he now readily gave his sanction to the propagation of Christianity within his dominions, and Anschar was allowed to erect a church at Hadeby. Many of the Danes were baptized, and the movement thus begun slowly but surely gathered strength, until, under our own Canute, no pagan reaction was any more to be feared.

Anschar's influence with King Horik was also of great service to the Swedish mission, to which we must now accompany the Apostle of the North. The royal Dane sent with him an envoy to the court of King Olof, to say that he was well acquainted with this servant of God, who came to him as an ambassador from the German Emperor Ludwig. Never in all his life, he added, had he seen so good a man, nor found one so worthy of confidence. Having found him to be a man of such singular goodness, he had himself, he said, let him order everything as he chose in regard to Christianity. Accordingly he begged King Olof to allow him in like manner to arrange everything as he pleased for the introduction of Christianity into his own kingdom, for that he would do nothing but what was good and right. A more striking instance than this of the importance of a Christian bishop's having a good report of them that are without, is, perhaps, not to be found in history.

Anschar arrived at Birka in the very midst of a crisis in which he required such powerful intercession. A national champion of the faith of Odin, maddened to the highest pitch of fanaticism by the progress of Christianity, had just arisen. This man announced himself to the Swedes as a messenger from the gods, to make known their wrath at the neglect into which their worship had fallen, and at the honours rendered to a foreign divinity. If they wanted a new god, the heathen prophet said, they should build a temple to Ericht, one of their ancient kings. The fiery speeches of the Norse Porphyry told powerfully upon the people, his suggestion was adopted with acclamation, and this pagan revival was at its height in the moment at which Anschar landed at Birka. The native Christians, alarmed for his life, implored him to retreat, but he had counted the cost and steadfastly refused. Yet, although eager, as we have seen, for the martyr's crown, and prepared, as he told the trembling converts, to face any amount and form of torture, he would not neglect prudent precautions. He invited King Olof to a banquet, and soothed him, as was his wont, with presents. Having thus conciliated the Swedish monarch's good will, he personally pressed the request contained in King Horik's letter, that he might be allowed to preach the Christian faith. The king was not himself averse

from granting it, but since his authority was limited he could only promise to convoke the Folkthing or popular legislative assembly, and himself to support the proposal after consulting the gods by lot. In the interval Anschar gave himself to prayer, and whilst engaged in celebrating the mass, felt so strong a faith as to the result that he said to a priest who stood by him at the altar, "I am now sure of my cause; grace will be with them." Nor was his joyful anticipation disappointed.

The decisive day dawned. The matter was first laid by the king before his nobles, who demanded an appeal to the will of the gods by lot. It was favourable to the admission of the new religion. The king now, according to his pledge, put the question to the Folkthing. When the debate waxed warm, an eventful turn was given to it by a very old man, who rose in the midst of this Swedish parliament and said, "Hear me, king and people; many of us, no doubt, have already learned that this God can be of help to those who trust in Him; for many of us here have had experience of it in dangers at sea, and in manifold straits. Why, then, should we spurn what is necessary and useful to us? Once, several of us travelled, for the sake of this religion, to Dorstede, and there embraced it uninvited. At present the seas have become dangerous by piracy. Why, then, should we not embrace what we once felt constrained to seek in distant parts, now that it is offered at our own doors?" He carried the assembly with him, and the promulgation of the Gospel was thus legalized throughout Gothland. In Sweden Proper also a similar decision was shortly afterwards come to, and Erimbert, a priest, was despatched to forward the movement in that quarter. Anschar erected a church on a site given by the king, and purchased another himself for a parsonage-house. After completing these establishments, and leaving behind him a number of his associate ecclesiastics to carry on the work of evangelization, he returned to his diocese in A. D. 854.

During the remainder of his lifetime the pious and ardent missionary archbishop watched with sleepless solicitude over the welfare of the infant Scandinavian churches, and in his last sickness he wrote to the emperor and to the German bishops to commend them to their faith and zeal. He died in his sixty-fifth year, on the festival of the Purification of the Virgin, February 3rd, A. D. 865, with the words on his lips, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner! Into Thy hands I commend my spirit." When the sick, who from distant parts were wont to seek his prayers, showed any inclination to speak of their subsequent recovery as miracles, the humble man would say, "Could I deem myself worthy of such a favour from the Lord, I would pray him to vouchsafe me but this *one* miracle—that out of me he would make a good man." That prayer was heard; and pagans owned in him, as we see in the instance of King Horik, the awfulness of goodness. That Christians should have acknowledged it also is less surprising; but towards their inconsistencies it sometimes manifested itself in a form of keen rebuke, impossible to withstand. Thus, on

one occasion, when he heard of some of the baptized magnates of his diocese who were guilty of the enormity of kidnapping some fugitive Christian slaves, and forcing them into their service, he went straightway into their midst, and shamed them into the liberation of the captives. He had no other arms than those of the Spirit; and the might of these weapons, which is so strikingly displayed in this incident, is the pregnant moral of Anschar's entire history, and is the key to all his triumphs as the Apostle of the North.

III.

THE OLD MULBERRY GARDEN AND THE MODERN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

By Walter Thornbury.

Time, who is a harlequin, famous for his tricks and changes, seems to treat London as the scene of a pantomime that takes a great many centuries playing, but still must come to the green-curtain drop at last. Wonderful are the changes and tricks he effects, telling the gentlemen of the stage, whether clown or king, the proper time for their entrance and their exit. His scenes are on a large scale, and they flap and slide about just like the scenes of the pantomime of my simile—(this cold weather it is impossible to keep metaphors quite congruous). Now a king's London palace, at a slap of his wand, becomes a hospital; now a gallow's green becomes a fashionable street. Perhaps Harlequin Time wills it that now a Niagara sausage-machine roar in the cellar where Mrs. Brownrigg murdered her apprentice. Now that a coal-wharf shall take the place of the Norman castle that once frowned upon the banks of the crystal Thames, the "silver-footed Thamesis," whose *strand* the poet Herrick, exiled to his rough Devonshire vicarage, longed to repace, or "reiterate," as he somewhat fantastically calls it.

The harlequin Time, with his changeful wand ever vibrating over our dear black-faced, changeful, dirty, delightful city, has played, and is still playing, strange tricks. There was the little, swift, crystal streamlet, the Fleet—swallow swift and fleet-chasing, ripple after ripple, from its hilly source in some Hampstead meadow, is now a vaulted-up, loathsome, poison-breathing sewer, full of rats and odours, that are so strong they run about in visible shapes, and is no more fit to be seen than a charnel-house, or a plague-pit newly covered. The little fairy nymph of that Fleet stream has long since died an Ophelia

death, and lies buried forty fathoms' deep in this fat and stagnant Styx of subterranean London—a sad type of all the bright youth and childhood that has grown old, and wicked, and festering, bad, and has died, and corrupted away, in this our wicked old London. The Fleet seems to me—if I may be allowed to draw a simile from a book I love much—the unhappy *Little Nell* of rivers; the Babe in the Wood, killed by its naughty uncles, the nightmen of London. Shall I stay to trace its decline, as it thickened and darkened like a painter's glass, when he washes his Indian-ink brush? Shall I tell how it flowed under the cruel thieves' haunts of the bad cocked-hat time—the heartless, false, artificial time—when, through bloody trap-doors and secret apertures, often by moon glimpses at the dead of night, stabbed and battered bodies were splashed into its waters by masked highwaymen and blaspheming wretches, with pistols still smoking, sticking from their huge flapped pockets. This is *Change* No. 1.

Change No. 2.—Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the Duke of Ancaster and other of Horace Walpole's grand, patched, and periwigged, false, fribbly friends lived, with sprinkle of judges and great men (brain great, not pocket great)—fading to the stony row of silent chambers of 1860—where the grimy laundress sweeps the foot-marked door-steps, and where sparse grass grows between the bald white stones of the courtyards.

Change No. 3 of my sample changes; taken at random. The site of the National Gallery, in the Middle Ages the King's Mews; where, in grassy plots, the dandelion balanced its hollow globe of down, like a floral acrobat, with one trick, or spread its yellow shield flower, while the white falcons of Norway fluttered and whistled on the gloved hand of some lucky accident that wore the regal coronet, and strutted like a deity got down from its pedestal.

Change 4.—The silent and blocked-up warehouses, where chains dangle, and custom-house cats collect revenues of mice, and hops smell sweet, and hay spreads about—dry memorial of summer fields—and bales of spices tell stories to each other at night of Ceylon cinnamon-groves and Malabar jungles—stand now where once the Globe Theatre stood, where for the first time the great Elizabethan men sat and wondered at the magic world unrolled before them by that short prick-bearded man, who sat on the stage among the smoking gallants and their pages.

But I might go on all day, showing the pantomimic changes of harlequin Time; showing how London has eaten up all the green fields round it, and spread like a gangrene, killing and deadening as it spread. I could show how the rich citizens' houses of middle-age London are now chandlers' shops in small alleys, and that where Jane Shore, with her jewelled hair, sat and waited for the king, is now—— but I must get at once to my special change—the change of the old Mulberry Garden of Charles into the modern Buckingham Palace; the change of St. James's Park from the swampy meadow walled in by Henry VIII., to the trim modern triangle where the children play,

the ducks strut, the swans pout, and the cows stand so patiently to be milked; where once fat Prior and black-browed Swift walked together, to better, not the English constitution, but their own.

It is delightful even now going down the tumultuous Strand—to pace which Dr. Johnson thought the glory of existence, and the whole *Duty of Man;* to pass the pert statue of Charles I., with the honeycombed pedestal; and to thread through those iron Horse Guard gates, under the infallible clock; and between those mirrors of knighthood, the two horse-guards, who seem always so bran new, so veneered, so brushed, so Windsor-soaped, so killing, so fatal, if not to their enemies—who they never meet—certainly to the Carlton Terrace nurse-maids, who regard them as demigods and Achilleses—as probably they are, if Paris were to be again troublesome. I still like to pace the hard clean walks that border the lipping water, where the yellow puffs of ducklings scull about, and where the frowning swans spread all their canvas to the blue June air—just as some chiding monitor of time—some dull mechanic sexton of the day—knells for the bygone hour over Westminster way, and announces, with the indifference of a herald, the coronation of a new king of sixty minutes. I like the barrack sidewalk, where you hear the drum noisily vibrant, reminiscent of Waterloos, or of many Vittorias. I like the open breezier palace-end, where the fountain sows rainbows, and the once royal home, so unhealthy, as Leigh Hunt will have it, raises its wealthy but unmeaning bulk. I like to look at the hideous monster of Mr. John Nash, architect—the place that bluff old William IV. would not inhabit, and that, tinkered up from time to time, was originally nothing but a cheating enlargement of the old Buckingham House, by that heartless, cunning fellow, George IV., who thus intended to trick Parliament into building a new palace. I remember, without even the intelligent aid of Mr. Peter Cunningham—whom so many old writers have aided—that this was originally a house built for Dryden's Duke of Buckingham; that it was again rebuilt and sold to George II., when a "pouting" Absolom; that then George IV. played his tricks with it; and so, with some modifications and enlargements, it now stands scaring the sun and frightening the moon—a very hideous modification of the wattled cabin of the early British chief. I like, too, the centre walks, where the little Benjamins of London play, and cry, and babble, and where seedy meditators, and out-of-doors and sometimes out-of-elbow philosophers think and doze, then wake, and doze, and think; where the thin nervous, fine-fibred grass struggles for a living, and where the pampered swans steer past with their orange feet. Here, too, sometimes seated between an oily farmer up for the "show," who rubs his red face with a silk mainsail, and a gentlemanly vagabond, who tells me he has been in the "Rifles," and who looks rather like a rifler—I sometimes, in a day-dream, find myself asking the farmer who that swarthy man in the dove-coloured velvet and cloth-of gold sword belt is, who stands just opposite, throwing showers of dry hemp-seed to the ducks.

"I see now't—sartin I don't," says the farmer.

I appeal to the ex-officer of the Rifles.

"You haven't sixpence about you, honoured sir?" is all the reply I can get from the subaltern with the packet of greasy letters. But yet I do see him; my retina takes the full image. By the apple of my eye, I know now that grim dark face, that heavy eye, and black wig, that strong sure walk, and that train of little waddling spaniels. He is watching the three hundred men at work, and talking with some French gardener about throwing all the ponds but *Rosamond's* into one strip of water, with islands for the ducks; there is to be a rising fence for deer, decoys for ducks, and broad gravel walks instead of narrow winding field-paths; Italian ice-houses, avenues of trees, and, above all, a mall. I suppose the king got his love for ducks in Holland, where he brought the use of skates from. No use now decoys for wild fowl in the Park; the wild fowl that Charles saw on their own nests are gone far from the roaring city, gone like the "fat and sweet salmons" that the historian Harison saw daily taken in the Thames—gone where the woodcocks of the West End squares are gone, and where the whitebait of Greenwich will follow, if the Thames goes on getting worse as it gets older.

St. James's Palace was once a hospital for fourteen leprous sisters, dedicated to the Spanish Saint who gave a name to so long a line of Scotch kings, the dregs of which line we had the blessings of in England till we tossed them on to a foreign dunghill, where they ceased to trouble us, death shutting them all up, the lost drunkard, and the other bigots and *mauvais sujets* in a certain quiet mortuary chapel of the Vatican that I have often visited with much thankfulness. Henry VIII., hateful to God and man, laid his fat hand on this charity, as the English Rehoboam did, wherever he could on church or manor-house.

The site of Buckingham Palace was once, as I have said before, a suburban mulberry garden, or Cremorne, that existed when Cromwell shut up Spring gardens and they were built upon, and before Vauxhall was opened. It was a fashionable botanical-garden sort of place, where you eat tarts, and had wine and cheesecakes. Lord Goring lived close by, at the house that the Earl of Arlington and the Duke of Buckingham successively inhabited; and there was good air there and good company, for here, at a glass-smashing banquet, Charles II. himself violated his own decree against pledging and the drinking of healths. Ever since Cromwell shut up Spring Garden, the Mulberry Garden flourished.

But of that anon. This garden originated in a planting of mulberries near Westminster Palace, by that erudite and most wise simpleton, James I.,—the man born for a village schoolmaster, or a country Shallow. It consisted of about four acres twenty-two perches of land, and stood on the north-west side of the present palace; it was intended to set an example, borrowed from some Italian traveller, of the cultivation of the Eastern tree, the poor witch-frightened pedant having some gleam of an idea that such culture would promote the manufacture

of English silks. At that time, even in Scotland, the first principles of political economy were unknown, or the murderer of Raleigh would have known that new trades may be grown, but cannot be forced by the hotbed of royal decrees. The mulberry-garden silk—the due time of decomposition having come—like Chelsea china and other artificialities, "exhaled and went to"—limbo. Charles I., that melancholy and wife-ruled bigot, before its complete decease, granting it, mulberries, swaddled silk-worms and all, to the care of Lord Aston for "own and son's life," as laborious, but dull Mr. Peter Cunningham has discovered after much dusty grubbing, and dry diving into registers.

I will not stop to restore the old mulberry garden even in imagination; let the old haunt of folly be buried under the kitchen paving stones of the unhaunted palace. Let us picture only for a moment, if we like, and then dismiss for ever, the great shrubby unnaturalised tree of Palestine, with the thick sappy boughs, and large green toothed leaves,—what time the ground under their dark shadow during Charles I.'s anguish, were purple, blood-stained with fruit, as if some Cavalier and Puritan had indeed been struggling for life or death under the fruit-laden branches; we may picture the Vandyke men, in suits of white silk or carnation velvet, pacing on the turfen bowling-greens, roses in their shoes, swords by their side, their hats plumed with blue or crimson, their bearing stately and grave, as befitted the gentlemen of whom Falkland and Hampden are the two contrasting types. Here, perhaps, too, grave-faced Puritan divines—Hugh Peters and his brother preachers—in sad-coloured raiment, short cropped hair, and black skull caps on their heads, paced up and down, between the fountains, the silver columns, the flower beds—that seemed to rebuke melancholy as sinful,—and the large-leaved mulberry trees. Here with heavy folio volumes of Prynne, and other faithful men, under their sinewy arms, they repeated the story of how King David once waited for the Philistines in the valley of Rephaim, and went forth to battle to smite them utterly by God's direction, when he heard a sound as of a rushing wind in the tops of the mulberries. It is true, says Brother Hew-Agag-in-Pieces, afterwards trooper in Cromwell's Ironsides, that the Douay version for "mulberry trees" substitutes "pear trees," ["but what is the Douay version?—Drawer, bring three stoups of wine,—and again in the Psalms lxxxiv.—6, we hear of him 'who passing through the valley of mulberries;'—"and Drawer, some pasty, if you have it."]

Here, without stopping to sketch that good and virtuous Surrey gentleman, Mr. Evelyn, who loved gardens so much that he expressed a wish to be buried in one, and who was treated to wine and cakes at this spot we speak of, on a certain afternoon in Cromwell's time, just after that iron-handed man had shut up Spring Gardens, and left the Mulberry Gardens as the only place of refreshment where "persons of the best quality could be exceedingly cheated at,"—we can but wonder, in a blind sort of way, at the quiet decorum with which so good a man must have moved stoically among the ladies and gallants who selected

this place as one for special, and too often guilty rendezvous. He must have been a little reproving and chilling, and sad in face, for that loud-laughing, many-tongued place, where wanton satins swept the sward, and wanton fans beat the blue air, keeping time to amorous lutes, and satin shoes measured out the minuet, and much dangerous smiling and mischief were wrought on the primrose edge of the abyss of ruin.

But though Milton may have strolled here, thinking of Comus, and his revelling rout, and Cromwell have strode up and down thinking of how he should best bruise the foul fiend's head, trusting much in Providence, yet taking care to buckle his secret breastplate firm and tight; and Selden have mused on rabbinical lore, and Newton have looked at the stars, and Wren have traced out St. Paul's on the orange gravel,—we pass to a far more congenial figure, and one more befitting the wanton pleasure garden and the silken Circes of the lamp-lit arbour, than grave Mr. Evelyn, the sober and wise country gentleman.

Need we say we allude to Mr. Pepys—Mr. Samuel Pepys of the Admiralty, that fat-faced, rather pompous looking, fussy official,—not too moral, and an arrant time-server; a Puritan once, which he does not wish known,—a tailor's son, which he wishes forgotten,—in a word, a selfish gossip; but, nevertheless, a useful, hard-working, tolerably conscientious man, particular with his wig, expensive and showy in his dress; fond of amusement, and not unknown at the Duke's theatre.

It is a May day, also, but long after Evelyn's visit, that we find Mr. Pepys here for the first time, eight years after the Restoration,—about five years before the place was finally closed, and its enchantment broken up. Mr. Pepys found it a silly place, worse than Spring Garden, but thought the "wilderness" somewhat pretty; and April next year, he was here again, treated by one there with an olio made by a cook of the place, who had been to Spain with Pepys' great patron, Lord Sandwich; he found the podrida "a very noble dish, such as I never saw before,"—and let us hope digested it; then he took a walk, and eventually returned again, to sup on what he had left from the dinner at noon.

And who dare call us to task if we choose to presume that in the next arbour might have been seated a certain, not unknown, poet—one Mr. John Dryden; not in his old bookseller's hack uniform suit of Norwich drugget, but rather fresh coloured and grand, in his sword and Chedreux wig, drinking Rhenish and eating cheesecakes with a lady in a mask—one Madame Reeve, the fair actress. Perhaps he is reading to her, under breath, his Ode to Charles II., which is poor compared with that he wrote to Cromwell, because, as the poet wittily says, in his quiet way, "Poets succeed better in fiction than in truth." "Well come off," laughs Madame Reeve, putting down her slender wine glass, and flashing out so bewitchingly with her sparkling white teeth.

It was to this bygone Circeland, Sedley, Etherege, and Wycherley, better poets than men, came to glean from life. Here they sat, and

general put that very leading question to a cautious statesman:—"Whitelocke, what if a man should take upon him to be king?"—to which answers Bulstrode, reasonably honestly, "I think that the remedy were worse than the disease"?

Is it possible that the great saviour of England did plan this step, feeling no hope of doing permanent good without thus settling that question of Divine right for ever, and did this sounding satisfy him, and scare him for ever from the abyss? Or is it possible that Bulstrode—in the retirement of his Wiltshire house, and surrounded by those sixteen idle children to whose society Charles II., forgetful of friend and enemy, had dismissed him—invented this conversation in order to blacken Cromwell, as the manner of the age was. A man who serves first one party, then another, may be admired for his talent but can never be respected. Like woman's virtue, political character is irretrievable. Perhaps some of those numerous State papers that Bulstrode's wife burnt after his death might have explained away or contradicted this momentary weakness of Cromwell—the true-hearted.

There must have been great walking in St. James's Park in the Queen Anne times, so dear to old students of the "Spectator," of Pope, Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay. The Boscobel oak acorns that Charles II. planted and laughed over with Rochester and Sedley, and Killigrew and Arlington, are gone, the very lines of the Green Walk and the Jacobite Walk (or Duke Humphrey's Walk and the Close Walk) and the Long Lime Walk, are forgotten and scarcely traceable; but there is Duck Island or its successor, that St. Evremond, the wit, was made governor of, as a joke, by that "Merry Monarch" who made so many of his subjects weep. One can still see the Parade where Le Sueur's bronze gladiator stood on its stone pedestal, but it is difficult to imagine the green ditches and mounds that Charles II. had levelled, and the trees he had cut down, and the avenues he made, and the fruit trees he planted, or the bridge that he removed.

But here, Mr. Leigh Hunt's reminiscence of the "Music in the Park" recalls a fine chivalrous legend of the place, which interests us more than that measured tramp or that thrill of the drum. It refers to the stanch fidelity to a fallen cause of old Lord Craven, the supposed lover in early life of James the First's daughter, the exiled Queen of Bohemia, whose great house stood on the site of the Olympic theatre. He it was who was on duty at the palace the day the Dutch troops were marching triumphantly and bloodlessly into the park. The blood of the old soldier of Gustavus—the Dalgetty of a corrupt court—fired up; he would have borne down with half-a-dozen men on these pickle herrings, and died fighting among their swords; but his master forbade him, and he strode away "with sullen dignity."

But here, too, as we look towards the forsaken palace-court of St. James's—never a lucky home for royalty since the poor leprous sisters were expelled—arise unhappy memories. Here George IV. was born to bless the nation; and here the unlucky Pretender—"a warming-

his corrupt and vicious cruel old age—this favourite of Mr. Froude, the crochety and the changeable—turned out the fourteen leper ladies and the eight monks who kept up daily prayers. Here this "soul of leprosy," as Leigh Hunt, generally rather mincing and affected, finely calls him, lodged his "swathed and corrupt body." The very year he married Anne Boleyn it was that this tyrant of so many flocks and herds took away the poor man's "little ewe lamb." He who had seized on good men's lands—who had revelled, Belshazzar-like, out of even sacramental cups—now spared no one; his thirst for lust and revenge grew like Nero's. He had dead Wolsey's Whitehall and Hampton Court, he had Royal Windsor, and he had many palaces, but he must have this little leper's hospital, this Naboth's vineyard, and he clutched it. The black red-brick gateway of it, dull and drear, still stands facing the steep street of clubs, and the initials of Henry and Anne still stand together in the "chimney-piece of the old presence-chamber."

It was the same royal murderer of More, Fisher, and Surrey, who made a tilt-yard and cock-pit where the Horse-Guards (equally useful) now stands. But now no blows are exchanged there, and military millinery is all that remains of the old brave buffeting that was the horse-play of Henry's time; that king who made up for a good youth by so wicked and corrupt an old age—Henry, the Vitellius of England.

History, as hitherto written, has been nothing but a record of the crimes and blunders of kings. The history of the English people I hope some day to enter the lists for, caring myself more for the species man than the genus king. Of king-history St. James's Park gives us plenty. We see that false king, Charles I., with his dull, sad face, pacing across it on his way to his execution outside the Whitehall window. There is Charles II., his hopeful son, talking to Nell Gwynne, over the garden-wall of the Mall. There is James II. thinking of the bishops, and wishing they had but one neck. Then dull Queen Anne, nibbling her fan for want of a repartee. George I., short, snub, and pale, with his fat German mistress or burly Walpole by his side; George II., coarse and rough, with his aquiline nose pointing to Chatham; George III., scarce saved with Pitt, the lean; and George IV., the handsome and vile.

There are wonders too, hidden in this avenue of trees beyond the sooty Egyptian cannon. There grow sable descendants of that tree that King Charles pointed out, as he paced bravely to execution—soldiers before, soldiers behind—as the very tree planted by his unlucky brother Prince Henry. Is that the one the soldier sits with his back against, or was it that tree's grandfather? Might it not perhaps have been that tree under which, on a certain fair November evening, the Lord-General Cromwell took aside that heavy man, Whitelocke, having first saluted him with more than ordinary civility, as he met him on horse, or, worn with business and State papers, which are not light reading (as dull men call all reading which is amusing) — was it here, with saturnine face, dyspeptic red nose, and wart on the left temple, the great

the ducks strut, the swans pout, and the cows stand so patien be milked; where once fat Prior and black-browed Swift walke ther, to better, not the English constitution, but their own.

It is delightful even now going down the tumultuous Stra pace which Dr. Johnson thought the glory of existence, and the *Duty of Man;* to pass the pert statue of Charles I., with the l combed pedestal; and to thread through those iron Horse Guard under the infallible clock; and between those mirrors of knigh the two horse-guards, who seem always so bran new, so veneer brushed, so Windsor-soaped, so killing, so fatal, if not to their e —who they never meet—certainly to the Carlton Terrace nurse- who regard them as demigods and Achilleses—as probably ther Paris were to be again troublesome. I still like to pace the har walks that border the lipping water, where the yellow puffs of lings scull about, and where the frowning swans spread all their to the blue June air—just as some chiding monitor of time—son mechanic sexton of the day—knells for the bygone hour over minster way, and announces, with the indifference of a heral coronation of a new king of sixty minutes. I like the barrack walk, where you hear the drum noisily vibrant, reminis- Waterloos, or of many Vittorias. I like the open breezier pala where the fountain sows rainbows, and the once royal home, healthy, as Leigh Hunt will have it, raises its wealthy but unm bulk. I like to look at the hideous monster of Mr. John Nash, tect—the place that bluff old William IV. would not inhabi that, tinkered up from time to time, was originally nothing cheating enlargement of the old Buckingham House, by that he cunning fellow, George IV., who thus intended to trick Parliamen building a new palace. I remember, without even the intellig of Mr. Peter Cunningham—whom so many old writers have a that this was originally a house built for Dryden's Duke of ingham; that it was again rebuilt and sold to George II., w "pouting" Absolom; that then George IV. played his tricks w and so, with some modifications and enlargements, it now scaring the sun and frightening the moon—a very hideous modif of the wattled cabin of the early British chief. I like, too, the walks, where the little Benjamins of London play, and cry, and l and where seedy meditators, and out-of-doors and sometimes out-of philosophers think and doze, then wake, and doze, and t[illegible]k; the thin nervous, fine fibred grass struggles for a living, and wh pampered swans steer past with their orange feet. Here, too, som seated between an oily farmer up for the "slow," who rubs his with a silk mainsail, and a gentlemanly vagabond, who tells me been in the "Rifles," and who looks rather like a ruffian—I s m in a day dream, and myself asking the farmer who that swarth in the dove-coloured velvet and cloth of gold sword belt is, who just opposite, throwing showers of dry hempseed to the ducks.

"I see now't—sartin I don't," says the farmer.

pan" changeling, as the Whigs said; here Charles I. parted with his children—the swarthy boy who was born here, and his large-nosed brother of York; here Mary died, and Prince Henry, the lad of such promise, who pitied Raleigh. Like other London houses less celebrated, much good and evil has been done in that palace—many heads and many hearts broken—much joy and much sorrow has entered.

And now, before we leave the park, we remember how otherwise it has altered. Being no longer a sanctuary from bailiffs, there are no hollow-cheeked men now gasping about on benches; and if a modern Lady Bradleigh had an enthusiasm to see a great novelist, such as Richardson, she would not ask him for an elaborate "Hue and Cry" description of himself, that she may know him when, on a certain day, the author of "Clarissa" walks in St. James's Park.

But now, with the clash of cymbals in our ears, mingled with the mild lowing of cows, and with a gleam of scarlet and flash of steel in our eyes, we must quit the park, the swamp of the ante-Norman days, the fields outside the lonely isolated leper-house of the fourteen sisters, the Duck Island of St. Evremond, and the walks the swarthy Charles paced, and hie to other legendary scenes, where we may again meet the reader.

The Horse-Guards' clock, with both hands for once united, points to twelve—I must away—I hear a 'bus conductor you cannot hear—I see his tin whistle which you cannot see—and his cry is, "Bank, Bank," which is my way to London Bridge.

IV.

THE REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

By Rev. Wm. Arthur.

From the Giant's Causeway to Belfast a line runs through a country almost exclusively Protestant, with a predominating majority of Presbyterians. About half-way lies Ballymena. It is a sturdy little town, built of dark basalt, noted for a good trade in linen, and an exuberant one in whiskey. The district around it on the

1. "The Revival in Ulster; its Moral and Social Results." By Benjamin Scott, Chamberlain of the City of London.
2. "The Ulster Revival; and its Physical Accidents." By the Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D.
3. "The Work and the Counter-Work; or, the Religious Revival in Belfast, with an Explanation of the Physical Phenomena." By Edward A. Stopford, Archdeacon of Meath.

Belfast side is inhabited by farmers and linen-weavers, the gre
the fields being relieved by shining white bleach-fields, and now
then varied by the brown of a bog.

Into one of these parishes, more than two years ago, a y
man returned from Ballymena, full of zeal to tell his "kin
and neighbours" how a great change had been wrought upo
own heart, and how he longed to see them all partakers of
same blessing. He told a simple tale. He had been zealou
the doctrines in which he was brought up. A lady
England hearing him and some young woman argue about reli
told them her own view, which was that they had never been
verted, and consequently were still in the gall of bitterness, a
the bond of iniquity. These words led him to deep tho
Painful, distressing conviction of his need of Christ followed.
earnestly sought acceptance with God. At length the burden w
had pressed upon his soul was taken away, and peace fille
heart. So happy was he in his new-found blessedness, tha
must make it known among his own people, and he returned h
and began with intense zeal to exhort all to repent, and fl
Christ for salvation.

This was an obscure movement. It was in an obscure pa
The people were dead. After some time three others joined
young man in holding a private prayer-meeting. For three mo
this went on unknown and unheeded. Then occurred one ca
sudden and striking conversion—a person for whom they
earnestly prayed was overwhelmed with awful concern about s
tion; and after seeking mercy, was filled with exceeding "j
and joy in believing."

Thus encouraged, the praying band grew bolder and la
After another month or two fresh cases of equally striking co
sion occurred. Each new convert, instead of being a timid
reluctant adherent, was filled with such views of the spiritual w
of the great Saviour, and the dreadful enemy, of the soul's unu
able happiness in Christ, and its misery alienated from him, tha
became at once a burning advocate to all around. Their pres
was new in kind, and incessant. It consisted in telling w
wonderfully winning look, with a smile which said into your
"Oh, I am so happy! I wish you were"—telling how the Spi
God had awakened themselves, and how in their need and dar
the cross, and He who hung there suffering, had come before
view with supernatural power, as if light from God had shone up
People seemed to be meeting Bunyan's Pilgrim in their
neighbours, and they pondered, and soon began to pray.

There had been one prayer-meeting in the parish in a week.
old man and one old woman were sometimes all of whom it cons
Now, in house after house neighbours met to pray. Thirty j
and one hundred meetings in the week were soon reported.
public-houses declined in proportion. One was closed, becau
grace of God had found out the keeper. Another followed

the same reason. Another was turned into a place for prayer-meetings. The reeling drunkard was no longer to be seen, nor the brawling blasphemer to be heard. Pauperism began to abate, and committals to be rare. The daily news of the parish was of the conversion of the young and the old. Its family strifes were now in houses where children, who had found mercy, were "wrestling" in prayer for parents still unchanged, or parents who had first been "brought in" were spending whole nights in supplicating the Lord that He would convert their offspring. Steadily, warmly, but quietly this work went on, till after two years, in the parish of Connor, the birthplace of the Ulster revival, three public-houses had been closed, the number of paupers reduced from twenty-seven to four, and the committals from thirty-seven to four, while the manners of the people, the relations of families, and all social interests had improved in a way not only surprising, but to the people themselves all but incredible. They could hardly believe that it was the same people living in the same place; for a new spirit, something from heaven, seemed to have passed over and changed all things.

A young man told one of his comrades how anxious he was that his mother, who lived a few miles away, at Aboghill, should be converted, and engaged him to unite with him in praying for her. After a time he went home to see the result—had an answer been granted to their prayers or not? His mother met him with a beaming face. She told him how, lately, a deep horror had fallen upon her, which she could not escape night or day. It was as though the hand of God was pressing down every sin of her life upon her conscience. In fear and grief she fled for refuge to the Saviour of sinners, and her penitent sorrow had been turned into a strange and heavenly joy. Jesus now seemed to her unspeakably good and fair, loving her, forgiving her, and filling her soul with peace and hope.

No sooner had the youth rejoiced over this proof that prayer "could be answered at a distance," than he asked, "Where is my brother James?" The answer was, "At the cock-fight." Thither he went, and found his brother surrounded by such company as frequents such places. Seizing him by the arm, he said, "Come away, I have a message for you from the Lord Jesus." Instead of this sounding as if only a piece of meddling, it fell upon the ear of the brother as if it were really a message from the other world. Cowed and serious, he went away. The same wonderful awakening of conscience which others had felt visited him, and whether he or the mother, we are not sure, but one of the two was the first case of bodily prostration attending upon religious anxiety.

Now began a new stage in the revival. Hitherto it had been quiet and gradual; henceforth it became one succession of wonders. The new district into which it had travelled was noted for rioting, intoxication, and bad language. Whole masses of the people now seemed to be seized with overwhelming fears of a spiritual danger. In meetings they sobbed aloud, they cried, they fell down as if

invisible swords were piercing them. On the open streets, in showers of rain, in fields, and by roadsides, they would listen, as if for their lives, to anyone who would point them to Him who taketh away the sin of the world; and every word however familiar, however simple, appeared to be armed with supernatural forces, and to carry with it momentous effects. No great orators, no new doctrines, no fresh schemes came into play. But ordinary men, saying commonplace things on the staple truths of the Bible, seemed to themselves as if they never before had seen what those things really imported, while upon the conscience of the people sayings wont to fall as quietly as blossoms from an orchard wafted over rocks, now came as though they were hammers breaking the rock in pieces.

The bodily affections startled the good men. What was it? Sometimes a person, man or woman, boy or girl, indifferently, after being under concern about their souls for some time, suddenly fell into a condition of physical prostration, unlike what had been seen by any of them before. The limbs were feeble; the voluntary nerves and muscles would not act; perhaps the eyes were closed, and the tongue almost paralysed; and all the energy, mental and bodily, which was left, seemed concentrated on the one effort to "seek the Lord while He may be found." In other cases, a person who had not felt at all anxious on religious matters, suddenly became sensible of something strange, as if his frame were about to sink into this condition. He would rise, or walk, or take other means of averting the stroke, but after a while down went his system, crushed by a weight he could not account for, but which something within invariably interpreted to be, the call of God to forsake his sins. In other cases actual prostration did not occur, and yet such feebleness followed mental anguish as seemed to the bystanders, when it was in the case of strong men and hardy youths, to be altogether beyond the course of nature. In yet another set of cases, persons who had shown no religious dispositions whatever, and who afterwards asserted that they had felt no pressure on their conscience, were "struck down" like a shot.

One youth had taken pleasure in railing at the people in Aboghill, and with vile language making sport of their fears, and their meetings. One day he was standing before the meeting-house so engaged, when, in an instant, down he fell, as if a ball had crashed through his brain. They ran to him, and at first thought he was dead. Life soon showed itself, and with it, a wounded conscience. He felt as if he was on the edge of hell, and writhed and roared in a manner that made every careless man looking on feel as if the hand that writes the record of all sins was actually stretched out from within the veil to warn them. He too, as others, "found mercy," and, by a new and good life, became a "monument of grace" in the eyes of all his neighbours.

The cases of prostration, it is to be remarked, began not in a town, but in a country parish; not among nervous girls in factories, but among as hardy rustics as the British Isles can rear. They occurred

in solitude and in meetings—in houses, fields, lanes, and on road-sides—at morning, mid-day, or night; among both sexes, persons of every temperament, and in all employments. But cases among persons of the middle classes were rare, and among persons of high education scarcely any took place.

In the case of not a few of those who seemed totally prostrate, the moment that peace broke in upon the mind, the body sprang up in all its energies, the face shining, and the voice triumphantly adoring God the Saviour. Were these the passing expressions of the moment, as of a transition from the paroxysm of hysteria to its joyous excitement? For weeks and months after, the countenance would touch the heart of a stranger with its pure and lovely light, and the voice, so quietly, so tenderly impassioned, would seem to chide one's coldness, as it uttered familiar words of praise in tones that had a touch of unearthly power.

In other cases, the physical weakness continued long after the conscience had rest, and in some, where there had been no actual prostration, and where feebleness did not appear to set in so long as the mind was in distressing anxiety, after this had passed away the frame remained unstrung for days.

Perhaps there was no set of men to whom the idea of anything fanatical or extravagant would have been more odious than the Presbyterian ministers of Ulster. Practised in discussion by life-long habit, fighting Unitarianism hand to hand, with a supreme contempt for all Popish superstition, and a great dread of excitement, they would, beforehand, have taken strong ground against any revival attended with such incidents as we have now alluded to. On their appearance, therefore, we can well imagine that the first feeling was one of perplexity and fear. But it was a different thing being in the midst of it, and hearing of it from a distance. In the latter case it would seem as if the physical affections were the main matter, whereas, on the spot, they were but an incident connected with a wonderful moral transformation, the progress of which, in individual renewal and in general reform, was so full of joy, and surprise, and exultation, that real actors in the scene had no time to be concerned about what people would say, and were too glad, too full of holy triumph to heed some unaccountable circumstances. A gentleman in London has lately said, "On returning from the scenes of the Revival, full of the glorious things I had witnessed, the perpetual questions about the physical affections seemed to be as little and as idle as if I had been recounting to them a wonderful victory, and they constantly stopped me with earnest inquiries about the uniforms of the officers."

Yet these affections did arise: and how did the good men of Ulster get over them? They had no clear explanation to give. Some thought one thing, some another; but in this all agreed, be they what they may, and where they may, amid them was going on such a religious and moral change as neither they nor their fathers had ever beheld. The drunkard sober, the swearer reverent,

the divided family at one, the churl liberal, the sensualist pure, the revengeful forgiving, the party man large-hearted, the bitter charitable, and the proud simple as a child! These were changes which passed before their eyes, amid prayers, and songs of thanksgiving, and wonderful assemblies, and newly-reared family altars, and "seasons of refreshing," so hallowed that, in the joy of worship upon earth, it seemed as if heaven had come down. It was Pentecost repeated; and amid all the happy signs of the working of God's Spirit, the sure and certain signs of sinners turned into saints, good men went on, leaving the Providence which had sent or permitted the physical affections, to explain them, or leave them unexplained, so long as the land was renewed in righteousness.

In a few short months what a change passed on that parish of Aboghill! A policeman in Belfast, speaking of what it had been, said, "It was the worst wee place in the world;" and on the day of a funeral they always counted on having the lock-up full, there was so much drinking and consequent boxing. After a few months, a gentleman, writing to the *Ballymena Observer*, says that he took his stand in a district noted for irreligion and riotousness, and that from his own knowledge he could assert that within a mile of the spot where he stood there was not a house but had become sanctified by a family altar.

One Saturday, as the market folks were crowding Galgorm-street in Ballymena, a strong man's voice rose from the ground in cries of urgent woe. It was a countryman, about thirty years of age, from the neighbourhood of Aboghill. The cry was such as strong men hardly ever utter, loud and despairing, "as if under the stabs of an assassin." For ten minutes that cry sounded through the market, making the people flock to know the cause. It was a man visited with such a view of "things unseen" that he cared not for all the men in the universe, standing, as he did, directly under the eye of an offended God. When his first agony had subsided, he was assisted to the house of a relative—now and then, as he went along, crying, "Unclean, unclean, Lord be merciful to me a sinner."

Soon the town was visited with a similar influence to that which had rested on the country parishes. The decent church-goers became in hundreds humble and earnest penitents; and prayer and penitential cries became frequent in streets where church-goers would seldom venture. Ministers of every denomination, and all persons known as men of prayer, were as much in request as surgeons on the night after a terrible battle. Called into one house to pray with persons under conviction, they would be pressed to a dozen other houses before they could leave the neighbourhood. But their helpers multiplied even more wonderfully than the calls upon them. Of all the affecting things, the most so was to see those who had lately been cold as stones in religious matters glowing like molten gold. And the prodigal was there, just brought home, and telling with artless and impassioned wonder of his own folly and wretchedness, and of his Father's amazing and unexpected love, of the rich

reception, and the joy—the strange, secure, up-soaring joy—of sitting in the circle of the family of God. And Magdalene was there, with many tears, at the Master's feet, weeping and washing them, and loving much. And all these not only talked of "what God had done for their souls," but, when their neighbours were under conviction, they poured out for them prayers of incredible force and beauty. Who had taught them? Whence had they this utterance, seeing they had never learned? This question was settled at once in the minds of the populace—their neighbours never could have prayed like that if God had not taught them.

"Sure it must be the work of the Almighty," said a car-driver in Belfast, "for out at Drumrod I heard a woman, just a plain country woman, pray such a prayer as I never heard come out of the mouth of a Christian in this world, aye, above all the clergy and learned men I ever heard in the whole of my life." Another car-driver, a Roman Catholic, trying to account for the Revival, without considering it the work of God, said, "But there is one thing in this I can't get over, it does beat me; that is when I see wee lumps of boys and girls, just like them in the street, able to make prayers in Scripture language, aye, like any minister ever was; that does beat me." No man will ever tell to what an extent the popular conviction that a Divine power was operating among the people, was due to the effect produced upon them by the gift of prayer shed down upon the new converts. They did not speak in unknown tongues, or in foreign tongues, but they did speak with other tongues.

In Ballymena, at the last quarter sessions, instead of a long list of offenders only four cases stood for trial. The clerk of the petty sessions says that the consumption of spirits is not half what it was a year ago, and that the private quarrels have diminished 50 per cent.

After a town so well known as Ballymena had come so suddenly, and with such notable moral effect, under the influence of the Revival, the attention, not only of the religious public, but of the whole community became fixed upon the movement. It became the one subject for the newspapers; and for once they were gazettes of the kingdom of grace, proclaiming its conquests, and setting forth in oft-repeated examples the great work, of repentance from dead works and faith toward God. The way-side chat, the talk in shops, the conversation in railway carriages, was ever on the wonderful conversions. Unitarians and Roman Catholics alone said a word against the movement. Wicked and worldly men generally seemed under some internal restraint, a kind of awe, as if they too might be "struck down," and become a spectacle to many, seemed to prevent them from mocking. In the meanwhile, the area of the Revival extended like that of an advancing wind. At a distance people listened for its approach, the devout with eyes up to heaven, the curious with interest, and the wicked with mingled fear and wonder. On all places near at hand it seemed to burst with simultaneous power.

Coleraine soon became the theatre of events yet more striking than any other place. Day and night the town seemed rife with penitent sinners, bringing forth fruits meet for repentance. Jonah might have made his proclamation, for high and low, all had heard, and most had heeded, a direct call to "repent and believe the gospel." An entire school of children, during their ordinary exercises, fell down simultaneously upon their knees, and sent up a cry for forgiveness. The people from the whole neighbourhood, touched by that cry, rushed in, filled the premises—very spacious ones—and continued all day long, and till eleven o'clock at night, in ceaseless and importunate prayer. And often prayer was turned to praise. Persons lately mourning, as if the words of the prophet had come to pass, "as one mourneth for his only son," had their mourning turned into joy; and with voices that made the hearts of the happy leap, and those of the burdened heave with a new sense of their own wretchedness, they adored and magnified the God of their salvation.

A new town-hall had been erected, and was to be opened by a ball; but one night, room must be found for the weary and the heavy-laden to seek rest for their souls. The new hall was thrown open, not to the sound of the dance, but to the sighing of the contrite, and the cry of those who said, "Lord, save, or I perish." The editor of the *Coleraine Chronicle* could not find words to describe the scene. Dr. Carson, a physician of high standing, says, "It was so like the day of judgment, when sinners will be calling on the mountains and the rocks to hide them from the storm of God's wrath, that it struck terror to the heart of the most hardened and obdurate." For six long hours the editor watched one mother seated in a niche of that hall. On her lap lay the head of a young man, her son—her prodigal son. He was prostrate now, his great limbs weaker than an infant's, and his soul crushed with that burden under which the well-knit frame of David stooped: "My bones waxed old, because of my roaring; for day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me." Friends and fellow-watchers became worn out, and went away; but the mother stayed with her repenting son. As the morning began to draw nigh he was enabled to look to the cross; and, like Bunyan's burden, his fell off, his face grew bright, his strength returned, he rose up blessing the Redeemer who had sought and found him, and went home with his mother, "rejoicing that even such a sinner as he could be received by the Lamb of God."

The head of the police in Coleraine states that offences connected with drunkenness were formerly from twelve to twenty in the fortnight, and that now they are from three to four, while profane swearing and indecent language are now not to be heard in the streets. Mr. Benjamin Scott, Chamberlain of London, whose pamphlet is a repertory of authenticated facts, learned that, as to the unhappy creatures who infest the streets, one-half of them were now in an asylum, and of the other half some had been restored to

their friends, and some had disappeared, so that the streets were entirely purged. Mr. Chichester, curate of the neighbouring parish of Portrush, alluding to the opinion that it is an epidemic, says, "I do not remember that the results of an epidemic have hitherto been those of faith in Christ, peace with God, joy in the Holy Ghost, love to the great Head, love to every member of His body, earnest desire and most self-denying exertions to bring others into the same membership—to save them, as they express it, from the burning lake. Do epidemics make drunken men sober? blasphemers men of prayer? thieves honest? vindictive men patient and forgiving? Do they make the maid to forget her ornaments, and the bride her attire, and to put on the adorning of a meek and quiet spirit? Is it, in short, the usual result of epidemics to bring men, women, and children from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God? If so, let us henceforth rejoice in the prevalence of epidemics. Yea, let special prayers be introduced into our public services that we may long experience this happy atmospheric pestilence."

Londonderry, the historical city of Ulster—Armagh, its ecclesiastical capital—and Belfast, its commercial and educational metropolis—all came under the influence of the great awakening. The smaller towns and the country districts over whole counties shared in it. Everywhere the features were the same. Deep convictions, manifested by agonising prayers, and followed by joyful faith in the atoning Lamb; in all, by a notable reformation of life; and in a proportion, sometimes lower, sometimes higher, of physical prostrations. In Belfast, in the lovely evenings of the northern summer, you could not walk far without seeing crowds passing to places of worship with their Bibles. Here and there a group around a minister or layman would listen, in the open air, with silent and pensive intensity, to a very ordinary exhortation. Seldom was anything said that was not as commonplace as may be; but ordinary men were endued with an extraordinary power. Much is said about appeals to fear of hell being the staple of Revival preaching. So far as our own observation extends, this is not correct. Men seemed more concerned to set forth the power of Christ to save, the freeness of God's absolution, the efficacy of simple faith, and the all-sufficiency of Divine grace, than to rouse the sleepy, or to break down the stubborn. The spirit of awakening was upon the people; and words of warning, wont to pass over as the familiar voice of a tolling knell, now seemed to ring upon men's souls, as if angels were blowing their preparatory notes on the trumpets of the last day. But it is not by way of conciliating those who object to telling men, as if you believed it, that God is angry with the wicked every day, that we note this. It is simply as stating a fact. All those who preach as Christ, or his great forerunner, or his apostles preached must tell men of woes as well as of beatitudes, of God's punishment of the impenitent, as well as of his mercy to the believer.

Early in the month of July, one forenoon, the streets of Belfast

were covered by a steady stream of men and women. From all parts of the town, from all ranks and denominations, they poured steadily southward. The railway trains poured thousands into the animated streets, who swelled the tide. We have witnessed many a crowd in cities of different climes, but never one like that. At the north end of the town we drove past them—on, on, still and tranquil; but on! What are they going to see? They are going to pray. After a short detour, again in the centre of the town we come upon the stream, on, on, steady, silent, but intense—on! they are going to pray. Another turn, and there is the high road to the meeting gained. The stream is thicker, moves faster, vehicles divide it; but on, as we never saw crowd before, so composed, so peaceful looking; and as you near the ground, yet thicker, and with a quickening impulse, on roll the thousands, on to united prayer! The man who would have driven past that crowd without some tears glistening in the glorious July light, would have been a poor man. How many thousands gathered that day in those beautiful botanical gardens we could not tell. It was said thirty; all we know is, that we had never seen such a multitude assembled for any religious purpose. And it was to pray, only to pray, and to pray in union—men of all names who "hold the Head," uniting and rejoicing together in the wonderful change which had passed on so large a portion of the population.

For several hours the unwearied multitude, broken up into a number of separate groups, each being a large open-air congregation, sent up one ceaseless strain of worship to the overspreading sky. Now and then amid a crowd a voice would utter a cry, sometimes a faint short scream, sometimes a loud and continued wail. The crowd would part, some persons would quietly convey away the person "stricken," and laying him or her down under a tree, they would devote themselves to pray with and comfort them.

To call this immense concourse together, no means had been resorted to, but the simple announcement of a united prayer-meeting; no popular name, no programme of interesting proceedings, no stimulus to curiosity. The grandeur and novelty attending it lay only in the idea of an assembly in a busy town, in full mid-day, for prayer—in a town notorious for controversy—an assembly for union. In the prevalent state of mind such ideas had more power over the people than all the charms of oratory, than all the excitement of debate. The great feature of the Ulster, as the American Revival, has been prayer, prayer, prayer, above all, united prayer.

As to the further history of the Revival, we need not trace it. In Belfast its features were the same as elsewhere; and two or three facts will suffice to illustrate its public influence. At the last Quarter Session the number of cases for trial was just half of what it had been a year before. Mr. Ranyard, a gentleman from London* visiting the jail, was struck to find only 16 Presbyterian

* See Mr. Benjamin Scott's pamphlet.

prisoners out of 180. Two-thirds of the population of the county being Protestants, he inquired of the turnkey what proportion of Protestants and Roman Catholics? "Generally about as many of one sort as of another, but at present scarcely any Protestants; here is the list for this morning—six committals, and only one is a Protestant." The great distillery of Mackenzie, capable of producing 1,200,000 gallons of whiskey yearly, is advertised to be sold or let. And the committee of the Ulster Penitentiary appeal to the public, saying that hitherto their regret has been want of inmates, now it is want of means to receive applicants.

The movement and its effects, as indicated in the few places we have named, were reproduced, with differing details, but substantial identity, all over the range of the Protestant counties. Lisburn and Portadown, Banbridge and Newry, were scenes of remarkable events, and away thence westward into Tyrone, Monaghan, and Cavan; and along the hills of Donegal passed the reviving breath, carrying life and power wherever it came. No revival of similar extent in the British Isles is on record, unless it be the one now spreading over Wales. We shall make no attempt to estimate the numbers who have been led to begin a new life. We have not the means of correct information, and disbelieve in the usefulness of guesses. The numbers are large, very large, yet they are a small proportion of the whole population. Persons from a distance seem to expect that everybody was converted; so wonderful do "thousands" sound when applied to the kingdom of God, though we can quietly hear of millions, and take correct impressions from the statement, when it refers to human movements. The maladroit, though clever correspondent whom the *Times* sent over, but soon recalled (as it would seem), reasoned thus: "They say Belfast is improved; the police court shows more committals than for a similar population in London—*ergo*, it cannot have improved." This is exactly the reasoning of a Parisian, who would say, "They tell me that the Smoke Consumption Act has improved the atmosphere of London, but it cannot be so, for it is much more smoky still than that of Paris." Not only is the number of real converts large, and the change in their lives conspicuous, but also upon those who remain without a decided religious change, a wonderful influence has been exerted. Bad men have been awed; morality has appeared before them embodied in thousands of new lives. Things that seemed but pulpit flowers or Bible puzzles have come out before their eyes, translated into common life, moving, breathing, and having a being in the hearts, the countenances, and the all-eloquent acts of their comrades and their closest kindred. Godly sorrow—joy and peace in believing—the love of God shed abroad in the heart—the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father—the peace of God which passeth all understanding—hope full of immortality—the spirit of prayer, watchfulness, and forgiving charity—the love that leads a man to spend and be spent, if by any means he may save some—the strong consolation which enables to glory in tribulation, and even in death

to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory:—these, and holy things like them, which hitherto had been names for doubtful realities, had now come before their eyes in clear and oft-repeated instances. They had seen it—that wonderful change. The bad had become good, the Ethiopian had changed his skin, the leopard his spots, the image of God—the mind of Christ—had appeared in their own flesh and blood, the words of the Bible meant real things. There was a new birth; prayer was a power; an unseen hand moved at the trustful cry of creatures here below.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Hence, we learn what is unbelief—that state of mind in which things hoped for seem baseless, things unseen unreal, in which they are distant, shadowy, needing cumulative proofs from all quarters. When the hand of the Almighty lifts up the veil which hangs between us and that outer and wider world, how instantly its objects and beings carry into the soul an impression that they indeed are substantial, based and built up, and manifested for everlasting stability—that they have weight, and force, and truth, and value unspeakable, so that, in view of them, things seen, though real and weighty too, are but as an infant's tear compared with the mighty sea. It was this evidence of things not seen that made men so different, words so different, texts, and hymns, and psalms so different. Heaven and Hell were no longer doctrines, but worlds, out of reach, and to be seen only as in a dim reflection; but what a difference between the impression of the dimmest reflection, and that of a mere name! The Saviour and the Destroyer were no longer names, but beings—the one near to deliver, the other ready to devour; and, with all the emotions of real presence, the souls of men recoiled from the one, and fled for refuge to the other. Of all real beings none seemed so real, so near, so constant, as He whose presence carried with it reconciliation to God, and deliverance from the adversary—a name no more, but a Being, the head, and glory, and centre of all beings. Jesus was adored! It must have been witnessing just such feelings towards the Master whom he had *seen*, and whose look and person he could never separate from His own affection towards him, which led Peter to say: "Whom not having seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls!"

For many years past Ulster has been in the process of preparation for a great revival of religion. Half a century ago, its churches were dead, its morals low, and its doctrinal position dubious. The chief difference between the clergy of the Established and the Presbyterian Churches lay in this, that the former were richer, and the latter less loyal. By degrees, rationalism, which always comes in as the natural mildew of decaying churches, took a bolder form among the Presbyterians; but then arose Henry Cooke and Robert Stewart, two names that will never pass from the annals of Ulster. They contended against odds, but after great battles

came a great victory. From that time the Presbyterian churches have steadily advanced. Life and light have spread, and many faithful, devoted men have been labouring to raise up true and spiritual churches. A similar progress had been taking place in the Established Church. The smaller bodies had done the work of arousing these great ones, and provoking them to jealousy. For some years past, most parts of the province have enjoyed the benefit of sound Christian teaching and the great truths of the Gospel, those which convert the soul were increasingly known and valued. Still, the moral condition of the people was low, the number of true believers lamentably small. The news of the American Revival affected good men deeply; they joined in earnest prayer for a similar visitation; and in the parish where the Revival began, attention had specially and earnestly been directed to the point. When once it began to be known what was being done in Connor and Aboghill, each devout man seemed at once to set himself earnestly to pray that his own neighbourhood might be equally blessed; and every day or week that passed over without any manifest answer to these prayers, increased both the tidings of good things granted to other places, and the desire to see them at hand.

The *Westminster Review*, in setting forth the conditions under which a religious Revival may be procured, mentions ignorance as the first. If so, Ulster was the last part of Ireland, and behind most parts of England in eligibility; for the efficient national schools connected with the Presbyterian body have greatly raised the standard of popular education. If so, all bodies that take an interest in Revivals are so ignorant of the true way to promote them, that they are zealously educating right and left. The people of Ulster are hard-headed, practical, and controversial, a mixture of the Scotch and English races, with a vein of Irish humour in them, and an underlying ardour when fairly roused. If those who think them so easily beguiled will go and try their own doctrines upon them, we suspect they will wonder how well they are armed with reasons, and how firmly they will stand by the old ways.

As to the physical affections, we do not care to say much. There are opinions to no end; especially at a distance and far away, explanations seem fluent and good. But on the spot, face to face with facts, men are less able to finish their theory. In temperament the people are cold. By immemorial habit their religious assemblies are grave and heavy. The Revival had profoundly moved one parish for a year and a half before the affections appeared—a fact which militates against the popular opinion that it could not have had equal force and general impressiveness without some such external sign. The affections arose in a country district, and prevailed far and wide, before they reached a great town, with crowded factories, which readers of Archdeacon Stopford's pamphlet might take to be the only theatre of them. After their appearance the spread of the Revival, before very slow, became rapid as advancing flame; a fact which seems to favour those, who, like Dr. Carson, think it could

not have advanced with equal rapidity by other means. But this conclusion is not confirmed by the example of either the American Revival, or of that in Wales, both of which have had a most rapid extension without physical affections. To this the reply is, in America and Wales the people knew Revivals, and were ready to welcome them as a spiritual power; in Ulster, as formerly in those countries, the people were averse to them, or ignorant of them, and Providence was pleased to send a special call and signal.

Dr. Carson, of Coleraine, appears to have disposed of the assertion that the affections were hysteria. Many cases of hysteria no doubt occurred; but they were not the characteristic cases of the Revival, and but a fraction of the whole. The great bulk of the cases had not the ball in the throat, or the alternate excitement of laugh and cry, or the twitching of the extremities. The mind was clear, the voluntary muscles without power, and the whole aspect non-hysterical. Then the most open fields, the healthiest villages were the scenes of these affections; as many men and boys as women were the subjects; and nearly all who experienced them, out of the large towns, were sturdy country people, who labour for their bread—people among whom hysteria is as rare for a disease as champagne for a beverage.

The first cases in new neighbourhoods were often in solitude—one was a strong young man, walking down the pathway from his master's door. Could this be a case of sympathy? The difficulty of so accounting for it is very great.

Dr. M'Cosh has written with more metaphysical care and skill than any one else on the subject, and presents the explanation which is most natural and simple—that the bodily prostration is the effect of a mental emotion so intense as to affect the whole frame. He illustrates it by women falling into convulsions on seeing their children shipwrecked, or hearing that their husbands have been drowned at sea. It is, however, certain that this explanation does not satisfy most of those who have practically had a great deal to do with such cases. Dr. Carson, a physician, contends that the affections are not those which, on physiological grounds, would result from emotion. And, according to the testimony of some, not a few of those who were struck, their first concern about their souls arose when they felt their bodies sinking under a mysterious hand, just as would be the case with a person at sea, who suddenly feels himself falling overboard, and cries, "God have mercy on my soul." According to the one view, Providence smote the frame, and the soul, feeling a supernatural hand laid upon the body, awoke in alarm, and cried for mercy. According to the other, an alarum was sounded within the soul; and so stunning was the stroke of the invisible bell, that the nerves were shattered.

The essential point is—Have men been turned from sin to love and follow their Redeemer? Have families been blessed, and neighbourhoods been changed, and feuds been healed, and cold hearts warmed, and sick beds cheered with new friends and with immortal

hopes, and souls departing been enabled to go down to the grave as men go up to a throne, and living men in their every-day dress been enabled to rise above their every-day sins, and to become messengers of grace and wisdom to their comrades? Have these things come to pass? And that over a wide extent of country? And that in my day?

Then let me bless my Maker that I live in such a day, and let me go to His throne of grace, and with importunate prayer "give Him no rest," till upon me and my neighbours the same spirit is poured out from on high, and the same wonders wrought. Even the *Westminster Review* lays down earnest and united prayer for the salvation of souls, as one of the conditions necessary to obtain a Revival. Among the unfair things it says, one is perfectly fair—that if Christians really believed, instead of believing that they believe, Revivals would not be an occasional phenomenon in the Christian church, but its normal condition.

V.

In Memoriam.

JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

Dr. CAMPBELL'S "Review," which has just come into our hands, "will be found," as he says, "to trench in no degree on the forth-

1. "John Angell James; A Review of his History, Character, Eloquence, and Literary Labours, with Dissertations on the Pulpit and the Press, Academic Preaching, College Reform," &c. By JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D. London: J. Snow. 1860.
2. "The Funeral Services occasioned by the Death of the late Rev. John Angell James, of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham: including the Funeral Sermon delivered in Carr's Lane Chapel on Sunday Morning, October 9th, 1859, and the Oration at the Interment, October 7th, 1859." By the Rev. R. W. DALE, M.A., his Colleague and Successor. Birmingham: Hudson. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1859.
3. "Dying Pastors and the Undying Priest; a Sermon Preached in St. Martin's Church, Birmingham, on Sunday Evening, October 9th, 1859, being the Sunday after the Funeral of the Rev. J. A. James." By the Rev. J. C. MILLER, D.D., Honorary Canon of Worcester, Rector of St. Martin's, Chaplain to Lord Calthorpe. Birmingham: Willey. London: Stevenson. 1859.
4. "A Tribute of Grateful Love to the Memory of the late Rev J. A. James, with an Estimate of his Character and Influence." By the Rev. W. GUEST, of Leeds. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Leeds: Slade. 1859.
5. "The Faithful Servant: his Life and his Lessons. A Tribute to the Memory of John Angell James." By WILLIAM LANDELS, Minister of Regent's Park Chapel. London: Nisbet and Co. 1859.
6. "The Chariots of Israel and the Horsemen Thereof. A Sermon by the Rev. ALEX. RALEIGH, Preached in Hare Court Chapel, Canonbury, on Sunday Evening, October 9th, 1859, on the Occasion of the Death of the Rev. J. A. James." London: Snow. 1859.

not have advanced with equal rapidity by other m
conclusion is not confirmed by the example of eith
Revival, or of that in Wales, both of which have h
extension without physical affections. To this tl
America and Wales the people knew Revivals, and
welcome them as a spiritual power; in Ulster, as fo
countries, the people were averse to them, or ign
and Providence was pleased to send a special call an

Dr. Carson, of Coleraine, appears to have disposed
that the affections were hysteria. Many cases of hy
occurred; but they were not the characteristic cases
and but a fraction of the whole. The great bulk o
not the ball in the throat, or the alternate excitemer
cry, or the twitching of the extremities. The min
voluntary muscles without power, and the who
hysterical. Then the most open fields, the healthie
the scenes of these affections; as many men and
were the subjects; and nearly all who experienced
the large towns, were sturdy country people, who
bread—people among whom hysteria is as rare fo
champagne for a beverage.

The first cases in new neighbourhoods were ofte
one was a strong young man, walking down the pa
master's door. Could this be a case of sympathy?
of so accounting for it is very great.

Dr. M'Cosh has written with more metaphysical
than any one else on the subject, and presents t
which is most natural and simple—that the bodily pr
effect of a mental emotion so intense as to affect tl
He illustrates it by women falling into convulsions
children shipwrecked, or hearing that their husba
drowned at sea. It is, however, certain that this ex
not satisfy most of those who have practically had
do with such cases. Dr. Carson, a physician, cor
affections are not those which, on physiological
result from emotion. And, according to the testi
not a few of those who were struck, their first conc
souls arose when they felt their bodies sinking unde
hand, just as would be the case with a person at sea
feels himself falling overboard, and cries, "God hav
soul." According to the one view, Providence sm
and the soul, feeling a supernatural hand laid upon t
in alarm, and cried for mercy. According to the ot
was sounded within the soul; and so stunning wa
the invisible bell, that the nerves were shattered.

The essential point is—Have men been turned from
follow their Redeemer? Have families been bless
bourhoods been changed, and feuds been healed, a
warmed, and sick beds cheered with new friends and

which soars so buoyantly on the wings of faith that it may possibly startle some of our readers:—

"We are deeply sensible of the loss; we mourn over so much departed worth; we feel the vacancy caused by the retirement, and, conscious of our personal insufficiencies, we pray for a double portion of the spirit of our glorified friend. May we not venture humbly to regard such feelings as tokens for good and beginnings of new strength? And if any in despondency should say, 'Where is the Lord God of Elijah?' May we not answer, 'He is here, speaking in the prayers of survivors, working their sorrows to an aftercourse of joy, and girding them with secret strength for the toils and conflicts of the coming days.'

"None among them will be *exactly like* the venerated dead, nor is it necessary that they should be. That wonder-working Being who makes not any two blades of grass in the field, nor any two leaves in the forest, exactly alike, never mechanically repeats a human life. Every plant of 'His right hand of planting' has liberty to grow. From the influence of His resources He works new wonders in every age. In the womb of the future there lie types of character and forms of strength probably altogether different from any which have yet had the embodiment of life. Let not any, then, among the sons of the prophets mimic the thunder of Elijah, nor attempt to speak to the priests of Baal with his taunting voice of scorn, nor gird up their loins for a race with Ahab's chariot from Carmel to Jezreel. Let each speak in his own voice, use his own gifts, and, in the strength of grace, achieve and realise the Divine possibilities of his own life, and then we shall have ample and blessed compensation for what we have lost—compensation in which none will rejoice on earth half so much as *they* who have just been parted from us, and carried up into heaven. They had from their seats to watch the effects of their removal. Angel-like, now they 'desire to look into these things;' and even their perfect joy will receive new thrills of rapture as they see multitudes pressing forward to seize the falling standards, and to occupy and enlarge the fields of glorious toil and strife where they fought and fell. On the life of each one of His faithful servants the Saviour writes, 'It is finished.' The inscription is clearest on the noblest and best. There was no rehearsal, and there can be no repetition. Failure and disappointment must attend every attempt to recast the broken mould, or to relieve those grand forms of usefulness through which the spirits of our fathers lightened and spoke. We say it with reverence, but we are not called to a mere *imitation* of even the life of Christ. With deep significance the Apostle says, 'Let the same *mind* be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.' The great Builder has His plastic hand now on the mould of your individual life. If you feel the touch, and yield to the creative freshening influence, He will make the mould both fair and firm, and will endow it with organs and forms exactly suited to your individual need. He will give you a tongue to the time, an eye to the new scenes that are arising, and a firm

hand that will not drop the sword in conflict, nor loose its
the plough in toil. Are you willing? Are you ready? Bre
forth this day, through the cloud of sorrow and bereavem
has gathered over us, the prayer of Elisha for a 'double p
the *spirit*' of our ascended friend to rest on pastors and pe
mourn his loss? If so, then 'the God of all comfort' is m
rich amends, and proving to us that we are 'not straitened in

Happy shall we deem ourselves if, in placing upon record
estimate of the private and public worth of John Angell Ja
can but catch something of the high-souled Christianity
breathes in these eloquent and suggestive words. They l
once to the right stand-point. To refer Christian excellen
root in God, is to be put upon our guard against confoun
weed with the flower, at the same time that we are solemnly
against enviously depreciating the Divine husbandry. It
character with a halo of sacredness very different from that
around it by a purblind admiration. It reminds us that th
and superscription may be as mischievously shattered by the
to substitute gold for the clay on which they are impr
by defacing the lineaments and legend of the king. Th
working from without by Providence, and from within u
heart, has fashioned a wondrous whole, upon which at death
His inviolable seal. The works of the Heavenly Artist
simply to study, not to mend, any more than we may m
For to mend is to mar them. Flattery and detraction
rebuked as sacrilegious tampering with the true feature
"human face divine," portrayed by no mortal pencil. In
nate eulogy by elevating blemishes to the level of the graces
effectually dims the lustre of these latter, than the slime v
moroseness and malignity. The crowds of thoughtless adul
less surely than the stealthy assassins of honourable rep
incur by their profane intermeddling His displeasure w
"Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm."

JOHN ANGELL JAMES was a native of the West country, hav
born on the 6th of June, 1785, at Blandford-Forum, in Do
—the birthplace of several eminent persons. Amongst t
find a Primate of England and a Primate of Ireland, b
there within three years of each other—about the middl
seventeenth century. The one was Archbishop Wake, of
bury, the well-known translator of the writings of the Ap
Fathers. At his death, he bequeathed £1,000 to the town
erection of a charity school, and for other benevolent p
The other, Dr. Thomas Lindsay, was some time chaplain t
Lord Capel, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, and di
bishop of Armagh, aged seventy, in the year 1724, eight ye
his fellow-townsman had been raised to the highest digni
English Establishment, and thirteen before his death at th
eighty. If wisdom in winning souls, and world-wide usefu
turning many to righteousness, shine more brightly in t

heavens than learning and ecclesiastical rank, the unadorned pastor of Carr's Lane Independent Chapel, Birmingham, may very well count in *that* firmament as a star of greater magnitude than either of the two contemporary primates, or than both of them together.

The old Dorsetshire market-town, in which henceforward Nonconformity will feel as deep an interest as Anglicanism, has a history, had we time to go into it. The half-Roman, half-Saxon name points to an antiquity far beyond Doomsday Book. It must have been already hoary with years when the famous Damory oak hard by—which, before it was sold for firewood in the latter half of the last century, had a hollow seventeen feet high, twenty-three wide at the base, and twelve at the crown, so that it was large enough to hold twenty full-grown men—was but an acorn. From the Conquest down through the wars of the Great Charter, and the times of Archbishop Chicheley and his uncle Cardinal Beaufort, both of whom, like Simon de Montfort and Saier de Quincy in King John's reign, enjoyed manorial rights in the place, the stream of local tradition runs tolerably clear. The population—some three or four thousand—has had to do without manufactures, since they contrived to lose the market for their lace—superior to that of Brussels, and sold at £30 a yard—or let slip from their fingers the cunning by which it was formerly twisted. Not for a long time back, if ever, a stirring, wide-awake town, one would say, like our Lancashire and Yorkshire hives of industry. Somewhat sleepy and dead-alive we might rather be inclined to fancy, and not without its share in the partial paralysis with which so many of the Western shires have been some time since afflicted, and which has entailed the gradual decay of their once flourishing clothing trade, and other like disasters. The impression is confirmed by the fact that the Blandford folks needed to be burnt out thrice within little more than half-a-century—not to speak of a like catastrophe in Camden's time—before they would be scourged by this fiery discipline into the adoption of a less perishable and inflammable style of architecture. The last of these great fires happened in 1731. It broke out at a tallow-chandler's shop, situated at the junction of the four streets which make up the town, and reduced the Church, Town-hall, schools, and all but forty of the houses, to ashes in an incredibly short space of time. The damage was computed at upwards of £100,000. This terrible rebuke proved effectual; and, though stunned for a while, Blandford afterwards rose, like a phœnix, from the conflagration, in repristinated youth and beauty. With its new Doric Town-hall and Grecian church, both of Portland stone, and its regular streets of handsome houses, rebuilt in brick and solid masonry, it became one of the finest little towns in the West of England.

It was not until his father's time that Mr. James's family settled in Blandford. The little village of Ower-Moigne, in the same county, about half-way between Dorchester and Wareham, was its seat in former generations, and the churchyard there abounds in tombstones

bearing his name and that of Angell, separate or in conjunction ; for the alliance between these two families is of old standing, and when, some considerable time back, what are known as the Angell estates in Brixton and elsewhere, valued at about half-a-million sterling, went a-begging for an heir-at-law, this well-established connection between the two lines became invested with a new interest. Ultimately, however, a nearer claimant turned up in the person of a barmaid at Salisbury, if we remember rightly. Mr. James's paternal grandfather lived at Swanwich, or, as it is sometimes written, Swanage, on the Dorsetshire coast, and at the head of the bay of the same name. It is on an incident in his life that an anecdote is founded which has been given in a very distorted form in several publications, as an account of his grandson's conversion. It has been asserted that, when a youth, the author of the *Anxious Inquirer*, accompanied by some lads of his own age, entered on one occasion a Christian sanctuary, with the intention of interrupting the preacher, but was so conscience-stricken by something he heard that though he came to scoff, he remained to pray. The true history relates to an occasion on which the elder James was holding family worship in his house at Swanwich, which the ungodly clergymen of the parish, at the head of a mob of certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, attempted to disturb. The pungent rebuke administered by the pious patriarch to his reverend persecutor went straight to the heart, and the surpliced Saul never got rid of the impression. Though he shortly afterwards quitted his cure for another, he became a new man, both in the pulpit and out of it, as he did not forget to acknowledge to the once despised Dissenter who had been the instrumental cause of the change.

We see from this anecdote, which is at least as striking in its corrected as in its apocryphal form, that Joseph James, the father of the subject of this paper, did not bear his baptismal name in vain. That name points us back to a wrestling Jacob in whose house prayer was wont to be made. Nor was the devout desire it was doubtless meant to express unrealised. Joseph became "a fruitful bough," not merely as the parent of eight children who survived the age of infancy, but to some extent also in the better sense mainly contemplated, we may be sure, by the good Swanwich patriarch. Although, owing perhaps to undue timidity, it was not until comparatively late in life that he made a public profession of religion, yet we have learned, from the best available source, that he had long before *been* a Christian, and had shown himself such by an upright and honourable life. His not maintaining family worship may have arisen from diffidence as to his abilities for the task. The eminent piety of his wife is undoubted, and to her prayers with her children, as well as for them, John Angell James often owned himself deeply indebted. She would scarcely have formed a union with a merely moral man. Her maiden name was Blake, and there was a tradition in her family that they were the lineal descendants of the famous Admiral and General at sea. She was a Baptist from conviction,

and her husband yielded to her opinion so far that the children were not baptised in infancy. On the other hand, she felt no scruple in communing with the Independent Church which had been established in the town since the days of Cromwell, during all which time, down to 1802, the date of the settlement of the late Rev. Richard Keynes, who married the eldest sister of the Revs. J. A. and T. James, it had no more than three successive pastors. Mr. Field, who preceded Mr. Keynes, ministered to it for sixty-six years, and Mr. Blake, probably ancestor of its last pastor's mother-in-law, held office previously during half-a-century. Mr. Keynes himself, the fourth pastor, presided over this ancient congregation for upwards of fifty-three years, including the time during which he was co-pastor with Mr. Field. There seems something providential in this transmission of the living Christianity of the commonwealth Puritans, through so few intermediate links in this sanctuary attended by the parents of John Angell James, and to which he himself used to be led in his tender rest and most impressible years.

The genuine evangelical piety which we have been enabled to trace to grandfather James, and for the further development of which in the family of his son and daughter-in-law, Joseph and Sarah James, Blandford furnished such a favourable soil, ultimately triumphed in the hearts of all the eight children, and still happily survives in several branches of the fourth generation. John Angell James was the eldest of the sons, but three sisters were his seniors. His brother, James James, Esq., became an eminent manufacturer in Birmingham, rose to be a magistrate of the town, and was many years a most efficient deacon of the Carr's Lane Church. Mr. Dale justly describes him as "distinguished for force of character, practical sagacity, and a combination of all those elements, intellectual and moral, which give a man power over others." The only surviving brother, the Rev. Thomas James, has long ably served the churches of the Independent denomination as Secretary of the Colonial Missionary Society, as well as in other ways. It is to his kindness we are indebted for several interesting particulars of the family history, and of his illustrious relative's earliest days.

John Angell's first school was at Child Okeford (not Ockford, as it is erroneously printed in Mr. Dale's Sermon), a small village halfway between Blandford and Shaftesbury, being about six miles from each. He was afterwards removed to an establishment at Wareham, kept by the Rev. Robert Kell,* a good scholar and subsequently minister of this Old Meeting in Birmingham. The Carr's Lane Church, it may be remarked in passing, was originally a secession from this Old Meeting, on the latter's becoming abandoned to Unitarian teaching. It is curious thus to find the education of the future pastor of the orthodox seceders entrusted to the future pastor of the heterodox mother community.

It is not said that the lad was bookish; and we should imagine

* In the brief memoir of Mr. James, which appeared in the *Evangelical Magazine* last month, the name is given as Fell, probably by a misprint.

he did not carry away from Mr. Kell's school too much Greek and Latin. His quick intellect doubtless caught up there much useful knowledge, which his strong powers of memory enabled him thoroughly to retain. In the play-ground he was great. Excitement, even in disputable shapes, he mightily enjoyed. He was unquestionably fond of fun, and loved a practical joke. One fifth of November he got into trouble by singeing a soldier's whiskers with a squib. On another Guy Fawkes' day he was severely singed himself by the explosion of the fireworks with which he had stuffed his pockets, so that he had to be pumped on. No wonder Mr. Kell set his face against such amusements, and flogged Billy B., the clergyman's son, for persisting in them in spite of warning. "By-the-bye," Mr. James used to add, when telling these stories of his school-days, which he sometimes did with great glee, "I once fought that boy, and thrashed him, too." The offence which brought on Billy this richly-deserved chastisement was highly characteristic—a sin bred in the flesh, and which could not help coming out in the bone. He had twitted young James with being a "Presbyterian"—the name by which in those dark Dorsetshire regions all Dissenters were described. In after-life, also, Mr. James could resent an affront, though he could also forgive one at the first symptom of compunction. Some of our readers may not have heard that he once brought an action for libel. But it was only after a cynical refusal of apology. The defendant was Alfred Bunn, of theatrical notoriety, who, after failing in a provincial management at Birmingham, mainly owing, as he was pleased to think, to Carr's Lane's denunciations of the stage, revenged himself by publishing the libel in question in the *Age* newspaper, which he shortly afterwards edited. It imputed to his adversary a virtual breach of the tenth commandment, in having coveted, if not "his neighbour's wife," at least, "his affianced bride," alluding to a prior engagement of the second Mrs. James, which she had deemed herself bound in conscience to break off. Brougham, who held Mr. James's brief, gained for him a verdict and costs, in spite of Denman's eloquence, who appeared for the defence, although, of course, the plaintiff never got a penny. We are, however, still more forcibly reminded of the rough-and-raw polemical essay against the parson's son at Wareham, by the more courteous and polished, but not less stinging rebuke, which, in his "Defence" of the *Church Members' Guide*, Mr. James administered to certain clerical writers who had taken a most unfair and ungenerous advantage of his frank exposure of certain excrescences which had here and there fastened themselves upon the Independent polity. For, though one of the most catholic of Christians, and eager—some thought too much so—to be on good terms with the Established clergy, Mr. James was always a firm Dissenter. Take the following passage, for instance, and say whether the writer's blood was not up to as much purpose when he wrote it as when he displayed his prowess on a former field:—

"Dissent, if it be a sin, is neither a courtly nor a gainful one.

So far, its motives are beyond suspicion. Our principles cost us much money and respect, which we should save by entering within the pale of the Establishment; and, at the same time, we should lose the ungracious character of separatists, and get rid of the unmerited name of schismatics. We should, at any rate, try our fortune in the 'lottery of ecclesiastical prizes' and the career of church preferment. We are neither stoics nor ascetics; we do not profess to be in love with poverty and reproach, though quite willing to endure both for conscience' sake. We are open to conviction, and will hearken to reason; but are never likely to be converted by the hectoring and contempt, the dogmatism and arrogance, of either the evangelical or anti-evangelical members of any hierarchy upon earth. Although we contend for Dissent, our desire is to be vanquished by the truth; and if these two can be shown to be not identified, we are quite prepared to surrender the former. But the man who would lead us back to the Church of England must not meet us with the works of Hooker, but with the New Testament; he must not come with a sufficient portion of dialectic skill to convict of many errors in style and logic so humble an advocate of Nonconformity as myself, but to overturn our great position that THE WORD OF GOD IS THE SOLE AND SUFFICIENT AUTHORITY IN MATTERS OF RELIGION; he must not only prove, if prove he could, from my concessions, that Dissenters are guilty of many things inconsistent with their own principles, but he must demonstrate—and nothing less than this will give him the victory—THAT AN ALLIANCE OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST WITH THE SECULAR POWER IS SANCTIONED BY THE AUTHORITY, AND ACCORDS WITH THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY; THAT DIOCESAN EPISCOPACY, FOUNDED ON THE SUPERIORITY OF BISHOPS TO ELDERS, IS OF APOSTOLIC ORIGIN AND APPOINTMENT; AND THAT THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER CONTAINETH NOTHING CONTRARY TO THE WORD OF GOD. Until this is proved, nothing is done; and when this is demonstrated, the grounds of dissent are taken away, and dissent itself will, in all probability, be abolished for ever."

At the usual age, the youth, *naïve*, frank, genial, and affectionate, with more of the wag than the Puritan about him, was set to learn a business. He was apprenticed, at Poole, to a draper named Bailey, who may, perhaps, have sometimes had to scold him for not being sharp enough in looking after slippery customers, and being too sharp and unceremonious with tiresome ones. On rainy days no sunshine from his countenance would relieve, we may be sure, the general gloom of the shop. He was wont to confess to a sadly bilious temperament, although, when things brightened up, none could be more cheerful. But, wet or dry, we may safely say he was not reproached with idleness. Such marvellous industry as marked his noon, evening, and night—he corrected the last proofs of his contribution to Mr. Birrell's *Life of the Rev. Richard Knill* the day before he died—must have distinguished also the morning of his days. At Poole took place the great crisis in his inner life which determined his subsequent career. Through false shame, as

Mr. Dale surmises, he had unhappily given up the practice of daily devotion at the bed-side; and when a newly-arrived apprentice knelt down there to pray, the sight filled him with a true and godly shame; his slumbering conscience was aroused, and all the better impressions of his childhood were permanently revived. Mr. Dale adds a most moving sequel to this interesting anecdote, to the purport that the youth who thus became the occasion of the effectual kindling of this "burning and shining light," afterwards himself lost his way amidst the dark mountains of Infidelity, and stumbled, never to rise again. We wonder whether John Angell James ever preached from those words of our Lord (Luke xvii. 34), "In that night there shall be two in one bed; the one shall be taken and the other shall be left." If so, with what pathos and power would he have availed himself of this striking history of the two apprentices in the way of pungent appeal. It is much to be regretted that he did not make it the subject of a tract. Of none of his tracts have fewer than a hundred thousand copies been circulated; and of two of them—viz., his *Believe and be Saved*, and *The Man that Killed his Neighbour*, above four hundred thousand of each have been issued. Another yet from his effective pen, on a theme so intimately associated as that suggested above with the most momentous event of his own life, might have been, through God's blessing, quite as extensively useful.

A pious shoemaker, as Mr. James often gratefully acknowledged, was the young "anxious inquirer's" most helpful guide in this initial epoch of his religious life; and to him, every evening, after putting up the shutters of Mr. Bailey's shop, the draper's apprentice loved to resort for the comfort of his Christian counsels and fervent prayers. The late excellent Mr. Durant's ministry also proved very serviceable in nursing the sacred fire; and at length, under a sermon preached by the late Mr. Sibree, of Frome, from the words—"He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry" (Isaiah xxx. 19), the great decision was taken.

From the pew to the pulpit, where he was destined to put forth a style of sacred eloquence peculiarly his own, Divine Providence wonderfully smoothed his path. So much so, indeed, that in after-life he was himself bewildered on looking back at the rapidity of his ascent, which he was quite right in thinking could never have been meant for a precedent. On the other hand, we ought never to forget that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" as well as order. The great interests of the Kingdom of God call for occasional exceptions, as well as prescribe general rules, and the shining footsteps of Him that walketh amongst the candlesticks are surely visible in the track along which John Angell James passed to the Christian ministry, and right on to the end of his triumphant career. It is needless to speak again of the striking manner in which all things had been made ready for bringing about the great change he had now happily experienced; the convergence, so to speak, of several distinct and highly-charged lines of Christian

influence, as if for some noteworthy spiritual development. The finger of God is no less traceable in subsequent events, which led to his embracing the pastoral office. His sister pays a visit to some relatives at Romsey, and shows a ministerial friend, the Rev. Dr. Bennett—then Mr. Bennett, and settled over the Independent Church there—some of his letters. He is at once struck with the fine qualities of head and heart which they evince, and he cannot rest until he has placed him as a student under Dr. Bogue, of Gosport, where, side by side with Morrison, the Apostle of China, and other devout aspirants to the honour of uplifting the Cross both at home and abroad, the young man's intellectual and moral powers alike expand, until his indefatigable patron introduces him, in 1804, to the church at Carr's Lane. For to Dr. Bennett belongs the honour of first recognising the incomparable worth of this "gem of purest ray serene," as well as of seeing to its being properly polished and worthily set. In all this there is not a trace of pushing ambition endeavouring to elbow its way to some coveted post of honour and emolument. Indeed, the pastorate at Carr's Lane was at that time no bed of roses, and Mr. James never strove to make it one. A secession headed by the former minister, the Rev. Jehoida Brewer, had just taken place. The remnant of the church numbered no more than forty-four members, and the congregation altogether did not exceed one hundred and fifty persons. So formidable were the difficulties with which the young minister was called to cope, that six or seven years passed before even he, with his splendid abilities and shining graces, was able to surmount them, and he was several times tempted to throw up the task in despair. If, therefore, he was under twenty-one when he was ordained, there is no evidence of his having run before he was sent. The heavy charge was none of his own seeking, and accordingly we think that Mr. James, in his own account of the matter on the occasion of his Jubilee Celebration, adopted too apologetic a tone, and spoke too unguardedly of his "precipitancy" in accepting the invitation of the church. It seems to us an excess of modesty, when he appeals to the result as furnishing the sole justification of the step. "Dr. Bennett," he said, "having himself received an invitation to become the pastor of the church, and, having declined it, recommended a youth then studying at Gosport, under Dr. Bogue, and who at that time was not nineteen years of age. In August, 1804, that youth came to Birmingham, merely, as he thought, as a temporary supply, but certainly with no expectation of being chosen as the pastor of the church. His preaching met with the acceptance of the congregation, and after four Sabbaths, before he left the town, a deputation waited upon him from the church, to invite him to become their pastor as soon as he might be permitted to leave college. With, perhaps, too little reflection, and a promptitude that savoured more of boldness than of prudence, he gave at once a favourable answer to their invitation. He does not now know at which most to wonder, their precipitancy in giving the invitation, or his own in accepting

it. Results have proved that it was of God; but circumstances augured little for the wisdom of either party. What a mercy it is that prescience is denied to mortals! for could that young man, when he accepted the invitation of the church, have foreseen the fifty years of labour, success, and comfort, that were to be allotted to him in this place, it might have produced in so youthful a heart a vanity which would have had an injurious effect upon his character and career. That youth is now before you, the man of threescore years and ten; the sapling has grown into the oak, under the branches of which you have long reposed, till the oak itself is in a state of decay."

On the first of last October, the decayed oak was cut down, but not because it had cumbered the ground. No; few Christian ministers, taking all ages of the Church together, have been more abundant in labours, both in the pulpit and out of it—more earnest in scattering truth—more prayerful in watering it—more watchful in looking for the springing up of the seed, or more blessed in the harvest, than John Angell James. Too seldom in hope—for with his strong-winged faith and seraphic charity, the sister grace did not soar evenly aloft—often in tears, and always in patience, he went forth, amid cold and showers, bearing the precious grain, and in due season the sheaves smiled. Witness his own thankful, not vainglorious summing-up of the fruits of his toil in Birmingham, in his last Pastoral Letter to his church: "When I became pastor of my church, more than fifty-three years ago, the only object of congregational benevolence and action was the Sunday school, which was then conducted in a private house, hired for the purpose. There was nothing else, literally nothing, we set our hands to. We had not then taken up even the Missionary Society. We have now an organisation for the London Missionary Society, which raises, as its regular contribution, nearly £500 per annum, besides occasional donations to meet special appeals, which, upon an average, may make up another £100 a-year. For the Colonial Missionary Society, we raise annually £70. For our Sunday and day schools, which comprehend nearly two thousand children, we raise £200. We support two town missionaries at a cost of £200. Our ladies conduct a working society for orphan mission schools in the East Indies, the proceeds of which reach, on an average, £50 a-year. They sustain also a Dorcas Society for the poor of our town, a Maternal Society, of many branches, in various localities; and a Female Benevolent Society, for visiting the sick poor. We have a Religious Tract Society, which employs ninety distributors, and spends nearly £50 a-year in the purchase of tracts. Our Village Preachers' Society, which employs twelve or fourteen lay agents, costs us scarcely anything. We raise £10 annually for the County Association. We have a Young Men's Brotherly Society for general and religious improvement, with a library of 2,000 volumes. We have also night schools for young men and women at small cost, and Bible classes for other young men and women. In addition to all

this, we raise £100 per annum for Spring Hill College. We have laid out £23,000 in improving the old chapel and building the new one; in the erection of school-rooms, the College, and in building seven country and town small chapels. We have also formed two separate Independent churches, and have, jointly with another congregation, formed a third, and all but set up a fourth, and are at this time in treaty for two pieces of freehold land, which will cost £700, to build two more chapels in the suburbs of the town."

His end was peace, and his memory is blessed. What John Angell James was as a man and a citizen, let the silent hammers of Birmingham testify, and the gloom of its streets as his hearse passed through them. What he was as a Christian, the churches of both hemispheres know. To his power in the pulpit, what Robert Hall once said, after hearing him preach at Leicester, is the most remarkable attestation we remember. "I should not be surprised to learn," he declared, "that a hundred persons have been converted to-night." The best proof of his efficiency as a pastor and spiritual ruler is the halcyon harmony of his church during the fifty-four years of his government, notwithstanding the disquieted state in which he found it at first; and although it was recruited to more than twenty-fold its original dimensions from the most democratic population in the land. Spring Hill College, of which he may fairly be considered a second founder, is a splendid monument of his zeal for the perpetuation of a pious and learned ministry. But his most enduring memorial will be his *Anxious Inquirer*, which will be useful as long as it shall be read, and will be read as long as any one of the many languages into which it has been and will hereafter be printed shall be spoken upon the earth.

VI.

PAGES FROM MY DIARY.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

October 14th, 1859.

IMPOSSIBLE to put in at Mytelene! We lingered for three-quarters of an hour outside the harbour; but not a single small boat ventured out, either with the post-bags or passengers, on account of the violence of the wind and waves; besides it was already dark. We must heave the anchor, and again set sail.

It is well for me that I saw thee lately during beautiful weather, thou most lovely island of the Greek Archipelago, ever-memorable Lesbos, the birthplace of Pittacus, Theophrastus, and Sappho! From

the stormy water upon which I am borne onward, I cast back a glance at thy dim-crowned heights, in the shadow of which lie flourishing villages and well-to-do country houses; to thy vallies, where bloom the rose-laurel and agnus cactus, to thy beautiful "Porto oliveto," reminding me of Piedmont's celebrated lakes; to my peaceful home on thy shore and my pretty young hostess, "la Smaragda."

And now northward, northward towards the Dardanelles, towards Constantinople! The wind is contrary, cold, and violent; the sea is dark, the waves rolling with an increasing swell. The old *Amsterdam* creaks and grinds dreadfully. It is impossible to sleep. The mind becomes also disturbed. I think of my beautiful, quiet home at Smyrna, with the Swedish consul Von Lenneps, where I was entertained as a guest so happily, and where I might have stayed! I wish myself there once more in the midst of that amiable family, sighing that I did not continue in Smyrna, and see and hear more about the great Deaconess Educational Institute there, the first of its kind in the East, the plam and pearl there for the education of girls. I repent—too late, too late! Away, however, with dull regrets; I will live for the day and the hour. The queen of night stands high in the heavens; I know that of old she is my friend. Good night! To-morrow, everything will be better; but I cannot recommend the *Amsterdam* as a steamboat for ladies.

The 15th, the mouth of the Dardanelles!—Asia and Europe approach at this point, and salute each other from two fortresses, "Chateau d'Asie," and "Chateau d'Europe," as they are called.

They approach each other like two potentates, to become acquainted; to make peace or war. The lofty hills of Asia retire into the distance; its shore is poetical and verdant; that of Europe prosaic and brown. Both become more beautiful, more cultivated and populous as they accompany each other on the two sides of the straits.

"Sestos and Abydos!" Romantically beautiful hills and dales, especially of Sestos, on the European shore. In the background, a lofty green ascent, which seems as if looking over the vallies towards the Straits and Asia. Thus, of old, looked out Hero towards Abydos seeking for Leander—in vain. The great warlike memories of the Dardanelles are less deeply inscribed in the human memory than this episode from the heart's life of love—the eternal heart. Because thou wast before the Dardanelles were, and shall be when they remain no longer!

It was not until noon of the following day, the 16th of October, that we approached Constantinople, the tripartite imperial city on the shores of the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn—a magnificent sight! Before us opened the Bosphorus with Scutari, the Turkish city, upon its Asiatic, and Pera, the "Frank city," upon its European shore; on the left, the long cone of the Golden Horn, between Pera and the ancient Byzantium, or Stamboul. It stands upon a lofty ridge of hills, extending from east to west,

crowned by white mosques, with their tall minarets rising out of a forest of gloomy houses. Its extreme point is the Seraglio Point, the foot of which is bathed by the Sea of Marmora. On its green slopes shine out white palaces and mosques, supreme amongst which rises "Hagia Sophia," with its four minarets, and Achmedan, the mosque of the Sultan Achmed, with six. Not far from the sea stands the former seraglio of Sultan Mahmoud. Ships with all their colours displayed and their yards manned are in the bay; cannons thunder—it is the last day of Courban Beiram, the great Easter festival of the Mussulman.

The steamer advances round Seraglio Point, and enters the Golden Horn. What a throng of vessels, steam-boats, ships-of-war, and trading craft of all sizes, laden with human beings and merchandise, whilst small caiques, by hundreds, skim like flies over the waves. It is an almost overpoweringly grand and splendid sight. How are we to get through all this throng? But when at length the steamer lay still on the waters of the Golden Horn, in the harbour of Pera, I could not but think of Stockholm. The resemblance in situation, in the picture presented of land and water is striking, but the life here is more manifold, and the proportions larger.

Fishers of men from Pera, that is to say, people sent out from the hotels, and boatmen storm the vessel, and press their invitations on the passengers. We allow ourselves to be caught by one of them, the best thing one can do under such circumstances; and we and our baggage are conveyed down to a caique, which takes us to the shore of Pera. We clamber up the heights of Pera for a whole half-hour —wearisome work, though, during the heat of the day—and engage rooms at the "Hotel de Byanz," a good but expensive hotel, though not the most so—for sixteen francs a day with "service." The air here is fresh, and the view over Scutari, with the pyramidal heights of Asia in the background, and along the shore of the Golden Horn, is incomparably magnificent.

I journeyed alone from the shore of Asia Minor, and I believed that I should arrive alone at Constantinople, but now I say *we*. I have met with a travelling companion in Mr. W., an English gentleman, and an original at the same time. Still young, he travels about the world with no other object than to amuse himself; and now he has amused himself by becoming my knight in a most chivalric fashion. A son could not be more attentive to his mother than is Mr. W. to me. And thus I now find myself in this place, where I expected to be more solitary than usual, so carefully and affectionately attended to—I cannot use any other word—as I have never been before during this, my journey.

In the very evening of the day we landed, my polite cavalier, Mr. W., conducted me to the promenade of Pera, "*petit champ des morts*," a tree-planted terrace, with well-built houses on the one hand, and a beautiful view, through the dark cypresses of a Turkish burial-ground, on the other, over the Golden Horn

and Stamboul; and all beheld under the beautifying mystical light of the full moon. Music was playing on the terrace, and ladies and gentlemen—the greater number of whom wore the European dress—sat before tables, drinking coffee, lemonade, and such like; or walking up and down, listening to the music in the blaze of lamps and the splendour of moonlight. One might have believed oneself in a European city. The lights and sounds in Byzantium, on the other side of the Golden Horn, had long since ceased, for in a Turkish city all outer life ceases shortly after sunset, whilst here, on the heights of Pera, music was playing, and people were walking and conversing. Pera is now almost exclusively a Christian city.

Saturday, the 18th.—The preceding day, Friday, was the Turkish Sunday, when the Sultan may be seen on his visit to the mosque. What particular mosque, however, he intends to visit, is not known before noon of that same day. Every Sunday it is a fresh one, and generally one of the smaller mosques, because in the larger he is obliged to give large alms; in the small he can escape with from four to five thousand piastres each time. Very pretty, this, I thought! I wished to see Sultan Abdul Medjid, and my polite cavalier, Mr. W., is always ready to attend me wherever I wish.

At eleven in the forenoon we were informed that the Sultan would go to his devotions in a little mosque on the European shore of the Bosphorus, just opposite to the fashionable Turkish promenade of the "Sweet Waters of Asia." It is a long way up the Bosphorus. No matter, it is all as one. We enter a caique, where we take our seats in oriental fashion, and two rowers, dressed in grey-white, striped silk shirts and red fezzes, sped us up the Bosphorus.

The caique is a long, very narrow boat, pointed at the ends, which cuts the water with great speed, but is not without danger from high waves or a side blow; and people must be very careful of their movements in them - must both sit and lie still. Beautiful carving of flowers, leaves, and other figures ornament the interior of the little boats, and red cushions or bright-coloured rags cover the seats. The caiques, for the most part, keep along the shores of the Bosphorus, because the steam-boats, here called omnibuses, ply in the mid-stream; and these are dangerous *'busses* for the little caiques. Some weeks since, Aligalib Pasha's caique was upset by one of these omnibuses, and its noble proprietor, the son of Reschid Pasha, and the Sultan's son-in-law, went to the bottom. We take care, however, to avoid such a mishap, row close to the European shore, and keep a good look-out. Wind and waves are against us; and the current in many places runs so strong that the caique is obliged to be dragged along the shore by a rope. But this is a rapid and safe operation to the accustomed boatman.

We proceed past one palace after another, some of them fallen, others falling into decay—others, again, white, new-built, and splendid, the greater number belonging to the Sultan, or built by him. These two are occupied by his two married daughters; this

by his harem; this by his eunuchs; that large, remarkably splendid and tasteful one, by himself. In front of it, in the water, lie white-painted caiques, with gilded ornaments on stem and stern. In one of these is a red velvet throne, and canopy with gold fringe. More than twenty rowers in white silk shirts are awaiting in this for their mighty lord and governor. A band of musicians stands upon the shore before the palace, ready to strike up on his departure. We pass a little mosque on the shore, as elegant and decorative as a French pavilion. It is called *Validé*, and was built by the deceased mother of the Sultan, a good woman, who united with it a hospital for the sick of all religions, and a refuge for the poor, who are desirous of learning; a well-meant institution, but which, after the death of the Sultana, fell to—nothing. We hasten past, speeding up the Bosphorus, that we may, if possible, reach the mosque before the Sultan. The firing of cannon, drums, and music announce that the Sultan has left his palace, and his caique is said to fly upon the water. We have half-an-hour in advance; but it is not long before we see the white and gilded caique behind us, and soon they will be up with us. The ships display their colours, and fire one salute after another, and the sound of drums and music bursts forth from one station to another along the shore. The Sultan passes by; and now the imperial flotilla approaches; now it is on a line with us—first, a large white caique, with upwards of twenty rowers, all of whom with every stroke of the oar rise up and make a bow to the great ruler himself, as if otherwise they could not keep the true course. He sits upon his throne of velvet and gold, with his canopy over his head—a little man in a dark coat and dark red fez. He is in lively conversation with a couple of gentlemen who attend him, and uses much action of the hand. He casts merely a passing side-glance on our little caique, so that I can but indistinctly discriminate his features. No matter; I am sure to see him as he comes out of the mosque. The imperial caique, with its measured oar-strokes, flies over the waves. Seven or eight lesser caiques follow with ministers, generals, and the gentlemen of the court. The white flotilla is soon out of sight, and merely the cannon-shot and the beating of the drums indicate the progress of the Sultan. We follow after.

How beautiful are the shores of the Bosphorus! Asia and Europe put on here their most lovely array, where they approach each other the nearest. It is one succession of parks and country houses: here and there an Armenian or Greek house, with their open windows. The greater number, however, are Turkish, with latticed windows and little holes for the inmates of the harem to peep from. Occasionally glance forth flower-crowned terraces and palaces, with gardens extending from hill to hill and dale to dale, together with here and there a height covered with the pine and spruce firs—a refreshing sight; and in the midst of all this beauty the dancing, glittering waves, bearing on their bosom a crowd of steamboats, sailing vessels, and caiques; flocks of sea-swallows

come dashing over, white-winged gulls dip into the waves, porpoises leap about, dolphins gambol—all is life and joy! The sun shines on the two shores of Europe and Asia. They seem to laugh one to the other, and to say, like the poet Tyanites, in his "Bosphoromachia"—"If, after all, thou art the most beautiful, the advantage is mine, because it is I who contemplate thee!"

The Imperial caique lies at the shore empty. The Sultan is in the mosque, which is a small one, with its minaret hidden amongst the trees. We land, and place ourselves on the shore, at the entrance of the mosque. A military officer points out a place to us very politely, and keeps back the people who press too close to the steps. Guards are stationed between them and the shore.

A stout lady, in a European dress and straw hat, will not, however, be kept back by any one. She is well dressed in half-mourning, and she holds a little boy and girl by either hand. She places herself close to the steps of the mosque, nor will she be thrust aside by the guards, who wish her to take a lower place; and they at length leave her where she is. Who is she? The wife, we are informed, of one of the directors of the Sultan's chapel. "He was an Italian," continued our informant, "who, having made a present to one of the ladies of the Sultan's harem, has not since been seen in the palace. Two weeks are now past, during which his wife has inquired after him everywhere, had him advertised in the daily paper, and is now here to ask the Sultan to what place her husband has been removed." She is not handsome, and very corpulent; but her pale countenance, her children, and her story, give her an interest.

We have stood waiting outside for about three-quarters of an hour, listening to the murmuring, half-singing voices within, when we perceive indications that the Sultan is about to leave the mosque. Military officers of high rank range themselves on the steps; the guards draw up closely on both sides of the short distance between the mosque and the shore. It is evident, from the expression of all their countenances, that they are standing ready to bow their heads before their ruler. Every one is silent and hushed, in expectation of his approach. Even I myself wait with excited attention. Sultan Abdul Medjid's sympathies go with the culture of the West,—for instance, his gift of estates in Syria to the French poet Lamartine; his behaviour in the last war with Russia; and his present position as the representative, perhaps the last, of the sinking power of the Byzantine empire. Son of the seraglio—that deceitful Delilah which lulls her lord to sleep and hinders all his endeavours after a new life—Sultan Abdul Medjid is to me a very interesting person, not for his individuality, but as a curiosity.

And now all the glances of the noble gentlemen on the steps are raised, and their heads bow down. A little man in a dark coat, a dark red cap with a long black tassel on his head, and a pale,

unpleasing countenance, comes down the steps, with as little dignity as a shopman. Can that really be the Sultan? Yes, it must be the Sultan, because the elderly military personages by his side reply with an expression of deep reverence to some remarks of the little man, and the stout lady with the children steps hastily forward into his path, as if she would stop his farther advance. He starts, makes a half step backward, and contracts his eyebrows most threateningly. Yet he listens to what she has to say, but listens with a gloomy expression, and then casts an inquiring glance on his brother-in-law, the high admiral. He utters a few words of explanation, shrugging his shoulders, and then another word or two, which seem to say—"What do I know about your husband?"—motions the stout lady out of the way, and walks on to the shore, talking gaily with the gentlemen who attend him. He steps into the caique, from which the canopy has been removed; puts on his gloves, distorts his face in looking up at the sun, and so doing exhibits his tobacco-stained teeth; while his plain, uninteresting countenance assumes a most disagreeable expression. This, then, is the man who is called "God's Shadow on the Earth," and who rules with absolute sway over the lives and happiness of thirty-five millions of human beings.

I have seen many crowned heads; but none who seem to me so devoid of dignity, so devoid of anything remarkable as this "Shadow of God on Earth." Nevertheless, the throne must produce an effect either for good or for evil. Travellers who see Abdul Medjid only at public audiences, usually observe merely the lifeless, automatic character of his exterior. I now saw him under other circumstances. He was lively, and his countenance, although pale, indicated more youthful strength and health than I had been led to expect.

"That is," I was told, "because within the last few years he has drank something stronger than champagne, and this has given him strength. Besides, he was to-day in a good humour. But he generally looks very gloomy!"

For the rest, Abdul Medjid has the Turkish family features, the oval countenance with somewhat prominent cheekbones; the nose broad at the nostrils and arched, the dark-brown well cut, but not large eyes, and the finely-pencilled eyebrows. They struck me as finest when contracted with their threatening expression, and the countenance then appeared most significant. If they could contract with a grave earnestness, Abdul Medjid would be a man of high character. Naturally mild of disposition, a good son, good brother, unwilling, although a despot, to sign a death-warrant, Abdul Medjid is not wanting in the softer feelings.* That which he wants is real

* Nevertheless, that these softer feelings in Abdul Medjid's nature are not strong enough to overcome barbarism is proved by the fact, that although he is the first Sultan in Turkey who has permitted his brother not merely to live, but to be at liberty—and this brother of Abdul Medjid is more richly endowed, both in body and soul, than himself—still he has continued the ancient monstrous custom of strangling, or otherwise destroying, every male child born to the sisters or daughters of the Sultan—the Sultan's brother has never married—immediately after its

earnestness, real strength. So, at least, it seems to me. He does not throw himself seriously into anything, but lets all go as it may and will. "Allah Kerim!" God is great, and does that which He will. Let us enjoy the day and the hour. And enjoyments for the day and the hour are not yet wanting to the Sultan.

In his gilded caique, attended by the white flotilla, the Sultan crosses to the opposite shore of the Bosphorus, where a little stream forms a valley, called by the Europeans the Sweet Waters of Asia. Here are the "Champs Elysées" of Constantinople, more especially of the Turkish Constantinople, where its great world promenades every festival day; and now, on the shores of the Bosphorus, has Abdul Medjid built himself an elegant kiosk, where he is accustomed to spend hours with his Sultanas, and thither he is taking his way.

Our little caique follows him across the Bosphorus, then enters a little river between verdant banks, and lies to at a bridge, where hundreds of caiques are also lying. From this point we advance along the margin of the river, amongst wooded hills and vallies, to a verdant little plain, which lies embosomed in the hills. Here the gay Turkish world is all in movement, the higher class in carriages, the lower on foot, much as the world of Stockholm in its Park, only within much more circumscribed bounds. First we come upon the cooking section of the place. And here, in the open air, small pieces of meat, liver, and tongue, are roasting upon spits, and anybody who likes can have a warm morsel, greatly beloved by Turkish palates. Bread, cakes, and all kinds of fruits, Turkish confectionery, and such like, are here displayed for sale. This is the introduction to the plain, upon which move, step by step, araba after araba—the Turkish carriages—in an elliptic circle. The greater number have merely one horse, and the coachman walks by its side. In these sit old and young, the latter wearing flowers and golden ornaments in their hair, and sometimes also jewels. Over these is thrown the white muslin veil, concealing the forehead to the eyebrows, whilst a lappet, called a "jackmack," of the same material, covers the lower part of the face to the nostrils. This veil is, however, frequently very transparent. The dark eyes only look forth freely from the chrysalis, but seldom with a sparkling or animated expression. Differently, the countenances of the children are unveiled, and often very pretty, although it may be asked whether the roses on their cheeks are artificial, like those in their hair.

Some of the carriages are very remarkable in form and style of ornament—two or three are drawn by white oxen, from the heads of which rise aloft steel springs, which bend backwards over the backs of the animal, with long, depending, swinging red tassels. These carriages are a sort of caravan, splendidly ornamented with

birth. The only sister of Abdul Medjid married the High Admiral Mahomed Ali Pascha and gave birth to a son, and so earnestly besought for its life that the executioner was touched, and the child lived for two years, but then the mother found her child strangled in the cradle. She became idiotic, and died of grief.

a cover of silk or velvet, fringed with gold. They look like huge baskets of flowers, their gay and crowded occupants being adorned with gaudy blossoms, white veils, and many-coloured silk mantles. It is the Turkish araba of the old style. On the other side of the plain are the carriages containing gentlemen, and the gentlemen gaze at the ladies. Some gentlemen on horseback do the same. Dark eyes and fiery glances are not seldom encountered. But after a short time all this seems dull, insipid, and lifeless uniformity. People wander and wander about in the same spot, in the same circle, in the same way. The groups which are seated on mats by the little stream, on the grass, are much more interesting. Here, at least, we can see women eating and drinking, and enjoying life with their children; but happy, fresh countenances I miss even here; and beautiful ones are nowhere to be found. The greater number are very pale.

After an hour we leave this narrow circumscribed Elysium, and betake ourselves again to the Bosphorus. Below the imperial kiosk is a larger, more open plain, running along the shore of the Bosphorus, and here there is also a large assembly of people, principally ladies, whose mantles shine out in all the colours of the rainbow, but much more brilliant. A great number of them have very plain countenances, although they wear the Turkish dress and veil. They belong to the Greek and Armenian population of the Bosphorus and Constantinople. They are sitting in groups along the latticed galleries of the kiosk, or upon the steps of the large fountain under the plane-trees—the largest and most beautiful trees of this region. The sight is really happy and splendid, principally from the brilliant colouring of the beautiful silk mantles—rose-red, yellow, green, and blue. I observe some very beautiful young Turkish ladies here, with the most transparent *jackmacks*. But still there is the same expression of the countenance—lifeless, soulless. It is that of imprisoned souls.

Up above, in the kiosk, the windows are open; but no faces are looking out. Below, dervishes go among the crowd and beg—the sellers of ices and lemonade cry aloud their wares—a circle is formed among the people—a kind of palazzo opens the space with stick and tongue—and then persons come forward upon the theatre thus formed. They entertain the public by acrobatic evolutions and tumblers' tricks, with a joke on every word and action, which seem to me in the highest degree monotonous and coarse, though the Turks laugh heartily at the whole.

Glad to escape from these uninteresting scenes, we again find ourselves on the waters of the Bosphorus, and are borne swiftly down the stream to the Golden Horn, the harbour of Pera.

"Leander's Tower" stands upon a rock in the middle of the mouth of the Bosphorus, calling to mind the bold but unfortunate swimmer. How beautifully the Seraglio Point shines out in the sunshine, with its white mosques and minarets rising up in the midst of wood, and with the glittering water dancing around.

(To be continued.)

VII.

FINANCIAL REFORM.

1. *Report on Taxation, direct and indirect, adopted by the Fin Reform Association of Liverpool.* (Read at the Bradford Science Meeting.)
2. *Speech of John Bright, Esq., M.P., at the Great Financial R Meeting in Liverpool, on 1st December,* 1859.

THE question of Financial Reform has made a great step in ad To the Liverpool Association belongs the merit of having, for years, continued to agitate in favour of what appeared to be a h cause. Their first step to obtain a sound footing for their pri on the platform of practical statesmanship, was by bringing able "Report" (the title of which we have prefixed to this before the Association for the Promotion of Social Science at Br under the distinguished presidency of Lord Brougham, where th ject was thoroughly explained and enforced in the course of the inte discussion which took place. It was afterwards brought still more nently before the public in the statement made to the General M of the Association by Lord Brougham, in bringing up a repor the section in which it had been discussed, and by giving the of his support to the principles advocated, although only to a m extent, by supporting the abolition of the Customs' duties o articles, which produced only three-quarters of a million of re The next step, and by far the most important, which the Fi Reform Association had ever made, was that of securing the ad of Mr. Bright at their great meeting, held on the first of Dec last. That gentleman grappled with the principles and details measure of Finance Reform in a way which had never been atte before, so as to exhibit them in a practical shape, fit for immediate lation. In place of advocating, as Lord Brougham had done, the ab of duties to the extent of three-quarters of a million, Mr. Bright avowed that he was prepared, immediately, to abolish all the more tious and oppressive duties in our financial code, including cu excise and assessed taxes, to the extent of twenty-seven millions, make up the deficiency by means of a wealth tax, to be imposed realised property and funds, of whatever kind, to the same a No account of the property and capital of the nation has ever published, on which much dependence could be placed, but Mr. appears to have gone into the question with care, founding his c tions on certain Parliamentary returns; and he estimated the amount at £6,700,000,000—rejecting what appeared to him to exaggerated amount, suggested in one of the publications of the Liv Association, £10,000,000,000. The property and capital of thos were not worth £100 in all, including all their possessions in houses, goods, money, furniture, stock-in-trade, and property of

other kind, was excluded from this estimate; and the proposal of the honourable member for Birmingham was to impose a wealth tax of 8*s.* a year on every £100 of capital and property of whatever kind, omitting from the tax roll only those who did not possess so much as £100. This wealth tax, he showed, would yield, on the computed capital, £26,800,000; and the taxes which he proposed to repeal amounted to nearly the same sum.

We have compared different reports of Mr. Bright's speech, and have found several typographical errors and discrepancies in the figures, apparently from the difficulty the reporters must have felt in taking down so many large sums as rapidly as the speaker could repeat them; but having referred to the "Report" of the Financial Reform Association and the tables appended, from which Mr. Bright's figures appear to have been chiefly taken, we have, by a comparison of these with the newspaper reports, been enabled, in the following statement, to clear up the discrepancies; and our figures may therefore be depended on as accurate. The total amount of the duties proposed to be abolished is **£27,139, 655**; but the saving of expense between the two modes of collection would, no doubt, do much more than meet the small difference between the amount of the various taxes repealed, and the wealth tax proposed to be levied in their room.

	£
Income Tax	6,610,102
Duty on Tea	5,271,702
Duty on Sugar	5,979,329
Duty on Coffee	425,827
Duty on Wine—Loss by reducing Duty to 1*s.* per Gallon	1,000,000
Duty on 27 Articles of Food, including Corn, £582,000; Currants, £301,000; Raisins, £128,000; Pepper, £107,000; Butter, £94,795; Cheese, £14,220; Eggs, £23,846; Figs, £27,180; Oranges and Lemons, £33,071; Rice, £32,402, etc.	1,895,082
Duty on 12 articles of Clothing, including Silks, £295,073; Gloves, £53,314; Artificial Flowers, £20,454; and Straw Platting, £14,583, etc.	403,001
Duty on 21 articles for Manufactures and Household purposes, including Timber, £574,239; Tallow, £84,932	757,947
Duty on 439 other Articles	751,098
Duty on Paper and Books	1,159,301
Assessed Taxes, including Carriages, £300,669; Riding Horses, £234,428; other Horses, £116,656; Hackney Coaches, £82,093; Stage Carriages, £124,993; Railways, £339,568	1,198,409
Insurance Duty—Marine, £285,323; Fire, £1,402,534	1,687,857
	£27,139,655

Objections have been made to this proposal from opposite quarters. Some of the more zealous supporters of the Liverpool Association object to Mr. Bright's plan, because it is not strictly in accordance with the principles of their Association. They seek the abolition of *all* indirect taxes, and the substitution of direct taxes; and Mr. Bright's

plan abolishes only twenty-seven millions of existing taxes, and leaves forty millions untouched. This is, no doubt, an important difference; but to abolish taxes to the amount of sixty-seven millions, and substitute a direct tax on wealth sufficient to raise the same sum, would require the rate to be fixed at exactly one pound on every hundred pounds of realised wealth, supposing the amount of that wealth to be, as estimated by Mr. Bright, six thousand seven hundred millions. The sum of £67,000,000 is so large, and would so materially and suddenly interfere with numerous existing arrangements, that however beneficial the change might be in its ultimate results, which we are not now going to discuss, few persons would be found to advise that the agitation for Financial Reform should now and for ever be fixed on this broad basis. The fact is, however, well worthy of remembrance, that a tax of £1 a year on every £100 of realised wealth would raise £67,000,000 a year, and supersede the necessity for any other taxes. Accustomed as we are to conceal the footmarks of the tax-gatherer by means of the system of indirect taxation, we are apt to be startled by the suggestion of such a plan; but with our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic this mode of taxation for defraying the expenses of the separate states, is a matter of every-day occurrence, although not adopted by the Federal Government; and because of its proved fairness, and its economy as regards the expenses of collection, it meets with general approval. In the most recent book we have seen respecting that country, an interesting little volume on "Prairie Farming in America, with Notes by the way on Canada and the United States, by James Caird, M.P.," we find the following information.* "The average rate of taxation for Ohio is 1·02 per cent. *on the estimated capital of the entire property of every kind in the state.*" (Page 120.) This rate (20*s.* 5*d.* on every £100 of capital and property) is rather more than would be required in the United Kingdom; and Mr. Caird adds, apparently without any surprise, "and yet this state (Ohio) is reckoned to be *moderately taxed*, compared with many others."

The opponents of Mr. Bright, who belong to the opposite extreme, assert that £27,000,000 is far too large a sum to be raised by a tax on the realised wealth of the country; and that by such an arrangement the working classes would be unduly exempted from taxation which they now pay—and justly pay, as these parties argue—for good government, and for the support of the national institutions. To such reasoners it might be answered, that these twenty-seven millions would all be required to pay the interest of the National Debt, in which the working classes, and all others whose whole possessions are worth less than £100, cannot have the same interest as the wealthy and governing classes, at whose instance and for whose benefit mainly it was incurred. But we do not lay any stress on this argument. We would even concede that the working classes are as fully entitled, and as willing, and as able to pay the interest of the National Debt, as the upper classes of

* Longmans, London, 1859.

the community. But in the first place it must be borne in mind, that the abolition of the indirect taxes, which Mr. Bright has proposed, would relieve all classes alike, and the upper classes, individually, in a greater measure than the lower, since they are individually the largest consumers of the taxed articles. It is true, however, that the exemption will not equal the burden of direct taxation to be imposed on them, and from which the working classes are to be entirely freed. And this brings us in front of the great economic question involved in this controversy. Should the property and funds of the wealthy classes, be taxed in an equal ratio with the small and precarious income of the working classes derived from labour? At present there is a frightful disproportion, and in the wrong direction. The working man with 20s. a week, which may be stopped to-morrow, pays an immensely greater proportion of his uncertain wages, than the landlord pays of his thousands, of which no eventuality short of death or civil war can divest him. On many grounds the evil of this may be exhibited, as, in fact, it has been by every distinguished political economist who has discussed the subject of taxation. It may be that the comparative freedom of capital, from its natural and righteous liabilities, as the *Times* has derisively argued against Mr. Bright, facilitates and provokes the accumulation of capital, which is the fund for the support of labour. But capital too hastily, and wrongly accumulated, at the expense of the working classes, is seldom applied to reproductive purposes, but is spent in the exorbitant and wasteful expenses of vanity and ambition, or in those manias of hazardous speculations which periodically witness to the prurience of our wealth, and squander it by a species of phlebotomy, till capitalists are reduced to a sober business level again. We are assured that the inducement to acquire property, which is the strongest passion in the heart of man, as Economists tell us, will resist and overcome the comparatively small proportional tax which our Finance Reformers would lay upon it; and that business would flourish better when wealth bore its just share of public burdens, and not only *supported labour* by providing a fund for wages, but *supported the labourer* by relieving him from the disproportionate amount of taxation which he has now to pay. In the next place, it may be answered that the working classes would, even if the proposed plan were carried into effect, pay their share, and more than their just share, of the national taxation; for it must be remembered that the indirect taxation which still remained would amount nearly to or as much as the proposed wealth tax would produce; and that this taxation, amounting to nearly £25,000,000, would be paid mainly from the wages of the working classes. Let us look at the indirect taxes which would remain, and which they would still have to pay. They are as follows:—

Customs' Duties.	
Customs' Duty on Foreign and Colonial Spirits . . .	£2,278,318
Do. on Wine (reduced to 1s. per Gallon) . . .	761,738
Do on Tobacco	5,465,225
	£8,505,281

Excise Duties.		
Duty on Home Spirits	£8,950,195	
Duty on Malt	5,412,777	
Duty on Hops	396,205	
Duty on Licences for sale of all these Articles	1,436,238	
		16,195,415
Total Customs' and Excise Duties . . .		£24,700,696

Let any candid man fairly go into an examination of the incidence of these taxes, and he will be forced to admit that, with the trifling exception of £761,738 from wine, at the reduced rate of duty, probably nine-tenths of the total amount would be paid by the working classes and others who do not in any shape possess £100 of property or capital; and taking a low estimate, it is undeniable that these classes would pay at least £20,000,000 a year from these sources, after the wealth tax had been imposed to raise £27,000,000. And let it be remembered, that this would be £20,000,000 out of a total sum of £67,000,000 raised for all national purposes. But what share would they have in the national representation in the House, entrusted with the laying on of these and the other taxes which they pay? Next to no share at all. The subject was fully and ably discussed in Mr. Bright's recent speech at Birmingham. The hon. member then showed that there are not more than a million of voters in the United Kingdom, after allowing for persons belonging to the richer classes who have two or more votes in counties and boroughs, or in more counties than one; and that supposing each voter was the head of a family of the usual size, five persons, the represented classes of the population would amount to 5,000,000, and the unrepresented to 25,000,000; for the population of the United Kingdom is now 30,000,000. Here, then, we have the undoubted fact that five-sixths of the population of England, Scotland, and Ireland are entirely unrepresented, and have no greater power in the laying on of the taxes which they are forced to pay by the governing classes, than the people have in Russia or Austria; and yet we find, when a proposal is made by Mr. Bright and others to lessen the injustice to which they are subjected, that a cry is raised on the part of the tax-eating class, that their tax-paying political Helots would be unduly relieved from their fair share of the national burdens! And even now, when a Whig Government is pledged to carry a Reform Bill, which was expected to double the number of voters—an operation which Lord Derby's Bill, as explained by Mr. Disraeli, was to have accomplished—we find influential members of Parliament, and others calling themselves Liberals (!) expressing their fears that to double the number of voters would be to place the constitution in jeopardy! Even to double the number of voters, and supposing that there was only one voter in a family, would only be to place the whole power, and the Government of the country in the hands of "the upper ten millions" of the population, and still leave an industrious and tax-paying population of twenty millions entirely unrepre-

sented; but if the statistics quoted by Mr. Bright at that meeting were correct, a £10 franchise for the counties, with a £6 franchise for the boroughs, which is understood to be the Government plan, would add only half a million of voters to the electoral roll, and consequently leave a population of twenty-two and a half millions entirely unrepresented. We have thus linked Financial and Parliamentary Reform together, because we believe them to be intimately connected, and that the one will never be attained to any great extent, except by means of the other. For this reason we most heartily rejoice that Mr. Bright, who has worked so vigorously for Parliamentary Reform, has also lent the influence of his talents and power to the cause of Financial Reform. The proposal made by Mr. Bright is, then, most just in itself; it is eminently practical; it is not rashly subversive of the established customs and habits of our people, but rather extends (though some may think too widely at one step) the principle which has been gradually at work in our recent legislation, of supplanting indirect by direct taxation. It puts on a nearer equality the incidence of the taxation of the country upon wealth and labour, and applies the boasted maxim of our and all representative Governments, "They who spend the taxes should pay them," more clearly than it has ever been applied before. And lastly, it would save, at a low estimate, eight millions a year, which the consumers of taxed articles now pay more than the Government receives.

It may have surprised our readers that we have ventured to name the positive amount of saving to be derived from this partial substitute of direct for indirect taxes. It is a further and sufficient reply to the argument of the *Times*—that a tax on wealth will prevent its accumulation—to state that this saving will chiefly benefit the trading and money-making classes, and be ultimately more than an equivalent to them for the just charges made on their realised wealth. The saving would partly arise from the abolition of Custom-houses, and partly from the abolition of the equal percentage of profit which the retailer is now obliged to charge on the amount of the tax, as well as on the original cost of the taxed article; for both as regards the capital employed and trade risks, he is clearly entitled to make such charges, and does make them. If Mr. Bright's plan were carried out, there would be only three articles on which Customs duty would be chargeable—spirits, wine, and tobacco; and as it could be enacted that these articles should all be landed only at a few of the principal ports, subject to proper facilities being given for transmitting them to all other places, it is plain that Custom-houses might be altogether abolished, except at perhaps a score of the chief ports, where a small staff of Custom-house officers might be kept, and thus an enormous saving of trouble and expense would be effected to the public. The coast-guard could watch the smugglers of the three articles, as they do at present. The saving would be equally obvious under the other head—the profit now charged on the duty by traders. Take a gallon of Cognac brandy as a simple illustration of the principle. The consumer of a gallon of brandy pays the spirit dealer perhaps 32*s.* for the gallon, including the original cost,

the duty, the profit of the importer, middleman, and retailer, on the original cost, and also on the duty from the time it was paid. If this transaction be traced to its source, it will be found that the original cost in bond was 9*s.*; that the duty was 15*s.*; and that the accumulated profit of all the parties through whose hands the gallon of brandy has passed, has been 8*s.*, or one-third part of the original cost and of the duty. But abolish the duty, and the original cost being still 9*s.*, if one-third be added to this by the dealers, the gallon of brandy will then be purchased for 12*s.* in place of 32*s.*, so that the consumer will save 20*s.*, while the Government will lose only 15*s.*; and even from this 15*s.* the whole expenses of the Custom house department have to be deducted, and probably 14*s.* will be the sum really lost by the Government, while the consumer will save 20*s.** Apply this rule to the amount of customs duties proposed by Mr. Bright to be abolished, which is £17,643,287, including therein the customs and excise duties on books and paper. Let us assume that only £16,500,000 of this sum reaches the Exchequer, and then make a question of simple proportion of the saving to be effected, thus: If every 14*s.* of net loss to the Government saves an additional sum of 6*s.* to the consumer, what *additional* sum would be saved to the public by the loss of £16,500,000 to the Government? Answer —The *additional* saving would be £7,071,000 per annum. The saving on the other ten millions of duties of various kinds proposed to be abolished by Mr. Bright would be smaller in proportion, but they would certainly increase this saving to £8,000,000.

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* The finance account for the year ending 31st March, 1859, shows that the net amount of the national revenue paid into the Exchequer from all sources was £60,961,315 (p. 12), including therein £1,194,090 received from the sale of old stores, &c., which is not properly a branch of revenue at all. The sum expended in collecting and managing this revenue was £1,493,621. Of this amount the customs cost £838,202; inland revenue, £1,307,010; post-office, £1,854,808; woods and forests, £24,276; and "superannuations of revenue departments," £469,324 (p. 17). These sums are exclusive of the coast-guard service, which is included in the naval estimates; as is also the post-office packet service. These two branches, including the superannuations connected with them, cost above a million and a half additional, and thus increase the total cost of collecting and managing the public revenue to upwards of six millions, or ten per cent. on the net amount paid into the Exchequer. The navy estimates for the current year show that the "charge for the coast-guard service and Royal naval coast volunteers, *included in the naval estimates*, is £726,958" (Par. paper 42, p. 22); and there was afterwards voted a supplementary estimate of £100,000 (Par. paper 57 Sess. 2, p. 5) for the same purposes, making the total amount £826,958. Now this sum properly belongs to the expenses of the customs department, and should be so dealt with. There was a further payment last year of an annual charge of £65,775, for superannuations to the coast-guard service; but this sum is included in the general charge for superannuations for all the revenue departments before quoted (Finance Accounts, p. 19). The estimates for the post-office packet service which ought to form a primary charge against the revenue derived from the post-office department, are included in the naval estimates, and amount to £1,006,337 (Par. paper 57, Sess 2, pp 2 & 3). The total cost of these two services, not included in the ordinary accounts under their proper heads, is thus

It has been argued that the proposal to lay on a tax of 8*s*. on every £100 worth of property or capital is something quite unheard of in the history of taxation, and more especially in the history of taxation in this country; but we are prepared to prove that this is a great mistake. Let us first, however, see what Mr. Bright's plan really is. As reported in the *Financial Reformer*, that gentleman says:—"I am going to show what I think would be a great, just, and practicable step, a long way in the direction which has for its realisation the ultimate and complete object which your association has in view. If you take the various Parliamentary returns which can be obtained, and spend a little time in calculation as to the probable value of the property possessed by the people of this country, I believe you will find that, excluding the property of every man who does not possess £100 *in one shape or another*, you would find the whole property of the country would approach, probably, seven thousand millions sterling. From calculations which I have made from these returns, I have put it down at *six thousand seven hundred millions*. Now, if this property could be fairly come at, and a reasonable tax imposed upon it, it is obvious that a large sum would be easily obtained. People say you could not get at it, but you do get at what is known as the income-tax, and there is no reason you should not get more. There will always be some men, in every country, who will endeavour to evade taxation of that kind, but the more just every man feels the taxation to be, the fewer will be the men to evade it (hear, hear); and the more men are convinced that a great change has been a great blessing, the more they will be disposed, by their own personal conduct, to support and continue the new state of things. Suppose, now, you were to pass a law that *every* £100 *worth of property*, exclusive of the property of those who don't possess £100, should pay 8*s*. to the State annually, make it more or less, but I will take the point to argue from—8*s*. would produce a sum of about twenty-seven millions sterling: it would be four times what the income-tax was last year—rather more; it would be spread over many times more persons; it would be collected at an inconsiderable expense; it would collect no more than was wanted, and the tax in reality would be nothing but what it pretended to be; and if in different districts *there were appointed committees chosen*—selected in some way partly by the Government and partly by the tax-payers of the district—it would be the means of giving confidence to the people; and I have no doubt whatever

£1,833,295. Adding this to the former sum, the cost of collecting and managing the national revenues amount to the enormous grand total of £6,326,916. The net revenue being only £59,767,225, after deducting the sum received from the sale of old stores, the real cost of collecting and management, when fairly stated, is 10 per cent., besides leaving over about £350,000 to be disposed of by those who may think any of the departments has been charged unduly with extraneous expenses. As one instance of the extravagant management which prevails, it may be noticed that the net revenue derived by the post-office from the packet service, which thus costs £1,006,337, is only £142,689 (Finance Accounts, p. 33).

but the tax would be as readily collected, and with infinitely less of the heart-burning, inquisition, and objection, than the income-tax is collected at the present hour. Now, what would be the pressure? The possessor of £100 would pay 8*s.* a year, but then his tea, coffee, sugar, and a heap of things, would be much cheaper to him, and his trade, whatever he might be engaged in, would receive a stimulus it never had received before. The owner of £1,000 would pay £4 a year. The owner of £10,000 would pay £40 a year. The owner of £100,000 would pay £400 a year. The owner of £1,000,000 would pay £4,000 a year. Is there anything unreasonable in this? Is this revolutionary doctrine?" (Great cheering.) Now, so far from this plan thus described being a scheme entirely unheard of in the financial history of this country, it is identical in its principles and details, and in the machinery proposed for bringing it into successful operation with the principles and details of the annual supply, Act. IV. William and Mary (1692), which was continued by other annual Acts, with this single exception, that the Act of William and Mary, in place of laying on a tax of 8*s.* on every £100 worth of property or money, laid on one of three times that amount, of twenty-four shillings on every £100, as will be seen by the following quotations from the Act:—"That all and every person, bodies politick and corporate, guilds and fraternities, &c., having an estate in ready monies, or in any debts whatsoever owing to them, within this realm *or without*, or having any estate in goods, wares, merchandise, or other chattels, or personal estate, whatsoever, within the realm *or without*, belonging to or in trust for them (after deducting therefrom all debts owing by them, and all *bad debts* owing to them), *shall yield and pay* unto their Majesties four shillings in the pound, according to the true yearly value thereof for any one year; *that is to say*, for every £100 of such ready money and debts, and for *every one hundred pounds worth* of such goods, wares, merchandise, or other chattels, or other personal estate, *the sum of four and twenty shillings*."—(§ 2). The explanation of the apparent discrepancy between "four shillings in the pound" and "four-and-twenty shillings" on "every £100 worth" of capital or property is, that six pounds per cent. per annum was then the recognised rate of interest payable for borrowed money, and also the recognised average rent derived from every £100 invested in land or houses, or any other description of property. In short, £100, in whatever way it might then have been employed, was really worth, and held to be "worth" £6 a year to the owner; and hence, as 4*s.* on every £1 would be 24*s.* on every £6 of interest, it would likewise be 24*s.* on every £100 of capital which the £6 of interest represented. The average price of land did not then exceed sixteen years' purchase. An invester in lands would thus get 6 per cent. for his money, and an invester in the public funds got rather more, for this very Act authorises Government to borrow a large sum on the security of the new taxes at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum; and an Act of the same kind, passed two years thereafter, authorised a million and

a-half to be borrowed at the rate of 8 per cent. At the present time both kinds of property bear to each other as nearly as possible the same relative value, although now yielding hardly three and a-quarter per cent. per annum. But the point to which we wish chiefly to direct attention is, that it was on the real amount of the money, or goods, or other property which any man possessed, that the tax was then laid, and that the 4*s*. per pound on the annual proceeds was merely the convenient form for stating the account, and applied with equal fairness to owners of all property, of whatever kind, whether real or personal. There was no scrutiny respecting the separate scales of *income* accruing to persons who possessed the same amount of money [or other property, although employed in various forms. There were no questions put whether the capital was employed in trade, or lent on mortgage. The inquiry of the tax-gatherer was not how much did you make last year by your money or business? He did not inquire whether it was 3, 6, 9, or 12 per cent. per annum, according to the different ways in which it was employed, but how much was the amount of your *capital?* Putting it in another form, and one well understood at the present day, the question was, how much is your whole property and capital "worth" after deducting all the debts you owe and all the bad debts standing in your books? The answer to this question being given, all persons were equally charged at a rate corresponding with 24*s*. a year on every £100 which they were "worth;" or, what was then the same thing, 4*s*. on every pound of their income, computed *at one uniform percentage*, just as Mr. Bright proposes to charge one-third of that amount, or 8*s*., for every £100 which the present tax-payers may be "worth." The only other difference between the two plans is, that while Mr. Bright altogether exempts parties who do not possess £100 in all "in one shape or another," there is no such exemption in the Act of William and Mary.

Having thus dealt with the question of personal property, the Act thus proceeds to deal with landed property, charging it in like manner four shillings on every pound of annual rent, which, as already stated, was equal to 24*s*. on every £100 that the land was "worth."

"And to the end, a further aid and supply for their Majesty's occasions may be raised by a charge upon all lands, tenements, and hereditaments with as much equality and indifference as is possible by a pound rate of 4*s*. for every 20*s*. of *the true yearly value* for one year, and no longer; be it enacted that all descriptions of lands, &c., are *hereby charged*, for one year only, and no longer, with the sum of *four shillings for every twenty shillings of the full yearly value.*" —(§ 4.)

The holders of all public offices derived in any way from the State, whether having fixed salaries, or incomes wholly or partially derived from fees were charged in the same way as incomes from land and personal property; but there is no clause in the Act taxing any other parties than public officers, or taxing any mere *incomes*

which might be derived from professional skill or personal
except in so far as the past earnings of that professional
personal labour might have been accumulated into money
property, in which case the accumulated money or other
of the professional and trading classes was taxed under th
first quoted, in the same way as the accumulations of a
classes; and this is also the leading principle of Mr.
plan. The plan had not then been invented which now
of relieving land of its fair share of taxation by making pro
and mercantile men who earn, say, £1,000 a year by their
personal labour, pay the same amount of property-tax as
who get £1,000 a year from estates, for which they
£30,000. The clause taxing the holders of public offic
follows:—

"All persons exercising *any public office or employment* s
unto their Majesties the sum of four shillings for every
shillings which he or they do receive in one year by virtu
salaries, gratuities, bounty, money, reward, fees, or profits t
them accruing." There is no limitation as to the amoun
emoluments of these public officers at which the tax is to co
Four shillings in the pound was made chargeable on wh
person received, whether his emoluments were great or sma
Bright proposes that local committees should be appointed
district or town to aid the Government in laying on the ta
This was also the plan adopted in the Act of William and M

The question whether professional and trading incomes
should be taxed apart from the capital which such part
possess connected with their several professions and occupa
which they may have invested in some separate and distinct
one on which much difference of opinion exists. The late
Hume's Select Committee of the House of Commons appo
1852, took a great deal of valuable evidence on the subject,
those who wish to go deeply into the matter would do well
Many actuaries and other eminent men, including Dr.
London, contended that all such incomes ought to be taxed,
after being first capitalised into a sum which would fairly r
the present value of the probable earnings of such partie
their whole lives. In this computation, these witnesses wo
into account not only the probabilities of life, but also the pr
of sickness or successful competition diminishing the
income, and all other considerations which might ren
incomes uncertain. Thus, an income of £1,000 a year m
certain circumstances, be valued at ten years' purch
£10,000, and a property-tax of, say, 5 per cent. in
being levied on £1,000 a-year and charged at £5
be levied on the interest of £10,000 at 4 per cent. per
or whatever was considered a fair rate of interest
time being. In this way the interest being only £400, th
cent. property tax would be charged in that sum, and thus

nal or mercantile man would have to pay only £20 in place of
50 which he is forced to pay by the present iniquitous system.
Bright's plan, like that embodied in the Act of William and
, disregards all these niceties of calculation, and charges the
sional man only on the value of his library, his house, his fur-
, horses, carriages, pictures, plate, money in the bank, including
n the whole of his annual or quarterly savings, and on any
ate property he may have invested in other forms; in short, it
es him on what his executor would say he was "worth" if he
to die immediately after the proper time for making out his
hedule had arrived. The mercantile man would be charged for
me kind of property, and also for all the capital, fixed and
g, employed by him in his mercantile affairs. Which of these
be the better plan it is not our province to determine; but it
to be remembered, that so long as only twenty-seven out of
seven millions of gross revenue are proposed to be levied in
rm proposed by Mr. Bright, the question is not one of great
iary magnitude. The usual objection is put in the form of a
on: "What would you do with the man who earns £1,000
ves nothing, for by this plan he would pay no taxes?" The
r is, that in spending his £1,000 a-year, although he would
ther escape Mr. Bright's tax, he would pay his share of the
forty millions of taxes on that expenditure of £1,000, and thus
contribute more to the national revenue than the man who
g £1,000 a-year, always saved £500 of it, and continued to
. on every £100 of this accumulated capital, because he would
is share of the forty millions of taxation only on his expenditure
00 a-year. But if the whole national revenue were to be raised
s new form, the question would be one of a great pecuniary
itude and importance, as would also be the question, "How
the working classes contribute their fair share of the national
" Since, however, Mr. Bright's proposal does not contemplate
esult, it is not necessary at present to go more deeply into these
ons. Thanks to the untiring energy and perseverance of Mr.
n, the enlightened liberality of the Emperor of the French, and
stinguished financial ability of the Chancellor of the Exchequer,
inancial Reforms which we have been discussing must come
nore or less general operation much sooner than many even of
alous friends of the cause contemplated at the time when Mr.
t delivered his able address. A commercial treaty with
e will no doubt require, in addition to reducing the wine
o one shilling per gallon, and abolishing the duty on silks and
articles of French manufacture, that the duty on French
y should be reduced to the same rate as the duty on Colonial
, which is now 8*s.* 2*d.* per gallon, which will occasion an addi-
loss of revenue not included in Mr. Bright's computations.
luty on brandy and other foreign spirits amounted last year,
s. per gallon, to £893,370; and a reduction to 8*s.* 2*d.* would
ore occasion a loss of about £426,000. This financial loss

would, however, be a great moral gain, because, in addition to the benefits arising from the increased intercourse with France, the temptation to smuggling would be greatly diminished by the reduction of the duty; and if a proper reduction were, at the same time, made on tobacco—the only remaining article on which customs duty would be chargeable if Mr. Bright's plan were adopted—three-fourths of the enormous expense now incurred for the coastguard service might be saved, in addition to saving probably seven-eighths of the otherwise connected expenses with the customs department. The late Joseph Hume obtained a great deal of evidence respecting the quantity of tobacco smuggled into this country; and he estimated the quantity which paid duty at only one-third of the quantity really consumed. He always argued that a reduction of the duty from 3*s.* 1*d.*, the present rate of duty, to 1*s.* per pound weight would extinguish the smuggler, and ultimately be no loss to the public revenue; and many other able men have arrived at similar conclusions. But supposing the duty were reduced to one shilling, and the quantity taxed were only to be doubled—which is certainly a very moderate calculation—the loss of revenue would be about £1,850,000. Adding the loss on brandy, as before mentioned, the total loss, not included in Mr. Bright's schedule, would be £2,276,000; and this would require his 8*s.* tax to be increased to rather more than 8*s.* 6*d.* on every £100, if there were no saving of expenses arising out of the reduction; but with the large savings, which certainly would follow, 8*s.* 6*d.* on every £100 would be more than sufficient for all purposes.

We have hitherto dealt with the saving to be effected by the abolition of the customs duties, as if they were all simply ordinary taxes, and not protected duties; but many of them are plainly protective, as, for example, the duties on corn amount to £582,863; the duty on butter to £94,795; on cheese, £44,220; eggs, £23,864; tallow, £84,932; timber, £574,239; and silk manufactures, £295,073. These duties tend to increase the price of all articles of the same description produced in this country; and thus, from the great quantity of such home productions, occasion an enormous amount of additional, although unseen taxation, far beyond what the public have any idea of.

The value of corn and similar articles of ordinary food imported is, of itself, enormous; although forming only a small proportion of the value of the articles of food produced and consumed in this country—all of which are more or less enhanced in price by the tax, or protective duty, imposed on some of the imported articles, the several amounts of which have been already stated. According to the official rates of valuation (Finance Accounts, p. 92), the value of the corn, meal, and flour imported last year was £14,523,771; rice, £2,780,609; sago, £241,517; potatoes, £858,610; butter, £560,590; cheese, £551,375; tallow, £1,311,822; lard, £179,652; bacon, pork, hams, and beef, £682,151; fish, £234,757; oxen and sheep, £83,209. Although a small proportion of these articles was

afterwards exported, the quantity which remained shows that we are dependent on foreign countries for very large supplies of food; and that, although the value of the imported articles may, perhaps, not average more than one tenth part of the value of the home-grown produce we consume, the other ten parts must all be increased in price to some extent by the duties, however small, imposed on the foreign articles which come into competition with our home-grown produce; and the same remarks will apply to the duties on timber, French silks, gloves, and all other protected articles. As respects the duty on corn, the Tythes Commutation average prices of corn for the last seven years were published in the *London Gazette* of the 6th Jan., and they show that the average price of wheat was 59s.; barley, 36s. 4d.; and oats, 25s. The aggregate cost of one quarter of each is £6 0s. 4d., and the duty on each quarter being one shilling, the average protective duty on corn has thus been, for the last seven years, two-and-a-half per cent—a large wholesale profit; but on oatmeal, the food of a large portion of the poorer classes in Scotland and Ireland, the duty, according to our usual rate, has been larger—equal to four per cent. on the average value of the oats. It has been correctly stated, that in order to ascertain the real extent of the burdens caused by our system of indirect taxation, we must not only calculate the amount of each tax, the profits of the trader thereon, and the expenses connected with its collection, but we must "enter into the minutiæ of the unrecorded, but not the less felt, charges added both to duty and to cost of its collection, on each article of food, apparel, and domestic use, by the shackles which the baneful system imposes upon trade, commerce, and agriculture—thus often adding three to five hundred per cent. on the prime cost of the article, by the absurd and ruinous impediments it throws in their way." The estimated amount of the loss to the country occasioned by the combined operation of these causes on the whole of the existing indirect taxes, is estimated in "the People's Blue-Book" at one hundred and four millions of pounds on every seventy millions collected; and the *Financial Reformer*, quoting this authority, observes that any attempt to controvert these figures "would only end in showing how very much this estimate is under the truth; and if the whole truth were stated, it would be so astounding as to be incredible." (P. 118.) We are not, however, prepared to endorse those opinions to the full extent, although, as we have already proved, the burden must be enormous.

In concluding our paper, we cannot refrain from expressing our approbation of the principles of Mr. Bright's measure of Finance Reform, however modified they may be in its special details; and while we cannot vouch for all the glowing results to follow it which the enthusiasm of the orator portrays, we are convinced that his expectations, though perhaps too sanguine, are based on the soundest evidence, when he says, that "if the Chancellor of the Exchequer would put the eight shilling tax in the hundred pounds, and the whole of these other taxes could be taken off, trade would

be extended, intercourse with all nations would be vastly and immediately increased; shipping, manufactures, commerce, and agriculture would all feel new life at once; and, what is better than all, and the grand result of all, the comforts of the great body of the people would be enormously increased; shopkeepers, retailers, traders of every kind would be benefited, and would find business much improved; while the whole aspect of the country would be changed beyond everything we can imagine. Since 1846, when a large impulse was given to trade in consequence of the repeal of the corn laws,—though it cannot perhaps be wholly laid to that change, there is no doubt that it was mainly owing to it,—the exports of this country have been more than doubled in twelve or thirteen years. Make the alteration I am proposing, and a change would be effected in the condition of the country generally, and the gratulation among the people would exceed, beyond the power of language to describe, that which has been experienced during the last twelve years."

Brief Notices.

MISCELLANIES. By Charles Kingsley. 2 vols. J. W. Parker and Son. 1859.

WE placed these two pleasant-looking volumes in the hands of a gentleman from whom we expected to receive a careful estimate of Mr. Kingsley's power, and a brief analysis of the good and evil elements of his influence over the middle classes of our English people. He has thought proper to put his criticism in the shape of a letter. His vivacity of manner well compensates for the gravity of a review, which we desiderate. At any rate, though he assumes the egotism of the "I," his judgment is as reliable as if he were masked in the infallible "We."

"*Editor of* ECLECTIC.

"Mr. Editor,—You and I remember very well the excitement with which we used to read some of the earlier of Mr. Kingsley's articles in the "North British"—how vivid, how hearty, how vehement they were! The "North British" was sowing its wild oats then, and we were confounded by the daring and impetuosity in which its editor permitted his staff to indulge. It has become steady as a mill-horse or a luggage-train now, and on the whole the change is for the better; but the life and glow of its more erratic epoch have departed. Whether Mr. Kingsley's fame will be heightened by the re-publication of these impassioned declamations—criticisms they never were—may be doubted. In the "Review," we rushed through them in hot haste, with all the enthusiasm with which Mr. Bright's audiences listen to his wonderful speeches; in these volumes we cannot help reading them with the quiet, critical humour with which these same speeches are read by old red-tape heroes in the *Times* next morning. It would be easy to select passages which look very rough on close inspection, which, when read

hurriedly appeared to be miracles, of literary beauty. Strange and almost incredible inconsistencies force themselves here and there upon one's notice. But still the volumes are amazingly enjoyable. It would be hardly possible to have pleasanter reading for those quiet hours which are necessary to make the kindest and most intelligent society completely delightful.

"I wonder why Mr. Kingsley does not write his sermons in the same style as his reviews, his lectures, his novels, and his speeches. How is it he does not see that if he wants to do his true work in the pulpit, he should use there all the manifold powers with which God has so richly endowed him. If, instead of trying so desperately hard to be simple, he preached naturally, without thinking for a moment whether he was understood or not, we pledge our word that the good people at Eversley would listen to him with ten times more interest, delight, and profit. And if our estimate of the bucolic mind is false—if Mr. Kingsley's parishioners would not comprehend their rector's free and unconstrained utterance of all that is in him—we think Mr. Kingsley should get another living. We have no idea that a preacher can be required permanently to crucify half his nature that he may "adapt" himself to his hearers. An artificial plainness of thought and style is only a little more respectable than an artificial ruin; nothing but the motive protects it from contempt. For every Divinely-commissioned preacher there are hearers who require the putting forth of every faculty God has given him; and it should be every preacher's business to find, as soon as possible, where these hearers are. Mr. Kingsley's writings are far better sermons than he preaches in Eversley Church, unless his published sermons are the worst he has ever delivered.

"That there are many fine and noble elements in Mr. Kingsley's books—and in these two volumes of Miscellanies, for example—it would be uncandid and unjust to deny. Their excellences lie on the very surface, and it is impossible for the most careless reader to miss them. His style is rapid and free, beyond the rivalry of any contemporary author; and his power of word-painting—whatever may be the rank and honour due to that faculty—is unsurpassed by any modern writer of prose, except Ruskin. His imagination, without being of the grandest order, sheds a rich lustre over every page he writes; and his hearty love and hearty hatred give a throbbing pulse to every sentence.

"But the reading of these two volumes has confirmed the impression which I had formed long before, from a tolerably extensive acquaintance with Mr. Kingsley's more important books—that he is destitute of some of the faculties which are most necessary to a trustworthy and really beneficial public teacher. I do not know whether it has ever struck your mind, but I have often thought that one of the most grievous and alarming characteristics of modern writing and thinking is the utter and obvious inability of many of our most popular and powerful authors to judge of the evidence by which truth and falsehood are really to be discriminated. It is a joke against new-married folks that they often choose their house by the prettiness of the papers which happen to be on the walls, without thinking at all about its substantial and permanent conveniences; and there are many well-known names which I could quote that seem obvious to the same charge in the formation of their opinions. If a theory stimulates the fancy—if it has an air of freedom and magnanimity—if it is easily thrown into a beautiful and noble form—they seem to be abundantly well satisfied. In other words, they choose their creed, not for its truth but its beauty; they do not ask whether it be founded on an eternal rock, and equal to all the necessities of their mysterious being,

but whether it please the eye and delight the taste.

"I believe that this is the worst element of Mr. Kingsley's influence. Our mental habits are moulded insensibly by the books which interest and delight us most. Whatever may be our theory of logic, our practical logic will be derived from our favourite authors. And hence, although many of Mr. Kingsley's opinions are false and mischievous, his *method* is still more injurious. His writings are likely to ruin the mental soundness of his readers, to destroy the grave, serious, honest habit of refusing to receive anything, no matter how fascinating, which does not bring authoritative credentials, and receiving everything which is adequately demonstrated, no matter how antagonistic to all our tastes and sympathies. Mr. Kingsley's theory of the Universe seems to us to labour under the unfortunate objection of being formed without any regard to the facts which it ought to explain, or at any rate acknowledge. It is as mere a dream as any of the Cosmogonies which have been driven to eternal night by the doctrines of the Novum Organum. If right, it is by mere accident, and on some infinitely important matters it is grievously wrong. It is the creation of his own fancies, tastes, and wishes; and is as pure a work of fiction as any of his novels.

"If I mistake not, the next generation will suffer greatly in consequence of the extent to which the licentious habit of dealing with the Moral Universe is being strengthened by our popular literature. Not to speak of the evil results of this habit on all theological thought, and ultimately on the purity of our social life, it must impair, if not destroy, that practical sagacity which, for centuries, has been the greatest and most conspicuous attribute of English statesmanship. An empire like ours will always need at the head of its affairs, and filling many of the subordinate offices of state, men who are trained to look with a clear and almost infallible eye on the actual condition of things with which they have to deal. The faculty of governing an imaginary commonwealth is a very poor endowment. 'Facts are chiels that winna ding,' the rough material of human history will not be transformed into new shapes by any enchantments of fancy; it must be accepted just as it is. The stern laws under which we live must be honestly and reverently acknowledged, or we can work no deliverance for our race.

"Mr. Kingsley's old misrepresentations of Evangelical religion appear, of course, in these 'Miscellanies,' altogether unmodified. He knows as little about Evangelical Christians as he does about the inhabitants of Jupiter.

"That the 'religious world' have too much neglected the claims of secular benevolence, is a fact which cannot be denied, but Mr. Kingsley's explanations of it are equally uncharitable and fictitious. The true account of the matter, I believe, is this. Our English religious life is mainly the offspring of the great religious revival of the last century; and our theology and ethics, indeed all our traditions and habits, bear the stamp of our origin. Whitfield and Wesley were fired with a sublime passion for the salvation of men; they were under such an awful impression of the spiritual guilt and misery in which the mass of their countrymen were plunged, that it was simply impossible for them to give much heed to the transient sorrows of this life. There was one thing to be done, and that was, to save men from rebellion against God in this world, and from hell in the next—nothing was worthy of their thought or effort which did not minister more or less to this great end. This grand conviction gave to the whole movement which they originated its peculiar characteristics. Worship was thought far less important than preaching, for it is by the 'Word' that we are brought to

Christ. 'Usefulness' meant success in converting the ungodly; the sanctification of those who already believed seemed a very inferior matter. The doctrines which must be constantly preached are those which are likely to startle the conscience of the sinner, and to lead in faith to Christ; to 'leave the first principles of the Gospel of Christ, and to go on unto perfection,' was to be unfaithful to the first great duty of an Evangelical Preacher. A benevolent care for the temporal wants of men had been made too often a substitute for spiritual religion; and, moreover, the greatest temporal miseries were utterly insignificant compared with men's spiritual necessities, and so all thought and effort were naturally devoted to work which was distinctly directed to the recovery of 'sinners from the error of their ways.

"But it may be most fairly urged that sicne, in these days, the most earnest members of his great party are not too absorbed in spiritual thought to care for their own physical health and comfort — they have no right to claim absolution from the duty of promoting the physical health and comfort of others. If in their vehement zeal for the salvation of men they become indifferent to the splendour of their own houses, the abundance of their own tables, their personal ease and their personal health, we might admire and almost approve their too general indifference to the great charities which are intended to relieve the present sufferings of mankind. But now that they have become worldly enough to think of all that concerns their own temporal well-being, they must not say that they are too spiritual to think of the well-being of others. The traditions of a grander age are, however, governing them still; and it is not very easy for them to see that the change in the temperature of their piety requires a change in the adjustment of their activities.

"But you must not imagine that I regard these volumes as wholly and universally evil. There is much in them which I have read with great delight, and, I trust, with profit. Would to God that Charles Kingsley could live for six months with any one among half-a-dozen of the leaders of the Evangelical party which he so miserably misunderstands. I believe that though his habits of thought are now too firmly set to be wholly reconstructed, he would promptly and candidly acknowledge that up till now he has been wholly ignorant of the real spirit and principles of those whom he has so violently abused.

"I think you have never been into North Devon, and may not therefore enjoy as heartily as I have the paper from Fraser (1849) which appears in the second of these two volumes, but which I do not remember reading before, entitled "North Devon: A Prose Idyll." But read it, and you will thirst for Lyemouth, Exmoor, and Clovelly. Did I tell you when we met a month or two ago that during my summer rambles I saw Charles Kingsley's early home? I believe that a day or two in that lovely region is one of the best possible commentaries on all the literary qualities of his writings. A strange, wild, beautiful place is Clovelly. It lies on the North Devon Coast, about eleven or twelve miles west of Bideford, and the whole country round is rich in association with the grandest periods of our national life. "Westward Ho" has made us all familiar with the adventurous spirit of the Bideford people in the old days; and it is a pleasant thing to wander about the streets of the good old town and lean over its famous bridge with thoughts of all that has sprung out of the spirit and daring of its ancient inhabitants. And here, not long ago, Froude and Kingsley worked together, the one at his history, and the other at the fiction which has shed such a glory on Bideford itself and all the good county of Devon. Not far from Bideford lies Torrington, where John Howe walked with God and held high converse with the spirits of just men made perfect in

the blessedness of the righteous. Murray's Guide, a capital book for most practical purposes, vouchsafes the following information about him: 'John Howe, a *Dissenting minister of some celebrity*, (!) b. 1630, lived for several years at Torrington. Whilst residing here, a curious coincidence occurred. A fire broke out in his house, but it was providentially extinguished by a sudden fall of rain. On the evening of the same day he received a letter, which concluded with this remarkable prayer — 'May the dew of heaven be upon your dwelling!' This is all that John Murray, of Albemarle-street, thought it necessary to say of John Howe, the prince of English theologians. The author of the 'Living Temple' was 'a Dissenting minister of some celebrity.' We should rather think he was. We wonder whether Mr. Murray's 'Handbook for London' informs his readers that at Apsley-house, there lived the Duke of Wellington, an officer in the English army who won some reputation in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and was remarkable for the shortness of his notes and the length of his nose.

"The road from Bideford to Torrington follows the Torridge (who has forgotten the sweet Rose of Torridge?). The road to Clovelly runs near the sea.

"Clovelly itself, where Charles Kingsley spent his boyhood, is a fishing town —or, perhaps, I might call it a fishing village rooted rather than built on precipitous rocks. Most luxuriant foliage gathers round it from the top of the cliff down to the very water's edge, and it seems altogether a place for creatures with wings rather than common men and women who have to go along upon a pair of legs. The road is literally a pebbled flight of stairs, and the perpendicular descent from the Holly to the Pier can scarcely be less than 500 feet. The houses, most of them, seem to have been built to stand a siege, the walls are so thick and strong. Mr. Kingsley's father was incumbent of the church for many years; and some of the old fishermen remember Master Charley very well, and told me he used to be a great hand at going out with the boats. They seemed to cherish a very kindly remembrance of him, but had a very faint idea of the greatness and fame to which he has risen.

"One had only to look round on the magnificent cliff and ocean scenery, and to chat with the men that hung about the little pier, to discover the external influences which have helped to give form and colour to Kingsley's mind. His enthusiastic admiration of natural scenery — his love of physical robustness and daring—his free, hearty way of thinking and talking—must have been greatly cherished by the queer, wild life at Clovelly. The passion he has for natural history came, I think, from another quarter. If I mistake not, he was a pupil for some time of Mr. Johns, of Helstone, whose admirable little book called 'A Week at the Lizard' is the best guide-book for that interesting district, and contains abundant evidence that it would scarcely be possible for a bright, ardent boy to be with him even for a month without getting a wonderful liking for birds, beasts, and fishes.

"I am, faithfully yours,

"BERNARD."

TRUE WOMANHOOD. Memorials of Eliza Hessel. By Joshua Priestly. Second Edition: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WE can promise our friends that they will read this book through with great interest. We have here a landscape of beautiful real life which makes lasting memories on us as we pass through it.

The character of Miss Hessel well illustrates the title which the author has chosen for his work. Heretofore we have been wont to meet with "young ladies" who "finish their education." What is meant by "education" in these cases it would be hard to tell. We have our own con-

however, that the "finished" is often worth very little. Hessel was moulded in the ool of home. Her nature was eminine, and domestic, and ex- trained in household duties. s fell into none of the grand ons which so commonly make women ridiculous. Her soul growth of simplicity, good poetry, and strong natural s. In one of her letters she I detest the word 'intellectual' ied to a woman." And yet, oved from the prating egotism ue-stocking, she nevertheless with unusual resolution in aths of general knowledge and e. Some will judge that she much; and certainly read- be enlarged at the expense ing. The aim should doubt- to discipline while we enrich d.

e all, the Christian life, in this of it, was a genuine con- ss, and a clear example, in her through many con- a deep faith in the Saviour, steadfast adherence to the f God. And let all who may in the same way be thus of finding the same consola-

an thoroughly recommend the rials," and believe they will wide circulation. In this edition the woodcut in the has been replaced with a graving.

N NORWAY WITH A KNAPSACK. Mr. Mattieu Williams. Smith, and Co., London.

ILLIAMS is a sensible man, t is a great point in anybody dertakes to write a book. He s, without telling the reader ttle detail that cannot interest id without compressing his nto the rigid mould of a guide- make himself a very agree- ntertaining, and intelligent ion through the district he has lately traversed. His descriptions of scenery are natural; and though his enjoyment of it is evidently intense, he has the good sense and good taste to avoid those transcendental raptures which add nothing to the information of the reader, and make the author look ridiculous.

Mr. Williams's tour was in many respects the same as Professor Forbes's. Starting from Christiana, he walked along the high road over the Doffrejeld to Drontheim; thence went by steamer north, almost as far as the North Cape, calling in at the fiords and islands along the coast, traversing the scene of the fabulous Maelström, and passing into the Arctic circle, and the region of midnight noon; came southward again by a returning steamer, and landed at Drontheim; and thence wound his way over mountain and valley, by fiord and river, back to Christiana, his original starting point. The scenery among the Lofodden Islands, especially in Junk, before the snow is yet melted from the lofty cliffs, among which the vessel winds in narrow channels, looking ever like little land-locked lakes, is described by Mr. Williams and by Professor Forbes in terms which tantalise you that you only fancy, and cannot see it. The Romsdal, too, the glenco of Norway, which Mr. Williams visited, has a fascination which it seems difficult to resist. But will nobody step in to save the life of that poor creature the Maelström? Who that read in his boyhood of a roaring whirling abyss of waters, sucking in everything which approached it—who that pictured the devouring monster, lashed into fury by the storm, gulfing whales at a mouthful, and swallowing whole navies without the smallest inconvenience, can hear without pity of the miserable fallen condition in which it is now compelled to live? Every traveller of late years has had a sly hit at the expiring monster; but Mr. Williams seems savagely resolved to give it the last kick. He certainly kicks pretty hard, assuring the public

that the said awful gulf might in ordinary states of the wind and tide be safely navigated in a cock-boat. This is adding insult to injury. The myth dies, and is buried in ignominy as an impostor. Alas for all our old dreams!

On scientific subjects, which frequently arise during the course of his rambles, Mr. Williams gives generally opinions which at least strike one for their good sense. A slight tendency to combativeness, especially on the subject of education, where he has strong opinions of a sternly utilitarian character, is frequently traceable; but on all subjects, except education, his views are at least plausible, and well sustained by facts. His theory of the cause of the mirage is ingenious, and is so strictly in accordance with well known optical laws that we have little hesitation in adopting it as true. On the whole, we have great pleasure and great confidence in recommending this little work to the attention of our readers. If they mean to travel in the district, it will give them a good idea of the scenery and manners of the people without travelling.

THE TWO HOMES. By William Matthews. Three vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS novel we shall not characterise, only repeat what all the world knows, that the firm which publishes it is on the look-out for merit in this department of literature, and that novels as well as human beings are dividable into the classes of better and worse. It is a kind of oracular puzzle. We shall present our readers simply with one or two of the running titles of the book, without hunting further at its plot, or pronouncing on its merits, that those who are so disposed may exercise their constructive faculty in making out a story from these *data*; and that those who like their pleasures to come to them without effort may order the tale from the library.

It will be observed, then, from certain items in the short-hand summary of matter which tops the pages of "The Two Homes," such as "Mr. Graham Jumps to a Happy Conclusion"—"Minnie being Drawn Out" —"Nervousness — the Remedy"— "Our First Pony"—"Tally-ho"— "Cub Hunting—Dear Little Minnie"— "Criticism on Riding"—"The American and English Races"— 'Mrs. Graham Fences," &c., &c.; that the two homes of our novels are two stables; that the proper names are those of quadrupeds, not bipeds; and that the novel scents of the turf and training ground, Epsom and Newmarket, hunting lodge and steeplechase, rather than of interests more exclusively human. Whether Nimrod or Harry Hieover constructing the novel in this sense from our pregnant hint would not make a better story of it is not for us to say. Such an event lies in the far-off region of possibilities, and there for the present we must leave it, trusting that the gratitude of our readers will attend the efforts just now made for their illumination at once by this not-multitudinous summary of topics in the picture before us, and by the clue we furnish to its prevailing character.

POEMS, by Lieutenant-Colonel William Read. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

WE know not that we can give higher or juster praise to this neatly got-up volume than by saying that its gallant author has not miscalled it. We have met with an occasional bad rhyme, with some 'conceits' we scarcely like, but with many things truly beautiful, and which only a poet could create.

CHRISTIAN GOVERNMENT AND CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IN INDIA. By Anti-Caste.

A good little book by an able writer, laying open the rights and wrongs of the whole question of which it treats. It is full of information, presented in a clear manner.

THE ECLECTIC.

MARCH, 1860.

I.

ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection; or, the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life. By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c.

MR. DARWIN, as a naturalist, is eminent amongst the eminent—an authority amongst authorities—*laudatur á laudatis*. Probably few men are better entitled by patient observation, and careful analysis of facts, to construct a theory. He has been in no undue haste to do this. Perhaps it may be above a quarter of a century since, in the capacity of naturalist on board H.M.S. *Beagle*, he was impressed with certain facts connected with the geography and palæontology of South America, which appeared to throw "some light on the Origin of Species—that mystery of mysteries, as it has been called by one of our greatest philosophers."* After five years had elapsed in accumulating observations and reflecting upon them, he allowed himself to speculate, and drew up some short notes, which in 1844 were enlarged into a sketch of certain conclusions, which then seemed probable. Since that time he has been constantly engaged in the same investigations; and the present work, which is but an abstract of a much larger one promised in two or three years, contains the result.

The fact that this is but an abstract, containing the conclusions only which have been arrived at by examination of vast masses of detail, the barest outline of which only is given, makes the task of the critic difficult, and in some respects vague. "No one (says the author) can feel more sensible than I do of the necessity of hereafter publishing in detail all the facts, with references on which my conclusions have been grounded; and I hope in a future work to do this. For I am well aware that

* Introduction, p. 1.

scarcely a single point is discussed in this volume on which facts cannot be adduced, often apparently leading to conclusions directly opposite to those at which I have arrived. A fair result can be obtained only by fully stating and balancing the facts and arguments on both sides of each question; and this cannot possibly be here done."*

We think it in many respects unfortunate that a theory of such importance as the one in question—one intended to produce so complete a "revolution in natural history"—should have been published in apparent haste, and without the fullest illustrations possible, and the most complete provisions against misapprehension. It is doubtless due to this cause that many errors as to fact, many hasty receptions of authority, many palpable contradictions in the argument, to which we must hereafter refer, have crept into the work. Such as it is, however, it has produced a very considerable sensation in the scientific world,† and both on this account, and because of its own intrinsic merits in regard to the learning and research therein displayed, claims, even from its opponents, the most careful and respectful consideration. We propose, therefore, to indicate, as fully as our limits will permit, the nature of Mr. Darwin's theory, and the reasoning by which it is supported; and afterwards to inquire whether such a theory be required by, and how it is accordant with, existing phenomena.

A casual survey of the vegetable and animal world exhibits to the inquirer an infinite number of forms, having almost every conceivable variety of general aspect and attribute; whilst a closer investigation shows certain relationships of type and function to subsist amongst certain members. Individuals are closely grouped together with such identity of structure, and such con-

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* Introduction, p. 2.

† At the last meeting of the British Association, Sir Charles Lyell thus spoke of the work and its author:—

"Among the problems of high theoretical interest which the recent progress of geology and natural history has brought into notice, no one is more prominent, and at the same time more obscure, than that relating to the Origin of Species. On this difficult and mysterious subject a work will very shortly appear, by Mr. Charles Darwin, the result of twenty years of observation and experiments in zoology, botany, and geology, by which he has been led to the conclusion that those powers of nature which give rise to races and permanent varieties in animals and plants are the same as those which in much longer periods produce species, and in a still longer series of ages give rise to differences of generic rank. He appears to me to have succeeded, by his investigations and reasonings, to have thrown a flood of light on many classes of phenomena connected with the affinities, geographical distribution, and geological succession of organic beings, for which no other hypothesis has been able, or has even attempted, to account."

stancy of character derived from parent to offspring, as to be ranked as species. Various species present such analogies one to the other as to be classed, under more extended heads, as *genera*. Genera, again, that are allied by certain affinities, are united to form natural orders; and these are grouped again, according to such general characters as they may possess in common, into classes and sub-kingdoms. Thus all the varieties of our domestic dog or cat are so alike in essential structure, that they are respectively considered as distinct *species*. But the dog has many points of resemblance to the wolf, the dingo, &c.; and the cat has similar relations to the lion, tiger, and puma. The allies of the dog are therefore united to form a *family*, called *Canis;* and those of the cat are similarly united into the family *Felis*. But the *Canidæ* and the *Felidæ* are again allied by important points of structure, food, and habits to each other, and to the bears (*Ursidæ*), martens (*Mustelidæ*), and seals (*Phocidæ*); and these families are aggregated to constitute the natural order of the CARNIVORA. These form one of the great divisions of the class MAMMALIA—a section of the great sub-kingdom of the VERTEBRATA.

It is with regard to the nature and reality of these divisions that naturalists differ. The great majority have been in the habit of considering that species alone had an existence in nature, and that a family, a genus, or a class was simply an *ens rationis*, a mental classification for convenience only; that only the members of a species had any natural relationship which they derived from one or more pairs of protoplasts, and the properties and attributes of which they inherited unchanged through each successive generation from their first creation; whilst every other species had equally an independent origin, merely grouped into larger and larger collections, in obedience to a law of the Creator, unknown in its nature, though beautiful in its result.

Not so the supporters of the famous "Development" hypothesis, of which Mr. Darwin is the latest, and, probably, the most philosophical exponent. They believe that all the organisms which now live, or have ever lived, upon this earth, are naturally connected by descent—by blood-relationship, so to speak; that "all true classification is genealogical;"* that such characters as the various species of one genus have in common, are thus common to them because they had one common ancestor; and that the affinities in like manner between the genera of an order and the orders of a class are due to an original common parentage. There was originally one form only of organization; and this, during the lapse of countless ages, in obedience to an infinite variety of influences,

* Introduction, p. 420.

was gradually modified into a tree, a fish, a bird, an oyster, a mammal, or a man. (We shall shortly show by quotation that we have not overstated the extent to which the theory is carried.) Thus, whilst the former theorists believe in creation, the latter believe only, or chiefly, in development. Not that they entirely exclude a Creator from the universe; he is by some permitted to create the first germs of organic life; but after that, his power is at an end, and the organism is left to struggle itself into development as best it may, in obedience to some "law of progress," to its own endeavours after action,* to casual variation, or to changed conditions of life owing to geological and other revolutions.

Of all the supporters of this theory Oken is by far the boldest, the least doubting, the most uncompromising. He wrote his Treatise on Biology in "a kind of inspiration"†—at least so he tells us; they must, therefore, be daring critics who venture to dissent.

(898‡) Mucus is carbon "mixed identically with water and air."

(900) "Every organic has issued out of mucus."

(901) "*The primary mucus, out of which everything organic has been created, is the sea-mucus.*"

(905) "The sea-mucus, as well as the salt, is produced by the light. *Light shines upon the water, and it is salted. Light shines upon the salted sea, and it lives.*"

(906) "All life is from the sea, none from the Continent."

(912) "The first organic forms, whether plants or animals, emerged from the shallow parts of the sea."

(913) "*Man also is a child of the warm and shallow parts of the sea in the neighbourhood of the land.*"

(930) "The primary organic is a mucus point."

(934) "The first organic points are vesicles."

(958) "No organism has been created of larger size than an infusorial point. No organism is, nor has one ever been, created, which is not microscopic."

(959) "Whatever is larger has not been created, but developed."

(960) "Man has not been created, but developed."

Enough of this; too much, were it not desirable to show to what burlesques upon philosophy even great minds will condescend, rather than admit an ever-active Creator and sustainer of the world; theories, the "inspired" and inflated dogmatism

* See "Lamarck's Phil. Zool.," tom. I., *passim*.

† See Preface to "Physio philosophy," p. 9, Royal Society's edition.

‡ All these figures refer to the numbered sections in the edition referred to.

of which presents no tangible points for either intelligent acquiescence or dissent.

In the development theory of Lamarck, we meet with something more like reason; facts are not altogether ignored, though evidence is frequently assumed, and more frequently still pressed into service which it cannot accomplish. Small homogeneous gelatinous bodies are the first organic existences; and these are destined in the course of countless ages to be developed into plants, animals, and man. The means by which this great work is to be accomplished are twofold—first, a "tendency to perfection," which we may pass over as not conveying any distinct meaning, and only called in to supplement the requirements of the other; and second, the effect of varying conditions of life, resulting from slow geological changes, causing a change in their wants, and these wants exciting new actions and habits, which in their turn necessitate, and "consequently" produce new organs and new instincts. Of course there is no *evidence* of any such production; but we shall shortly see of how little consequence is the absence of evidence on any such subject.

Having thus assumed the production of new organs, M. Lamarck announces a proposition sufficiently startling, yet coherent enough with the postulate. "It is not the organs, or in other words, the nature and form of the parts of the body of an animal, which have given use to its habits, and its particular faculties; but on the contrary, its habits, its manner of living, and those of its progenitors, have in the course of time determined the form of its body, the number and condition of its organs—in short, the faculties which it enjoys."* Thus web-footed animals were not made web-footed that they might be able to swim; but they became so by their repeated efforts to stretch out their toes in striking the water. The antelope only gained its light and agile form by being obliged to fly frequently before its oppressors; the giraffe acquired its long neck by being compelled to feed off the tops of trees; and the beaver attained its flattened development of tail by using it as a trowel.

The original monad having survived much tribulation through countless ages of transformation, is at least met with in the form of a monkey, most probably the Angola Orang *(Simia Troglodytes*, Linn.*)*, which is said to be "the most perfect of animals." A tribe of these creatures were deprived, through pressure of unknown circumstances, of the necessity (or power) for climbing trees, and hanging by the boughs. They, therefore, adopted the

* "Lyell's Principles of Geology," 9th edit. p. 571.

upright gait, and from being quadrumana, became bimana. In accordance with newly-acquired habits, their snouts became shorter, their incisors vertical, and the facial angle improved. A desire to rule supervened, and they drove out their brother monkeys into the forests, where their development in intelligence would most likely be impeded. Meanwhile they combined themselves in various ways, and invented language, that they might follow up with greater facility their undertakings, and thus they became MAN. Perhaps it is desirable to mention that this sketch is a grave and correct abstract of a theory, which in its original and modified forms, has made from time to time much sensation amongst students of Natural History.

Almost identical in its ultimate results with the great Lamarckian theory, that of Mr. Darwin differs from it widely in the highly philosophical and ingenious views, which are intended to throw light upon the cause of the successive modifications of structure which lead to specific and generic differences amongst organic beings. That they fail, in our opinion, to account for these, is to be ascribed, we believe, to the fact, that a development theory of this nature is too opposed to existing phenomena to be supported by any argument whatever. Mr. Darwin's theory in brief, is this. There is a constant struggle for life going on amongst all living creatures, in which struggle, the "weakest go to the wall," and the strongest, that is, the "favoured races," survive. These favoured races are so favoured in virtue of their having been born (in obedience to chance, or some law, the conditions of which are unknown), with a structure in so far differing from that of their species, as to afford them an advantage, however slight, over their brethren in the said struggle. This is Innate Variability; and when a variation occurs, thus enabling its possessor to survive where others die, there is a prospect of a race being formed with this peculiarity, which, slowly augmenting for thousands of generations, at last gives character to a new species. And the slow accumulation, through countless ages, of similar modifications, by natural selection, forms distinct genera and orders. The same powers which we daily see producing what we call *varieties*, are on this theory capable of producing *species* in larger periods, and in still more extended periods, genera, orders, and classes. Part of this theory we will give in Mr. Darwin's own words:—

"If during the long course of ages, and under varying conditions of life, organic beings vary at all in the several parts of their organization, and I think this cannot be disputed; if there be, owing to the high geometrical ratio of increase of each species, a severe struggle for life at some age, season, or year, and this certainly cannot

be disputed; then, considering the infinite complexity of the relations of all organic beings to each other, and to their conditions of existence, causing an infinite diversity in structure, constitution, and habits, to be advantageous to them, I think it would be a most extraordinary fact if no variation ever had occurred useful to each being's own welfare, in the same manner as so many variations have occurred useful to man. But if variations useful to any organic being do occur, assuredly individuals thus characterised will have the best chance of being preserved in the struggle for life; and from the strong principle of inheritance, they will tend to produce offspring similarly characterised. This principle of preservation I have called, for the sake of brevity, natural selection; and it leads to the improvement of each creature in relation to its organic and inorganic conditions of life."—*Origin of Species*, chap. iv., p. 127.

In the introduction the author gives the summary and application of these principles thus:—"I am fully convinced that species are not immutable; but that those belonging to what are called the same genera are lineal descendants of some other and generally extinct species, in the same manner as the acknowledged varieties of any one species are the descendants of that species. Furthermore, I am convinced that natural selection has been the main, but not exclusive means of modification."

Thus we perceive that there are three essential elements in this theory—variability, struggle for life, and natural selection of the strongest, or most favoured races. The two former are real phenomena, undoubted by any one; and in their discussion Mr. Darwin evinces much learning and skill, and conveys a great amount of most interesting information. Upon each we shall dwell for a short time before inquiring into the reality of natural selection.

Variability.—The offspring, as a rule, is like its parent, but of a likeness more or less modified—not absolute. The form may vary slightly, or the colour, the temperament, or the inherent strength of constitution. The amount of these variations is part of the very essence of the controversy; naturalists in general consider that such variations are bounded by certain limits, which limits are soon reached, and cannot be passed. The progressionists think otherwise—that these variations may increase indefinitely, if favoured by selection either natural or artificial. Variety is most frequent under domestication, but is not confined to that state. Wherever occurring, the causes are so obscure as to defy accurate predication, and variety is generally considered accidental. "Our ignorance (says Mr. Darwin) of the laws of variation is profound. Not in one case out of a hundred can we pretend to assign any reason why this or that part differs, more or less, from the same

part in the parent;"* and again, "variation is a very slow process, and natural selection *can do nothing until favourable variations chance to occur.*"† We wish these points to be specially noticed, because we shall shortly see how much more philosophical it appears to Mr. Darwin and his school to trust in an uncertain chance for existence, than in a principle of adaptive creation. The casual nature of this variation is often dwelt upon by Mr. Darwin, and the little effect that external causes can be supposed to have upon it.

"How much direct effect difference of climate, food, &c., produce upon any being is extremely doubtful. My impression is, that the effect is extremely small in the case of animals, but perhaps rather more in that of plants. . . . .

"Instances could be given of the same variety being produced under conditions of life as different as can well be conceived; and, on the other hand, of different varieties being produced from the same species under the same conditions. . . . .

"Such considerations as these incline me to lay very little weight on the direct action of the conditions of life."—*Origin of Species*, chap. v., pp. 132-4.

But vague, casual, and uncertain, as is this first principle to which the progressionists ascribe the development of gelatinous spherules into vegetables, animals, and ultimately men, can we arrive at nothing more definite as to its effects? We believe that this is possible; and the result is, that so far as direct testimony goes, species only vary within defined limits, and that these limits continue undisturbed for thousands of years at least. The catacombs of Egypt afford the most irrefragable proof that three thousand years ago many of our domestic animals were precisely identical as to specific characters with those of the present day. Amongst these are the dog, the cat, and the bull; species which have certainly been placed under every circumstance that could favour variation. Mr. Darwin, of course, does not overlook this; his answer to it requires a brief notice.

"Even if this latter fact (identity of the species) were found more strictly and generally true than seems to me to be the case, what does it show, but that some of our breeds originated there four or five thousand years ago? But Mr. Horner's researches have rendered it in some degree probable that man sufficiently civilised to have manufactured pottery, existed in the valley of the Nile thirteen or fourteen thousand years ago.‡

To the progressionist, a few thousands or millions of years more

* p. 167. † p. 178. ‡ p. 18.

or less are of no moment; but in this calculation there is a palpable error. Mr. Horner bases his conclusions upon a certain 9 ft. 4 in. of mud sediment over an overthrown statue at Mehahenny, on the site of ancient Memphis. He calculates that this mud has taken 3,215 years to accumulate; and having, from a depth of thirty-nine feet, brought up a piece of pottery, he concludes that this must have been deposited there more than 13,000 years ago. Unfortunately for the theory, this statue is described by an Arab historian, Abdallatiff, as erect and in its place, not more than six centuries ago; so that the necessary periods for accumulation must at least be divided by five.

But to return;—leaving out of the question the abstract possibility of species varying sufficiently to form another and different one, there is a total absence of positive evidence on the subject. The naturalist may reason ingeniously enough to show what *might be;* but if we ask, Did you ever see one species develop into another? or did you ever find one in what you can assert to be a transition stage? They answer honestly, no; but account for this by the shortness of our period for observation. We shall see shortly whether the prolonged geologic periods afford any more conclusive testimony.

Struggle for Existence.—All organic beings have a tendency to multiply in a geometric ratio; and this so rapidly that unless there existed powerful agencies for destruction, the earth would soon be overrun with the progeny of any single pair. The elephant is supposed to breed more slowly than any other known animal, yet at the lowest computation one pair might easily be the ancestors of fifteen millions in five centuries. As to the multiplication of the lower animals, the understanding is baffled in attempting to realise their increase. In five generations, one aphis may be the parent of 5,904,900,000 individuals, and there may be twenty generations in a year. The female flesh-fly will have 20,000 young ones; and in five days any pair of these are qualified to produce as many more; and Linnæus asserts that three flies of the *musca vomitoria* could devour the carcase of a horse sooner than a lion. The unchecked produce of one pair of herrings or mackerel would in a very few years crowd the Atlantic until they had no room to move; and it would not require a century for any pair of birds, or any of our domestic animals, so to stock a continent that not an individual of any other species could exist there.

It is evident, then, that of all the countless myriads of living creatures born within any given period, by far the greater part must be destroyed. The checks upon increase are numerous, but we do not know their full extent or energy. Man does much;

antagonist races do more. Climate has a powerful influence in preventing the spread of certain species beyond their appointed latitudes. Severe cold and intense heat kill vast numbers of young animals. Many are not viable, due to unknown causes. Scarcity of food for such vast numbers is probably amongst the most energetic of destroying agencies. Animals are also subject to epidemics much more destructive than the worst of those to which man is liable. It is with plants as with animals. "All the plants of a country (says De Candolle) are at war one with another;" and animal life is at war with them. Of 357 young plants which Mr. Darwin watched, no less than 295 were destroyed by slugs. All this describes what is metaphorically termed the struggle for existence. "Two canine animals, in a time of dearth, may be truly said to struggle with each other which shall get food, and live; but a plant on the edge of a desert is said to struggle for life against the drought, though more properly it should be said to be dependent on the moisture. A plant which annually produces a thousand seeds, of which, on an average, only one comes to maturity, may be more truly said to struggle with the plants of the same and other kinds which already clothe the ground. . . . In these several senses which pass into each other, I use for convenience' sake the general term of struggle for existence."*

There are many singular instances given of the curious and unexpected correlations between the various forms of life exemplifying this struggle. It would not appear probable at first sight that there could be much connection between cats and the fertility of clover fields; yet it is not altogether impossible. It seems that the visits of bees are necessary effectually to fertilize the clover flowers; only the humble-bee can reach the nectar of the red clover; field mice prey upon the nests and honey of the humble-bee; and cats prey upon the mice. Hence, the more cats there are in a district, the fewer mice there will probably be, and consequently more humble-bees and more abundant crops of clover. The whole chapter upon the struggle for existence is full of instruction, and affords an excellent picture of the constant and internecine warfare in progress between the various tribes of organic life, whether allied or distant.

Natural Selection.—Mr. Darwin having shown that variations of structure *may* arise in successive generations, takes for granted that of these variations, some will be profitable to the individual, and some will be injurious; and that the former will necessarily

* Chap iii. p. 63.

be preserved, whilst the latter will be rigidly exterminated.* It is difficult to give a full idea of the working of this theory of Natural Selection without quoting the entire chapter with the diagram that illustrates it. We will suppose species A to be primarily existing, and in the course of time, certain varieties, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, and *e*, to manifest themselves. In the great struggle for life, *a* and *b*, which are useful variations, enable their possessors to survive; whilst *c*, *d*, and *e*, being injurious, are of course destroyed. This variation from A to *a* or *b*, is *extremely* slight, "infinitesimally" so;† so very small that it takes a thousand (or rather "ten thousand"‡) generations to make the difference ordinarily existing between a species and one of its varieties.§ Varieties *a* and *b* in the lapse of ages are subject to the same possible variations or modifications as those which affected the original species A; and produce (a), (a_1), (a_2), and (b), (b_1), (b_2) respectively; and of these perhaps only (a) and (b_2) are preserved as profitable. By this time (a) and (b_2) have acquired characters sufficiently distinctive to be ranked as separate species; and pursuing the same law of variation and selection, in hundreds of thousands of generations we find (a_m) and (b_n) widely enough separated to form types of genera, each the centre of a number of species.

Although not a *full* exposition of the system, we believe this to be, so far as it goes, a correct one. Of all our objections to the theory, which are many, we at present shall only hint at two, reserving for a time the remainder. The first is that on the hypothesis of a Creator, which Mr. Darwin does not altogether repudiate, his operations are only distinguished by imperfection; and any power of continuance and prosperity is left dependent upon pure accident: species are eminently unfit by nature for preservation, and only endure by chance. The second is, that variations so slight as here supposed, could by no apparent possibility enable their possessors to struggle effectually against destroying agencies such as are enumerated. What advantage could it afford an insect that was about to be swallowed by a bird, that it possessed a thousandth fragment of some property possessed by its next most nearly allied species or variety? What preservation against ravages of the slugs would be afforded by an "infinitesimal" difference between one weed and its neighbour? What minute difference would avail the duckling that the fox was about to carry off? These may perhaps be deemed feeble and trifling

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* See Chap. iv., p. 81.

† See p. 95. ‡ p. 117.

§ After a thousand (or ten thousand) generations species (A) is supposed to have produced two well marked *varieties*." p. 117.

illustrations; yet it is only by bringing the principle to some such practical test as this that its truth or probability can be recognized. It sounds at first plausible enough to say that profitable variations will naturally tend to the preservation of individuals; but when we put it to the test, and see that it is theoretically improbable, and that there is a total lack of direct evidence that such has ever been the case, we are disposed to look upon it as more sound than sense.

Extent and Bearing of the Theory.—More cautious than Lamarck, Mr. Darwin does not dwell minutely upon either the beginning or the probable termination of organic life. We are chiefly left to *infer* that his original organic germ can be no other than Lamarck's gelatinous homogeneous spherule; and that man was developed from something analogous to an ape, and may be further perfected by the same process of development. In the earlier chapters we only hear of species becoming varieties and other species; and the author dwells mostly upon the non-distinction between specific differences and those which constitute varieties. As we progress we find that generic differences are considered only degrees of the same variation; then that all Vertebrata are descended from one parent, the type of which we shall in vain look for "until beds far beneath the lowest Silurian strata are discovered—a discovery of which the chance is very small."* It is only, however, in the concluding chapter that we find a full confession of belief.

"It may be asked how far I extend the doctrine of the modification of species. The question is difficult to answer, because the more distinct the forms are which we consider, by so much the arguments fall away in force. But some arguments of the greatest weight extend very far. All the members of whole classes can be connected together by chains of affinities, and all can be classified on the same principle, in groups subordinate to groups. Fossil remains sometimes tend to fill up very wide intervals between existing orders. . . . . Therefore, I cannot doubt that the theory of descent with modification embraces all the members of the same class. I believe that animals have descended from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number.

"Analogy would lead me one step further, namely, to the belief that all animals and plants have descended from some one prototype. . . . . I should infer from analogy that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form, into which life was first breathed by the Creator."†

* Chap. x., p. 338, and see note by Sir R. Murchison, *infra*. † Chap. xiv., p. 484.

As nothing is said to suggest the idea that man differs in anywise from the other "organic beings," we are justified in concluding that his origin was from this same primordial form. This conclusion is still further confirmed by the enumeration of the many advantages to be derived from this view in natural history and psychology. After speaking of the simplification of system that will attend the reception of the development theory, and the far grander views of nature and creation that will accrue, Mr. Darwin continues:—

"The whole history of the world, as at present known, although of a length quite incomprehensible by us, will hereafter be recognised as a mere fragment of time, compared with the ages which have elapsed since the first creature, the progenitor of innumerable extinct and living descendants, was created.

"In the distant future I see open fields for far more important researches. Psychology will be based on a new foundation, that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation. Light will be thrown on the origin of man* and his history. . . . .

. . . "As all the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Silurian epoch, we may feel certain that the ordinary succession by generation has never once been broken, and that no cataclysm has desolated the whole world. Hence we may look with some confidence to a secure future of equally inappreciable length. And as natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection."†

And what of our aspirations after a glorious immortality? What of that wondrous scheme of redemption which the ancient

* In reference to the history of man, we take this opportunity of alluding to a work recently published, called "Pre-Adamite Man," and professing to be "the Story of our Old Planet and its Inhabitants, told by Scripture and Science." The theory contained in it is, that the creation of man, as described in the *first* chapter of Genesis, is quite distinct from that in the *second*, and alludes to a pre-Adamite race that lived for long ages, and disappeared before Adam was created. These became the angels; and some of them the fallen ones, which accounts for our finding no traces of their existence.

The book is well and pleasantly written; but it is very much to be regretted that very good, but non-scientific men, will join in a controversy which, if fought at all, must be fought by combatants with no flaw in their armour. A weak man, overthrown in however good a cause, does but injure the principle for which he fights. We cannot but respect the good and pious spirit in which this little book is written (with due allowance for the strange theory); but when we are told (p. 59) that water sufficiently heated separates into its component gases, oxygen and hydrogen, which again unite on cooling to form water, and that no fishes are found in any but the *uppermost* of the Silurian strata, with many other facts equally authentic, we cannot but deplore the weakness of the arguments that are but too frequently pressed into the service of reconciling Scripture and science.

† Chap. xiv., p. 489.

seers dimly foretold, gazing with rapt wonder into the profound obscure of the future, whence to them the star of Bethlehem was beginning to gleam? What connection have these with a development theory? Dreams all—figments of a philosophic brain—inventions of priestcraft! What room is there for these in a theory of development? Immortality! How can we be immortal? Our fathers, where are they? From the monad to our immediate monkey-parent, were they immortal? And if not, what claim have we to such an endowment, save by a special interposition of Divine will and power? And it is the very essence of the development hypothesis to account for *all* phenomena *without* such special interposition; all must be due to "secondary causes."* No, we shall live again it is true, but how different our life will be from that "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" to which we have been vainly and ignorantly aspiring. Our race shall be perfecting itself by its own powers and faculties, but we shall have no conscious part in it. Our course is run when the grim tyrant has visited us. Of mucus and infusoria we were made, and unto mucus and infusoria we shall return, to run again through the vast cycle of monad, worm, mollusc, &c., up to—where? Redemption! All honour to man rather, he requires no redemption,—he has never fallen. He has ceased climbing trees, and has expelled his former brethren into the wilderness; he has dispensed with his tail; he has invented speech, and looms and railroads, and development hypotheses; he has had no time to fall; no leisure he to be redeemed. His own powers and the accidents of nature are all in all.

We are ready to grant that this is not argument; and that the hopes and faith of the Christian have no weight, no place even, in any development discussion. But we indicate the absolute incompatibility of this hypothesis with any faith in revelation, in order to guard the unwary against the specious fallacies of those who consider that "it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe that He created a few original forms capable of *self*-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of His laws."† As *noble* a conception it may be; indeed, we can see that more skill and ingenuity (not to speak irreverently) might be imagined necessary to create a germ, which after thousands of transformations and millions of ages, should develop itself into so wondrous a mechanism as man, than to create man originally and independently. But this being, as we conceive, utterly at variance with His revealed word, and

* Chap. xiv., conclusion. † See chap. xiv., p. 481.

excluding all possibility of that highest object of man's aspiration, immortality, it behoves us carefully to inquire into the evidences for such a view, before accepting it, and so virtually renouncing our most cherished hopes.

We have already intimated that Mr. Darwin is not always coherent in his reasoning, and accepts statements that are favourable to his views rather too hastily, and on unsatisfactory authority. One or two examples of this we must give, before proceeding systematically to state our objections to the theory. We have already pointed out the error of the argument founded on Mr. Horner's researches; a little further on we find him referring with approval to Lepsius, whose authority has been discredited for long. The statement at p. 36 as to the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego eating their old women is extremely doubtful, to say the least, and not supported by any ethnological authority to which we have been able to refer. All these, however, may be matters of opinion, and admit of contest; but what can we think of the following statement at p. 64? "Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years, and at this rate, in a few thousand years, there would literally not be standing-room for his progeny." True, were the fact so; but what does it mean? If it be intended to imply that one family has doubled its numbers in twenty-five years, it is simply an unmeaning fact;—if that a colony has done so, it is equally unmeaning, and short of the truth. If it apply to a country, it is eminently inaccurate; England as an established country, increases probably faster than any other, and it required the fifty years from 1801 to 1851 to double its population. Again, if the statement be applied to man in general throughout the world, it is so utterly without foundation, as to require no refutation. Thus, in whatever aspect it be received, the statement is either unmeaning or grossly inaccurate.

As instances how facts and opinions may rapidly change their significance in accordance with the varying exigencies of the hypothesis, we select the following out of a great number of similar instances. At p. 109, we find it stated that "from the high geometrical ratio of increase of all organic beings, each area is already *fully stocked* with inhabitants, &c.;" but on the next page it is said that "probably no region is as yet *fully stocked*."* At p. 110 it is stated that "it is the most closely allied forms—varieties of the *same species*, and species of the *same genus*, or related genera—which, from having nearly the same structure,

* Perhaps there *may be* a reference in one case to *individuals*, and in the other to *species*; but on this view the line of argument is obscure.

constitution, and habits, generally come into the severest competition with each other." Here we seem to have arrived at a general principle; but at p. 114, another view requires support incompatible with this, and we are told that "the advantages of diversification of structure, with the accompanying differences of habit and constitution, determine that the inhabitants which thus jostle each other most closely, shall, as a general rule, belong to what we call *different genera* and *orders*." And at p. 121 (all these occurring in the same chapter, and in different parts of the same argument) we find again that the struggle "will be most severe between those forms which are *most nearly related* to each other in habits, constitution, and structure."

Another series of discrepancies equally marked, though not so readily appreciable without much detail, occurs in the statements with regard to the comparative duration of fossil species and the strata in which they occur. According as it is requisite to prove one view or other, the formation is supposed to be of shorter, of identical, or of vastly longer duration than the species. At p. 293, it is said that "although each formation may mark a very long lapse of years, each, perhaps, is short, compared with the period requisite to change one species into another;" and yet, at p. 298, we find "parent species and modified descendants" existing in the "upper and lower beds of a formation;" and at p. 301, it is again doubted whether the period requisite for the deposit of one formation "would exceed the average duration of the same specific forms." These discrepancies may appear trifling to some; but they occur in, and seriously affect the stability of, the very heart and core of the geological argument.

There is no principle more frequently and distinctly enunciated in this work than that natural selection can only act by preserving variations of a minute character, which will enable their possessor to contend more vigorously in the struggle for life. At p. 205, natural selection is defined—"a power which acts solely by the preservation of profitable variations in the struggle for life;" and at p. 149, it is remarked that "it should never be forgotten that natural selection can act on each part of each being, solely through and for its advantage." By the terms of the hypothesis also natural selection is the sole means whereby species, genera, orders, &c., are formed. When we find, therefore, a species naturally selected because of the possession of a certain organ, we are perhaps justified in feeling some surprise that a closely allied species should have been selected, because of the *absence* of that organ. Yet such is the flexibility of this theory, that facts of this order only seem to strengthen it to the mind of its author. For instance, in Madeira there are various

kinds of beetles, some having wings largely developed, some having moderate ones, and some without. It is rather amusing to see the manner in which these differences are reconciled to the theory. The large wings are "quite compatible with the action of natural selection. For when a new insect first arrived on the island, the tendency of natural selection to enlarge or reduce the wings would depend upon whether a greater number of individuals were saved by successfully battling with the winds, or by giving up the attempt, and rarely or never flying."* Then in the same page the author adds that certain considerations have made him "believe that the wingless condition of so many Madeira beetles is mainly due to the action of natural selection, but combined probably with disuse. For during thousands of successive generations each individual beetle which flew least, either from its wings having been *ever so little* less perfectly developed, or *from indolent habit*, will have had the best chance of surviving from not being blown out to sea; and, on the other hand, those beetles which most readily took to flight would oftenest have been blown out to sea, and thus have been destroyed!!" It is rather difficult to imagine any reasoning much more puerile, occurring in a grave scientific work, the results of which upon natural history and philosophy generally are to be so striking.

Another instance of the pliability of the theory is found in the account of the action of natural selection upon certain blind rats in the caves of Styria and Kentucky. Natural selection has acted here by preserving blind animals, because those which had sight might be subject to "inflammation of the nictitating membrane!"† But it seems that in one of the blind animals the eyes themselves are of "immense size;" and it would appear to be a most extraordinary mistake of "natural selection" to preserve this animal merely *because* blind, whilst its "immense" eyes still remain liable to the objectionable inflammation. We might also reasonably ask what has "natural selection" been about not always to select blind animals to live in caves, but to limit its favours to a few instances, and those excessively doubtful?‡

In many parts of the argument Mr. Darwin evinces a strong tendency to support himself upon possible, though non-existent or highly exceptional, rather than upon normal and generally-observed phenomena. This is nowhere more remarkable than in the attempt, which is of course absolutely essential to the theory

* See p. 136. † See p. 137.

‡ "Natural Selection" is frequently spoken of in this work, almost in terms of personality;—as being "ever on the watch," and "ready to seize upon" anything to the advantage of an individual.

to prove, that there is only a difference of degree (not of kind) between species and varieties—that varieties, in short, are species in process of development; and, by parity of reasoning, that species are incipient genera—genera incipient orders, &c., &c. It does sometimes happen that *varieties* of a certain species present differences which are apparently more marked than those between certain other closely-allied *species*. But there is always (or nearly so) one decided test—varieties of a species will cross and produce fertile offspring; whilst species, however closely allied, will sometimes cross, but never produce *fertile* offspring. This is generally reckoned the great distinctive mark between species and varieties; and this, by the requirements of the theory, must be done away with. Now to do this, Mr. Darwin has sought out a few rare, exceptional, if not chiefly doubtful, instances. Some of the crosses between allied species have exhibited a partial and dubious fertility for one or two generations, when recrossed with one of the pure parent breeds, although he is himself compelled to "doubt whether any case of a perfectly fertile hybrid animal can be considered as thoroughly well authenticated."* In still rarer instances, well-ascertained varieties have appeared wanting in fertility to some extent. On such extremely slight grounds as these Mr. Darwin considers himself justified in viewing the overwhelming amount of evidence derived from fertility and non-fertility, as a matter of *degree* only.

Nothing has struck us more forcibly, on a general survey of this theory, than the total absence of direct evidence of any one of the steps. No one professes to have ever seen a variety (producing fertile offspring with other varieties) become a species (producing no, or unfertile, offspring with others). No one knows of any living or any extinct species having given origin to any other, at once or gradually. Not one instance is adduced of any variety having ever arisen which did actually give its possessor, individually, any advantage in the struggle for life. Not one instance of any given variety having been actually selected for preservation, whilst its allies became extinct. There is an abundance of semi-acute reasoning upon what might possibly have occurred, under conditions which seem never to have been fulfilled; but not the least fragment of direct testimony, either derived from human experience, or from the geological record.

What then is the "*final cause*" of this theory? Simply, so far as we can gather, because Mr. Darwin observes certain phenomena in the order of nature, and the distribution of animal and vegetable life, which he conceives to admit of no explanation

* See p. 252.

on the theory of immediate creation, but to be perfectly comprehensible on that of natural selection. It may be worth while to enumerate a few of these mysterious facts, to show us what a Creator cannot do, and what a blind accidental agency can, in the opinion of progressionists.

Organic life admits of classification; varieties group around species, species around genera, genera around classes, and so on. The result is a natural system of alliances and affinities, acknowledged by ordinary mortals, as well as by the supporters of "development," to be one of great beauty and order. Upon this our author remarks, "This grand fact of the grouping of all organic beings seems to me utterly inexplicable, on the theory of creation."* It would be difficult to say *why;* unless it be by confessing that intelligence cannot devise, though an interminable series of accidents may accomplish, a scheme calculated to excite the admiration of all who study it.

Mr. Darwin "cannot see" on the theory of creation, why one shell should be bright coloured and another dim,† though natural selection makes all clear. He cannot see why animals that live in caves should have affinities to those that live in their neighbourhood;‡ why stripes should occasionally appear on young horses;§ nor why certain animals and plants should be on islands and not on continents, or *vice versa*‖—all these things creation is powerless to explain; but natural selection relieves us of the difficulty.

Unity of type in the vertebrate skeleton, and the formation, and juxtaposition of the bones of the skull,¶ are equally mysterious, until understood by the light of this omnipotent natural selection. But the most remark-worthy instance of the superiority of natural selection over creation is found on p. 480. Here Mr. Darwin enumerates certain formations in animals, which "bear the plain stamp of *inutility*." "On the view of each organic being, and each separate organ having been specially created," these are all "utterly inexplicable;" but natural selection reveals therein Nature's "scheme of modification, which it seems that we wilfully will not understand." In other words, by the terms of one hypothesis, boundless wisdom and power, working intelligently, though sometimes mysteriously to us, fail to explain an *apparently*

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* p 471. † p. 133. ‡ p. 139.

§ "How inexplicable on the theory of creation is the occasional appearance of stripes on the shoulder and legs of the several species of the horse-genus, and in their hybrids." p. 473.

‖ p. 478.

¶ "Why should the brain be enclosed in a box composed of such numerous and such extraordinary-shaped pieces of bone? How inexplicable are these facts on the ordinary view of creation!" p. 436.

useless structure; which, however, is fully and satisfactorily cleared up by another hypothesis, the very essence of which is that its subject selects and preserves only "*useful variations.*"*

On all these instances, we may remark generally, that if Mr. Darwin *cannot see* how creation can account for them, there must be some judicial blindness involved. For by the very conditions of each theory, any one given fact must necessarily be equally explicable on either. The theory of natural selection can only provide for each animal having attained its present structure, appearance, and geographical distribution, because these were most appropriate to it and to each other; by the hypothesis, any individual or species having an organisation unfitting it to struggle with the climate, &c., is exterminated ruthlessly; and so those that are mutually adapted alone remain together. All which amounts to this, that each species is located in the best place for it, the very first and essential condition of all our ideas connected with intelligent creation.

But it is time for us to inquire whether there are any indications, either in the present state of matters, or in the past history of our earth, so far as we can read it, that would lead us to infer that "development" had been the law according to which our present system of organic existence has been produced. What would be these indications? Clearly in the present we ought to find innumerable transitional forms connecting each species with its neighbours, admitting of no lines of demarcation. In the past, we ought to read of a constant improvement, and transition from the simplest to the most complex forms of organisation. We ought to find records of a time when the lowest forms of life alone inhabited our earth; and from this up to Man, we should read of a constant succession of forms each higher than the preceding one. Owing to the imperfection of the record, we might expect not to find *all* this; but we ought certainly never to meet with anything clearly opposed to such a succession. What are the facts?

We need not go far into the discussion as to whether species at the present time are connected by innumerable transitional forms. Mr. Darwin himself everywhere confesses that they are not; and that this clear and enduring separation of species "is probably the gravest and most obvious of all the many objections which may be urged against his views."† This objection, however, is summarily got rid of by the theory of "*extinction*," another assumption as gratuitous, and as unsupported by any direct evidence, as that of selection; "the parent and all the transitional varieties will

* "Origin of Species," *passim.* † p. 300.

generally have been exterminated by the very process of formation and perfection of the new form."* But where are they? Shall we not find some of them at least in the geological formations? No, or very rarely, is the answer; for most probably the conditions of the earth were not favourable to their preservation.†

The next objection is clearly enough seen by our author; "but it may be urged that when several closely-allied species inhabit the same territory, we surely ought to find at the present time many transitional forms."‡ Doubtless we ought, and we cannot see that Mr. Darwin's mode of disposing of the difficulty is at all satisfactory. To do this he contends that these continuous areas have not been always continuous, but in the condition of islands, on which the separate species have originated; and therefore the transition forms are wanting! As this does not quite meet all the conditions, it is further suggested that the intermediate forms *did* exist in certain intermediate zones; but being subjected to oppression from both sides, their existence was but brief, and they vanished without leaving any trace. The entire theory of extinction is to us non-coherent and incomprehensible; it was, however, essential to the other views.§

Such being the testimony of the present, what of the past? The entire question is discussed in the chapter on the "Geological Record" at considerable length, and with much acumen. Formerly it was to geology that the supporters of the Lamarckian hypothesis appealed most triumphantly as corroborating their views. Later and fuller discoveries have much modified the tone of this appeal. Now that it is known that the lowest and earliest of our palæozoic formations indicate the presence of cephalopoda and fish of a very high order and large size in the Silurian seas; and that the traces of even mammalia have been found so low down in the secondary series, as to suggest the belief that animal life has been more dependent upon geographical conditions than chronological relations or succession; now that all this is known, with much more to the same effect, it is clear that progressionists can look for support to geology *as it is* no longer, but must appeal to it as it *may* or *might* be. The whole of the chapter referred to, though containing much interesting matter, may, as to its

* p. 172. † See chap. ix., on the "Geological Record," *passim*. ‡ p. 173.

§ It is worthy of notice, that whilst developing his theory, the author speaks of species only changing through countless ages and generations; but when it becomes necessary to account for the broad lines of demarcation between species, and the intervening forms have to be extinguished, they are passed over more lightly, as being few in number, and of weak powers of resistance—as merely transitional from one well-defined form to another; instead of being, as they really must be, on the theory, as numerous and powerful races as any of which the records are found previously, in their own day and generation.

bearing on the "development" or "selection" theory, be summed up in very few words. Geology is found to give *no support* to the doctrine; and its records are pronounced to be extremely imperfect.* As to the intermediate or transition forms, Mr. Darwin says:—

"Geology assuredly does not reveal any such finely graduated organic chain; and this perhaps is the most obvious and gravest objection which can be urged against my theory. The explanation lies, as I believe, in the extreme imperfection of the geological record." p. 280.

"I do not pretend that I should ever have suspected how poor a record of the mutations of life the best preserved geological section revealed, had not the difficulty of our not discovering innumerable transitional links between the species which appeared at the commencement and close of each formation, pressed so hardly on my theory." p. 302. And

"He who rejects these views on the nature (*i. e.* the extreme imperfection) of the geological record, will rightly reject my whole theory. For he may ask *in vain* where are the numberless transitional links which must formerly have connected the closely allied or representative species found in the several stages of the same great formation." p. 342.

After these plain confessions of want of support from geology as it now is, the difficulty is cut at once. Where are the transition forms connecting the species in the same formations? The answer is ready; they are not preserved—the conditions were unfavourable. "Where are the remains of those infinitely numerous organisms which must have existed long before the first bed of the Silurian system was deposited?"† This question refers to the fact of finding creatures of high organisation in the earliest seas, whence the supporters of "development" were obliged to hypothecate countless ages of development before the age of trilobites. The answer to it is equally trenchant and conclusive, "They may now all be in a metamorphosed condition,‡ or

* It is worthy of notice that whilst Mr. Darwin appeals to the imperfection of the geological record in support of his views, Sir Chas. Lyell quotes it as bearing adversely upon the theory of development. He says:—

"It has always appeared to me that the advocates of progressive development have too much overlooked the imperfection of these records; and that, consequently, a large part of the generalizations in which they have indulged in regard to the first appearance of the different classes of animals, especially air-breathers, will have to be modified or abandoned.—"Address to the British Association, Sept. 14th, 1859"

† p. 343.

‡ "The hypothesis that all the earliest sediments have been so altered as to have obliterated the traces of any relics of former life which may have been entombed in them, is opposed by examples of enormously thick, and often finely levigated deposits between the lowest fossiliferous rocks, and in which, if any animal remains had ever existed, more traces of them would be detected.

may lie buried in the ocean."* Can Mr. Darwin fail to see that there cannot be imagined any theory of ontology in the wildest mind that would not be equally well supported by this style of argument? Proof! If it be there, well and good; if not, perhaps it is at the bottom of a fathomless ocean: you cannot possibly say that it is not, and meantime my theory holds good.

But geology has its tale to tell, and one which appears not only not to support, but clearly to controvert the development theory. It never was the small and feeble species or germ that first appeared either amongst molluscs, fish, reptiles, or mammals. Where are now the representatives of the gigantic fishes of the old red sandstone? Where are the mighty reptile tyrants of air, earth, and water of the oolite? Have they been "improved" and "preserved" into the puny representatives of the modern reptile class? Where are the ponderous monsters that shook the eocene and miocene earth with their massive tread. Where is the megatherium, unless *improved* into the feeble sloth of the present day? These races appeared in the plenitude of their power; and as their dynasty grew old, it was not that the race was "improved" and preserved in consequence; but they dwindled, and were, so to speak, degraded, as if to make room in the economy of nature for their successors. But this is too large a subject to enter upon at this advanced part of our task; we can but indicate it, and appeal with confidence to all geologists for its accuracy.

There remain two objections to this development theory, which we must find space to notice, of such weight as almost to stagger the author himself. These refer to the origin by natural selection of organs of such complexity as the perfect eye, and to the development by the same means of complicated instincts; such, for instance, as the cell-building instinct of the bee and wasp. On the former objection, Mr. Darwin writes:—"To suppose that the

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"The fine aggregation and unaltered condition of these sediments have permitted the minutest impressions to be preserved. Thus, not only are the broad wave-marks distinct, but also those smaller ripples which may have been produced by wind, together with apparent rain-prints as seen upon the muddy surface, and even cracks produced by the action of the sun on a half-dried surface. Again, as a further indication that these are littoral markings, and not the result of deep-sea currents, the minute holes left by the Annelides are most conspicuous on the sheltered sides in each slab.

"Surely, then, if animals of a higher organization had existed in this very ancient period, we should find their relics in this sediment, so admirably adapted for their conservation, as seen in the markings of the little arenicola, accompanied even by the traces of diurnal atmospheric action."

Such is Sir R. Murchison's opinion as to the probability of there being fossiliferous rocks far below the Silurian, in a metamorphic condition.

* p. 343.

eye, with all its inimitable contrivances for adjusting the focus to different distances, for admitting different amounts of light, and for the correction of spherical and chromatic observation, could have been formed by natural selection seems, I freely confess, absurd in the highest possible degree." And so far we are able cordially to agree with him; yet after this candid confession our surprise was great to find an explanation attempted by means of this sole "*deus ex machinâ*," natural selection. And Mr. Darwin seems to suppose that he has given an explanation when he mentions the gradations from the simplest to the most complex eyes, without attempting to account for an eye ever having existed at all.] [In the course of the illustrations, some few additional lights are thrown upon the action of natural selection tending to show that it can "improve" races to their disadvantage, as, for instance, the improvement in the structure of the sting of the bee or wasp, until it is so finished that "when used against many attacking animals (it) cannot be withdrawn, owing to the backward serratures, and so inevitably causes the death of the insect, by tearing out its viscera."* Mr. Darwin judiciously forgets to allude to the existence of such an organ as the internal ear in the higher animals; as to give even a verbal theory of its formation by natural selection would have baffled any attempt.

The development of the most remarkable instincts—that which leads the cuckoo to lay its eggs in nests of other birds—that of the slave-making ants, and the comb-building of the bee-hive—affords but additional illustration of the operation of natural selection. The American cuckoo builds its own nest; probably the English cuckoo did so once, but occasionally laid an egg in another nest. "If the old bird profited by this occasional habit, or if the young were made more vigorous . . . . then the old bird, or the fostered young, would gain an advantage,"† which advantage would tend to produce by inheritance a propagation of the "aberrant habit." Surely this is very Midsummer madness.

Passing over the slave-making instinct of some ants, we must notice how by natural selection the hive-bee has come to build its wonderful cell. "He must (says our author) be a dull man who can examine the exquisite structure of a comb, so beautifully adapted to its end, without enthusiastic admiration." And yet it has arrived at this perfection, not by design of any creator, but simply by accidental variation, and natural selection of the best forms. The cell of the humble bee is very simple—that of the hive-bee very perfect and complex. But there is a Mexican bee, the *Melipona domestica*, whose cell is in some sort interme-

* p. 202. † p. 217.

diate between the two. Now the problem is, how is the Melipona to be naturally selected and improved until it can build a cell like the hive-bee? It is solved in this wise:—

"If a number of equal spheres be described with their centres placed in two parallel layers, with the centre of each sphere at the distance of radius × $\sqrt{2}$, or radius × 1·41421 (or at some lesser distance) from the centres of the six surrounding spheres in the same layer; and at the same distance from the centres of the adjoining spheres in the other and parallel layer; then if planes of intersection between the several spheres in both layers be formed, there will result a double layer of hexagonal prisms united together by pyramidal bases formed of three rhombs; and the rhombs and the sides of the hexagonal prisms will have every angle identically the same with the best measurements which have been made of the cells of the hive-bee."—p. 227.

By what follows we are led to suppose that the Melipona must know all this,—must "*somehow judge accurately*" of distances, &c.—must act upon it; and then "this bee would make a structure as wonderfully perfect as that of the hive-bee."* And further, "by such modifications of instincts, in themselves not very wonderful,—hardly more wonderful than those which guide a bird to make her nest,—I believe that the hive-bee has acquired, through natural selection, her inimitable architectural powers."†

Truly, some philosophy, when translated out of its own idiom into the vernacular, sounds wonderfully like folly. Having advanced thus far in our analysis of Mr. Darwin's theory, we think it inadvisable to pursue the subject; for either these are the vagaries of a "distempered brain," or our author is attempting to play off a solemn hoax upon the scientific world; and to this latter theory we do begin "seriously to incline."

If, however, all this be intended as real argument and science, we will only in conclusion give a brief summary of the result of the entire argument:—

1. The hypothesis of descent or development from one original form, or a few forms, does not appear to be required by any peculiarities of organization, affinities, or geographical distributions; none of these presenting any difficulties more insuperable on the ordinary theory of creation than by this theory.

2. This hypothesis is inadequate to account for the change of any one species into another, when applied to individual instances. It fails wholly also to give any rational history of the *origin* and development of new and complex organs, and *à fortiori* of elaborate instincts, such as those noticed.

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* p. 227. † p. 228.

3. There does not appear to be any evidence of the occurrence of "*useful variations;*" nor any prospect that these, minute as they are represented to be, can be of any avail in the struggle for life, against influences of such potency.

4. There is an entire lack of direct evidence as to any change in species. On the contrary, all history tells of their constancy. *No new organ has ever been known to have appeared.*

5. Neither between species as now existing, nor between those of which we find the records in the earth's strata, is there the slightest evidence of that *fine gradation* of *transitorial forms* which we ought to find had organic life been developed on this principle.

6. There is no evidence anywhere of the development of higher from lower forms. On the contrary, it appears that the higher tribes of any given race first appeared; and that the type afterwards dwindled or was "degraded," before the advent of a higher order.

7. The assumption of evidence which may possibly exist somewhere, under the ocean, or in a metamorphic condition, is a gratuitous and dangerous hypothesis, by which any conceivable theory might equally be supported.

Nevertheless, we rise from the perusal of this very remarkable book, not more impressed with the singularly profound inaptitude of the entire hypothesis, than we are with the patience manifested by the author in the accumulation of facts,—the artistic skill with which he can impress them into the support of the most opposed positions,—and the fertility of resource and indomitable courage with which he battles for his theory, in the face of the most overwhelming odds of opposed phenomena;—qualities which, if better directed, could scarcely fail to enrol the name of Darwin amongst those which have become classic in Natural History.

II.

FIRST ARCTIC EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH-WEST.

Arctic voyages of the mariners o. Elizabeth stand foremost the heroic achievements of mankind. In our own day, all sources of the world's first maritime power have been strained uttermost to arm our sailors against the perils of the ice and ess. They go forth with the most admirable instruments and nces of science, and with charts and observations which ly the result of three hundred years of daring and successful But these men went out with a gallant hardihood into wn regions, in mere fishing boats; slightly manned and provisioned, sailing out, like the daring Vikings of old, with st courage, into the bosom of the Arctic night. Sir Edward er's splendidly-equipped searching expedition, and Martin ther's two boats, "between twenty and five-and-twenty tunne ," well mark the difference—not, thank God, in courage, skill, self-devotion, but in equipment—between the mariners of eth and our own. These Arctic sailors were the true sors of the Scandinavian sea-rovers, the most daring seamen the world has ever seen; who, battling with those stormy ern seas, which were more terrible to Roman courage than ray of Cimbric battle on the plains of Italy, found high and excitement in the conflict, and owned no masters even in the t tempests which beat upon those ice-bound coasts. It is no eration to speak of the joy, the fierce exultation, of the men in their perilous conflicts with sea and storm. Read lf, read the "Heimskringla," and you will see how this found in the Northern Ocean the only enemy with which elt themselves fairly mated; and there they learnt a contempt ior perils, and a joy in difficult adventure, which has infused blest element into the blood of the most sober, sensible, and rious, but, when pushed, the most daring and terrible nation earth. I often think of the sublime picture of the death and of the old Scyld, son of Scef, the father of Beowulf, with that grand old epic opens. That people must have had a id imagination, the root of all high daring, who could bury ieaven-sent chief like this:—

his appointed time, then, Scyld departed, very decrepid, to go into the f the Lord: they then, his dear comrades, bore him out to the shore of as he himself requested, the while that the friend of the Scyldings. the chieftain, had power with his words; long he owned it. There upon the tood the ring-prowed ship, the vehicle of the noble, shining like ice, and o set out.

n they laid down the dear prince, the distributor of rings, in the bosom ship, the mighty one beside the mast; there was much of treasure, of

ornaments, brought from afar. Never heard I of a comelier ship having been adorned with battle-weapons and war-weeds, with bills and mailed coats. Upon his bosom lay a multitude of treasures, which were to depart afar with him, into the possession of the flood. They furnished him not less with offerings, with mighty wealth, than those had done who in the beginning sent him forth in his wretchedness alone over the waves. Moreover, they set up for him a golden ensign, high overhead; they let the deep sea bear him; they gave him to the ocean. Sad was their spirit, mournful their mood. Men know not in sooth to say (men wise of counsel, or any men under the heavens) who received that freight.—BEOWULF (Kemble's Translation.)

Thus the Northmen took possession worthily of those stormy seas. Thus, too, the patriarchs took possession of Canaan: by making it the burying-place of their dead. This distinction between the Roman and the Saxon courage is very worthy of attention. Roman courage would dare anything for duty, or in pursuit of notable and sufficient ends. It could stand calmly at its post under the lava-floods of Vesuvius, or leap full-armed into a yawning chasm, for its country and its gods. But that daring which loves peril for its own sake, and, mad with the excitement of the conflict, woos danger as a bride, belongs to the Northern races alone. There are many brave races among the modern European people of Romance origin: French, Spaniards, Italians, have never been charged with lack-wardness when daring deeds had to be done. But to this day the Englishman's love of adventure, the joy he takes in perilous enterprises, for the sake of the excitement and the high occupation of the faculties which they afford, is a mystery to these peoples. *Un Anglais* is always regarded and treated abroad as a man who may break out into a kind of adventurous mania at any moment. The old Berserker *furor* still survives among us, though in a milder form — *teste*, Mr. Wills on the edge of the Wetterhorn, or Dr. Tyndale guideless on the peaks of Monte Rosa or Mont Blanc. So these stormy oceans, by a kind of elective affinity, belong to us. Our ancestors took possession of them royally; and down through Alfred, Athelstan, Knut, Harold, the Lancastrian house, Edward IV., to Elizabeth, passed of right the sceptre of the narrow seas. In those ages, English maritime enterprise was but limited. There was little to tempt it forth into the broad ocean; but the changeful climate, the frequent storms, the long winter nights, and the perilous rockbound coasts of these Northern regions, tended to nurse that skill, daring, and love of maritime adventure, which broke out at last, when the field was prepared, into the enterprises which I am about to chronicle, and which won, in one brief generation, the naval mastery of the world.

In a former paper, we have traced the history of oceanic discovery from its dawn in the days of the kinsman of our Lancastrian kings, Prince Henry of Portugal, to the commencement of Arctic discovery in the reign of Elizabeth. The idea of a nearer path to the gem and spice regions which Gama and Columbus had laid open to European enterprise and commerce, was the inspiration of the daring mariners who forced the barrier of the Polar zone, and led

the van of the most brilliant exploits of modern times. Commerce was the genius of discovery; but imagination cast a halo of splendour even around the traffic and barter of that romantic age. Science has long since occupied the place of commerce as the genius of Arctic discovery; but the stately dame may acknowledge her debt to her homelier sister without shame. "First that which is natural, then that which is spiritual," is the law everywhere. But the men who led the expeditions—Frobisher, Davis, Baffin, Hudson, Button, Fox, and James, were knight-errants of the most exalted school. The honour to be won through danger and difficulty was their cynosure; they left the profit to the stay-at-homes who furnished the expeditions, and who looked for some substantial recompense in spices, gems, and gold. At any rate, Martin Frobisher, the pioneer of Arctic discovery, had a hero's soul in him, and inveighed as bitterly against the narrow souls and the timid hearts of the traders, as the brawniest of our muscular Christians could rail at the dogmas of the accepted gospel of free trade. Frobisher, the first of our Arctic mariners—the first in time, the first in honour—seems to have been a north countryman, from near Doncaster. From those parts too one day the Pilgrim Fathers would cast wistful glances at the New World. Drake was a south countryman, from Devon, as were most of the naval heroes of Elizabeth's reign. A very interesting account of the man, and of the origin of the enterprise, is given by one Master George Best, or Beast, as some write it, who was engaged in the voyage. Our readers will like to have it in his own words. After a long exordium to prove the Arctic zone habitable, he proceeds:—"Which thing being well considered, and familiarly known to our general, Captain Frobisher, as well for that he is thorowly furnished of the knowlege of the sphere, and all other skilles appertayning to the art of navigation, as also for the confirmation he hath of the same by many years' experience, both by sea and land, and being persuaded of a new and nearer passage to Cataya than by Capo de Bona Speranza, which the Portugals yearly use: he began first with himself to devise and then with his friends to conferre, and laid a plain plot unto them that the voyage was not only possible by the north-west, but also he could prove easy to be performed. And further he determined and resolved with himself to go make full proofe thereof, and to accomplish or bring true certificate of the truth, or else never to return again: *knowing this to be the only thing of the world that was left yet undone whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate.* But although his will were great to perform this notable voyage, whereof he had conceived in his mind a great hope, by sundry sure reasons and secret intelligences, which here for sundry reasons I leave untouched, yet he wanted altogether means and ability to set forward and perform the same. Long time he conferred with his private friends of these secrets, and made also many offers for the performing of the same in effect unto sundry merchants of our country, about fifteen years before he attempted the same, as by

good witness shall well appear. But perceiving that hardly he wi harkened unto by the merchants, which never regard virtue witho sundry certain and present gains, he repaired to the court, fro whence, as from the fountain of our commonwealth, all good cans have their chief increase and maintenance" (that was before th establishment of the circumlocution office), "and there laid open t many great estates and learned men the plot and sum of his devic And among many honourable minds which favoured his honest an commendable enterprise, he was specially beholden to the Rig Hon. Ambrose Dudley, Earle of Warwick, whose favourable min and good disposition hath always been ready to countenance an advance all honest actions, with the authors and executors of th same. And so, by means of my lord's honourable countenance, h received some comfort of his cause; and by little and little, with s small expense and pain, brought his cause to some perfection, an had drawn together so many adventurers, and such sums of mone as might well defray a reasonable charge to furnish himself to s withal. He prepared two barks of 20 to 25 tons a-piece, wherein h prepared to accomplish his pretended voyage. Wherefore, bein furnished with the foresaid two barks, and a small pinnace of 1 tons burden, having therein victuals and other necessaries for twel months' provision, he departed upon the said voyage from Blackwa the 15th June, A.D. 1576."

The first entry in the log-book is as follows:—"The 8th bei Friday, about 12 of the clock, we wayed at Deptford, and set s all three of us, and bare down by the Court, where we shotte off o ordinance, and made the best possible show we could. H Majestic beholding the same, commended it, and bade us farew with shaking her hand at us out of the window. Afterward s sent a gentleman aboard of us, who declared that Her Majes had good liking of our doings, and thanked us for it, and al wished our captain to come to Court the next day to take l leave of her. The same day, towards night, Mr. Secretary Wool came aboard of us, and declared to the company that Her Majes had appointed him to give them charge to be obedient and di gent to their captain and governors in all things, and wished happie success."

They had an easy and prosperous course N.W. till on the 11th May, they sighted land in lat. 61 deg. N. "It rose," says the lo book, "like pinnacles of steeples, and all covered with snow." Th was evidently the southern part of Greenland. They attempted land, "but the great store of yce," and the heavy mists forbade. a great tempest off this coast, the pinnace, with four hands on boa (fancy the hardihood of taking her there), foundered, and perished. The *Michael*, misrusting the matter, privily convey herself home again—there were laggards and traitors then as now where she arrived safely, and reported the *Gabriel* with Frobish lost. Alone now in the *Gabriel*, the first Arctic mariner stood on accomplish his enterprise. The accounts of the expedition are b

meagre; they are far less full, and therefore less interesting, than the narratives of the men, hardly his equals, who followed on the same path. We have what may be called the log-book of the ship, and the brief narrative drawn up by Mr. Best, or Beast, as he stands on the ship's registers, who sailed in the expedition. There is further a MS. in the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum, now unhappily much damaged by fire, in the handwriting of one Michael Lok, who advanced £800 out of the £2,400 which the expedition cost. In that MS. there is a little anecdote of Frobisher, which is invaluable as a revelation of the man's character, and of the extent to which his modest but daring spirit held the mastery over the crew.

"On the 13th July, in the rage of an extreme storm, the vessel was cast flat on her side, and being open in the waste, was filled with water, so as she lay still for sunk, and would neither wear nor steer with any help of the helm, and could never have risen again but by the marvellous work of God's great mercy to help them all. In this distress, when all the men in the ship had lost their courage, and did dispayr of life, the captain, *lyke himself*, with valiant courage stood up, and passed alongst the ship's side in the chain wales, lying on her flat side, and caught hold on the weather leech of the forsail, but in the wether coyling of the ship the foryard brake. 'To ease her the mizen-mast was cut away, but she still rolled heavily, so that the water issued from both sides, though withal without anything floating over. Soon the poor storm-buffeted bark was put before the sea, and all hands were set to work to repair damages.'"

Hakluyt adds another anecdote to the same effect, under the date September 7th:—"We had a very terrible storm, by force whereof one of our men was thrown into the sea, but he caught hold of the foresail sheet, and there held till the captain plucked him in again." A true captain; if anything was to be done, he was the man to do it; if any peril was to be met, he was the man to face it; if any honour was to be claimed, he was the last to challenge it. There is something almost sublime in the courage and conduct of the captain of that little boat, standing on through storm and ice into the bosom of those unknown Arctic seas. "The worthy captain, notwithstanding these discomforts, though the mast was sprung and the topmast blown overboard with extreme stress of weather, continued his course to the N.W.; believing the sea must needs at length have an ending, and that some land should have a beginning that way; and determined, therefore, at least to bring a true proof what land and sea the same might be, so far N.-Westwards, beyond any that hath ever been discovered." He stood on to some purpose across the mouth of the straits, to which John Davis was so soon to give his name, and struck the American coast in lat. 62 deg. 30 min. Working up to 63 deg. 8 min., he found himself at the mouth of an inlet, "a great gut, bay, or passage," which he entered joyfully, believing that the Western Passage was found to Cathay. "This place he named after himself, Frobisher's Straits, like as Magellanus in the S.W. end of the world, having discovered the passage to the South Sea, where America is divided from the continent of that and which lieth under the South Pole, and called the same Magel-

lan's Straits." He sailed 60 leagues up the inlet, which w wards, through a kind of blunder, rebaptized by the Lumley, and found that the difficulties of the navigation i as he advanced. At the extreme point where he landed h with a "salvage people," whom he likens to Tartars in ap They used canoes made of seal skins, with a kind of woo the skin, and in shape in some respect resembling the sh Spain. "One of the natives, after a boat with five men l captured by treachery, was caught by a stratagem, wl when he found himself in captivity, for very choler and d bit his tongue in twain between his mouth; notwithstandin not thereof, but lived until he came to England, and then cold which he had taken at sea." The summer being f Frobisher having collected much valuable information for t ance of future expeditions, resolved to return. He weigh the mouth of the straits on the 26th of August, and made safely on the 2nd of October.

He was received in England with distinguished honour was highly commended of all men for his great and attempt, but specially famous for the great hope he brougl passage to Cataya." But happily for discovery, somethi precious than even the spices of Cathay seemed to be likel out of the expedition, and led to its renewal the following y

There are two versions of this curious story; which sh our ancestors found, as we find, the great magnet of migrat gold. One account of it is in Hakluyt, and runs thus: Th of course brought home with them all kinds of curious thi these unknown regions, and among these curiosities we pieces of stone "like sea cole in colour." The wife of on sailors by chance threw one of these pieces on the fire, and became heated quenched it with vinegar, "when it glistene bright marquesett of gold." Then it was given to the gold who assayed it and reported it to be "gold ore, and very the quantity." The other version of the story is Lok's. H the MS. above referred to, that he obtained a piece on boa bisher's ship, and took it at once to a refiner, who gave a lu of it. Lok, however, (apparently resolved to find gold in a piece of the ore to one John Baptista Agnello, who prov accommodating, and found gold three several times: a which it would seem Lok delivered to Her Majesty. Grea ment arose thereupon. But there was no insane rush to t fields. Men did not mob in those days as they do now. T staid and deliberate deportment in the men of all classe shows "the man" in grand contrast to those gregarious fa the brute creation, to which in these days he seems to estee honour to be conformed. Still there was reasonable ene haste. Three ships were furnished at a cost of £4,400, zealous poor Michael Lok, if his wailings "from the Fleete I London" are credible, was left to make up £1,400. A ro

this time—the *Aid*, of 200 tons burden—carried Frobisher with 100 persons, "thirty gentlemen and soldiers, and the rest sufficient and talle sailors." Our old friend the *Gabriel*, carried 18, and the *Michael*, 16 men.

They left Blackwall on the 26th of May. Frobisher, having kissed Her Majesty's hand, was dismissed by her with "gracious countenance and comfortable words. On the 27th, at Gravesend, aboard the Ayde, we all received the communion by the minister of Gravesend, and prepared us, as good Christians towards God, and resolute men, for all fortunes; and towards night we departed unto Tilburie Hope." On the 7th of June they touched at the Orkneys, of which the captain gives a graphic but dismal picture. He says, "the inhabitants were very beastly, and rudely in respect of civility; their houses are poor without, and sluttish enough within, and the people in nature thereunto agreeable." However, they were a canny people then as now. Frobisher says, with a sly touch of humour, "yet they are not ignorant of the value of our coine." On the 16th of July they were off the mouth of the straits, where they remained till the 23rd of August. On the way Frobisher made the sagacious observation that the ice mountains, which they passed, the size of which filled them with amazement, "were bred in the sounds, or some land near the pole; and that the main sea never freezeth, wherefore there is no mare glaciale, as the opinion hitherto hath been." They occupied the time while in the straits, not in pushing discovery, but in searching for gold ore, Frobisher being expressly directed by his commission, "to search for the ore, and defer the discovery of the passage till another time"—a direction which, like a brave and loyal captain, he implicitly obeyed. In his former expedition he had lost five men and a boat through the treachery of the Esquimaux. He was deeply anxious to get news of them, and used all kinds of stratagems to entrap the wary natives, but with small success.

"At our first arrival, after the ships rode at anchor, our generall, with such company as could be spared the ships, in marching order entered the land, having special care, by exhortation, that on our entrance thereto we should all with one voice, kneeling upon our knees, chiefly thank God for our safe arrival; secondly, beseech him that it would please his Divine Majesty long to continue our Queen, for whom we, in this order, took possession of the country, and, thirdly, that by our Christian study and endeavour these barbarous peoples, trained up in paganism and infidelity, might be reduced to the knowledge of true religion and the hope of salvation through Christ the Redeemer."

Thus they took possession of the country. "In the name of God, Amen," meant something on those men's lips. The place where they landed they named "Mount Warwicke." As they returned to their boats they saw some natives, who, with cries like the roaring of bulls, seemed to desire conference. With due circumspection, Frobisher and another met two of the natives, one of whom, for lack of better merchandise, "cut off the tail of his coat, and gave it to the general." The general tried to seize him, but he was too

nimble, and escaped. Regaining their bows and arrows, they shot and wounded the poor general ignominiously in the rear. A genera skirmish ensued—the savages fled—when an Englishman, on "Nicholas Conger, a goode footman, and unencumbered with an furniture, having only a dagger at his back, overtook one of them and being a Cornish man, and a good wrestler, showed his compa nion such a Cornish tricke, that he made his sides ake against th ground for a month after, and so being stayed, he was taken alive and brought away." Frobisher, to his great sorrow, could lear nothing of his men. They then stood over the straits to search fo ore, and they found something which looked like it; but, on trial discovered the truth of the proverb, "That all is not gold tha glittereth." Farther on, however, they found a substance whic gave them greater hope; and also a dead fish, having a horn tw yards long, which being, of course, the unicorn's, they brought hom "and reserved as a jewel for the Queen's wardrobe." The floatin ice in the strait greatly troubled them; "whoso maketh navigatio in those countrys, hath not only storms, winds, and furious seas t encounter, but also many monstrous and great islands of ice, a thin both rare, wonderful, and greatly to be regarded." In a place whic they called York Sound, there was further skirmishing with th natives, and two women were seized. "The one being old and ugly our men thought she had been a devil, or some witch, and he buskins were pulled off to see if she had cloven feet or no." Bein comforted on that head, "they let her go, seeing she was old, and an ugly hue." The other was young, with an infant at her back The infant was wounded in the skirmish, and the surgeon applie salves. The woman, "not acquainted with that kind of surgery plucked those salves away," and exhibited a pretty kind of surgery which nature teacheth," and, "by continual licking of her ow tongue, not much unlike a dog, she healed up the child's arm The two captives were brought together. The narrative of the demeanour to each other is very touching. They marked them we and were struck with the woman's singular modesty and propriety a modesty which, as Christian gentlemen, they had the manliness respect, in notable and noble contrast to the habits of the ear adventurers of Spain. From them Frobisher heard that his m were alive, and he wrote a letter—the first correspondence of t Arctic regions—which he sent on shore, hoping that by some go chance it might fall in their way. Here it is word for word.

"In the name of God, in whom we all believe, who (I trust) hath preserv your bodies and souls among these infidels, I commend me unto you. I will glad to seek by all means you can devise for your deliverance, either with fo or with any commodities within my ships, which I will not spare for your sak or anything else I can do for you. I have aboard of theirs a man, a woman, a a child, which I am contented to deliver for you, but the man which I carri away from hence last year is dead in England. Moreover, you may declare un them that if they deliver you not, I will not leave a man alive in their countr And thus if one of you can come to speak with me, they shall have either t

man, woman, or child in power for you: and thus unto God, whom I trust you do serve, in haste I leave you, and to Him we will daily pray for you. This Tuesday morning, 7th Aug., 1577."

The men, however, never appeared; and the season being far spent, and 200 tons of ore being on board, the general resolved to make good his return. "Forty gentlemen asked to march up and survey the country," but Frobisher, "well considering the time he had on hand, and the greedy desire our country hath to a present return of gain, resolved to return, and leave the rest to be, by God's help, hereafter well accomplished." On the 22nd of August, "making a bonfire on the highest mount in the island, and firing a volley in honour of Lady Anne, Countess Warwicke, whose name it beareth"—you see here the hearty and jovial spirit of the English—they weighed for home. They had a trying and stormy passage. On the 1st of September, the *Aid*, "lying a-lull," in order not to outstrip her consorts, was most grievously buffeted with the waves. "Afraid of being swamped, they got her before the wind, and ran. The next day being calm, they found the rudder was reft in twaine, and almost ready to fall away." Dismayed by this discovery, they braced their energies to repair the loss. They "flung half-a-dozen couple of the best men overboard, who, taking great pains, under water, driving planks, and binding with ropes, did well mend and strengthen the matter, though the most part returned more than half dead out of the water." This was the last severe trial. On the 23rd September the *Aid* made Milford Haven, the *Gabriel* made Bristol, the *Michael*, some northern port, with the loss of one man by sickness, and one man washed overboard, of which the night before he had a strange premonition in a dream.

"The 30th of August, with the force of the wind, and a surge of the sea, the master of the *Gabriel*, and the boatswain, were stricken both overboard; and hardly was the boatswain recovered, having hold on a rope hanging overboard in the sea; and yet the bark was laced fore and after, with ropes a breast high within boorde. This master was called William Smith, being but a young man, and a very sufficient mariner, who, being all the morning before exceeding pleasant, told his captain he dreamed that he was cast overboard, and that the boatswain had him by the hand, and could not save him. And so, immediately upon the end of his tale, his dreame came right euilly to passe; and indeed the boatswain, in like sort, held him by one hand, hauing hold on rope with the other vntill his force fayled, and the master was drowned."

Frobisher hastened overland to Court, where he was received with great honour and joy. "The Queen delighted to find that the matter of the gold ore had appearance, and made show of great riches and profit, and the hope of the passage to Cataya by this voyage greatly increased." This was the report of a special commission appointed to investigate the subject. The Queen gave the name of "Meta incognita" to the newly discovered country, and it was resolved to send out an expedition in the ensuing year, thoroughly furnished for the establishment of a colony there.

This third expedition was by far the most important and of the three, though it had the slightest issues. It consisted ships, which assembled at Harwich on the 27th of May, s on the 30th of May, 1578.

The captains assembled at Court to take leave of the Q gave to Frobisher "a faire chain of gold."

The first misadventure was the foundering of the bark 100 tons, with the frame of the house for the colonists This vessel received such a blow from a rock of ice that down therewith in sight of the whole fleet, her crew b difficulty saved by the boats of the other ships. After t the *Dennis*—which seems to have been regarded as an evi the fleet—they met with a "sudden, terrible tempest" from Having weathered the storm, they found themselves encom the ice-pack, "having left much behind them thorow wl had passed, and finding more before them thorow which t not pass. In this perilous situation each man did the best for the safety of his ship. "Some of the ships, where they a place more cleared of yce, and get a little berth of sea r take in their sayles, and there lay adrift; other some fast moored anker upon a great island of yce; and again, som fast shut up, and compassed in amongst an infinite numbe countreys and islands of yce, that they were faine to sub selves and their ships to the mercy of the unmerciful strengthened the sides of their ships with junk of cab masts, planks, and such like, which being hanged overboa sides of their ships, might better defend them from the o sway and strokes of the said yce." Very amazing to the noise made by the churning of the ice in a tempestuous sea it was wonderful to see and hear the rushing and the nois tides did make in that place, with so violent a force, that lying a-lull were turned sometimes round about, even in a after the manner of a whirlpool; and the noise of the s lesse to be heard afar off than the waterfall of London Bri appears that in the stress of the weather they lost their r and that Frobisher was aware of it, but would not even l his followers, lest they should be disheartened, and desire At length, after great perils, in which the hardy and co seamanship of the various captains conspicuously appears, fleet assembled in the Countess of Warwick's Sound, about t of August, and preparations were at once commenced f plishing the object of the expedition. It was proposed to hundred men there to colonize the country, there being at that time in England of what the winter temperature of about the mouth of Davis's Straits might be. Poor Hud and the terrible sufferings of Captain James, let some ligh that in the succeeding reigns. But the foundering of t with the house on board, mercifully defeated the plan. T sions, too, for the 100 men were not forthcoming in suffici

tity; "so, for these and sundry good and sufficient reasons, it was resolved that no settlement should be there this yeare." On the 30th of August a council was held, and it was resolved to return as fully laden with ore as might be; but on the morrow, the 31st, the fleet was fairly blown out to sea by a tremendous storm, and scattered. The homeward passage was most tempestuous; "many of the ships were dangerously distressed, and severed almost asunder;" but the whole of them arrived safely at length, at different ports and at different times, the last on the 31st of October, 1578.

The adventures of the several ships are full of the deepest interest, did our space allow us to dwell on them. Captain Best, in the *Anne Frances*, showed singular hardihood. I give an extract from his narrative—it must serve as a sample of the rest. He had the materials of a small pinnace on board his ship, with the important exception of nails. He had the boat put together as well as he could manage it, and resolutely determined to explore the straits, as the ship could not pass. He found it difficult to get volunteers. "'But manful and honest John Gray" volunteered to accompany him, and several at once followed his example; though the carpenter who put it together affirmed that he would not venture in it for five hundred pounds. They set forth; the rest I must give as far as I can in their own words :—

"On the 19th, Captain Best, acco[illegible] d by [illegible] worthy compeer, and eighteen hands [illegible] ark [illegible] tion of the hazardous voyage that w[illegible] of man's labour with ores,' and encou[illegible] their way through ice, they accomplished [illegible] and fifty leagues, and entered, as they [illegible] but the identity of the place is not cl[illegible] of circumstances concurred to involve them in some perplexity. On [illegible] adventurers found great stones set up, as it seemed, by natives for marks. also found crosses of stone, as if Christian people had been there. Re-embarking, and pulling along the shore, they noticed a smoke of a fire under a hill's side, 'whereof they diversely deemed.' Human figures then appeared in the distance, but too far off to be distinguished. Drawing nearer, the people ashore wafted, or seemed to waft, a flag, but the natives were wont to do the same when they saw a strange boat. Anon the perplexed mariners perceived certain tents; and they made the ensign to be 'of mingled colours, black and white, after the English fashion.' This discovery rather increased than diminished their amazement. No ship was to be seen: no harbourage was known of in the vicinity. Besides, it was not the practice of the English to visit those parts. Apprehension ensued. It was feared that by storms some ship had been driven up, or in some dense fog had missed the way—that the people had been wrecked and spoiled by the natives, by whom it was conjectured might be 'used the sundry-coloured flagge for a policie to bring others within their danger.' The resolution of the party was immediately taken. 'They determined to recover the same ensign, if it were so, from the base people, or els to lose their lives, and all together. But, in the end, they discerned them to be their countrymen, and then they deemed them to have lost their ships, and so to be gathered together for their better strength.' On the other hand, 'the companie ashoare feared that the captaine, having lost his ship, came to seeke forth the fleete for his reliefe in his poor pinnesse, so that their extremities caused eche partie to suspect the worst.' Under

these circumstances, Captain Best took the precaution which prudence dictated. On nearing the shore, he 'commanded his boate carefully to be kepte aflote, lest, in their necessitie, they might winne the same from him, and seeke first to save themselves; for every man, in that case, is next himself.' But no strife, he observes, followed the meeting of the two parties. On the contrary, unbounded delight predominated. 'They haled one another according to the manner of the sea, and demanded, *What cheer?* and either party answered the other, that *all was well;* whereupon there was a sudden and joyful outshoute, with greate flinging up of caps, and a brave voly of shotte, to welcome one another. And truly,' it is observed, 'it was a most strange case to see how joyfull and gladde every partie was to see themselves meete in safetie againe, after so strange and incredible dangers: yet, to be short,' the narrator devoutly remarks, 'as their dangers were greate, so their God was greater.'"

The poor pinnace came to grief on the way home. She foundered at sea almost the moment after Captain Best and the adventurous crew who had embarked in her were received safely and joyfully on board. The other ships met with an abundant share of the special difficulties and dangers with which recent narratives of Arctic discovery have made us familiar. There is a dreary monotony of danger and suffering in the records of Arctic navigation, which stretch through near 300 years. Frobisher led the van—M'Clintock, completing Franklin's work, has closed it, for a time. We have given our readers a brief sketch of the first Arctic trilogy. It ends, for the time, in disappointment and confusion. As far as its immediate object was concerned, like all the rest, it failed. But I venture to think that it ended in a high success, if the daring and hardihood of her sons is the glory of a country, her chief defence in war, her sinew of strength in an honourable peace. In this school many of the men were trained whose nimble and daring seamanship bewildered and outmanœuvred the most renowned captains of Spain at England's Salamis. Frobisher, Fenton, Best, the heroes of these expeditions, were all there, foremost among the champions of England and the Gospel. Victors in such a strife as I have endeavoured to picture, to them it was but merry sport, "a morris dance on the waters," to scatter and shatter the grandest armada which Europe has ever sent forth on the seas, and to challenge for England that naval supremacy which has never yet been disputed by an equal, and never will be—let them build ships as they like—while the world endures. One broad feature in the history of Arctic enterprise is the pious and God-fearing character of the men who have made themselves its heroes. There is here a grand and almost unbroken unity from Frobisher to Franklin. Bibles, and books which may be the companions of godly men, are the most notable of the relics of our gallant countrymen which bestrew those dreary regions; and I extract from the sailing orders of Frobisher's squadron, Article 8, which contains the watchword: "If any man in the fleet come up in the night, and hale his fellow, he shall give him the watchword, 'Before the world was God;' the other shall answer him, if one of ours, that 'after God came Christ, his Son.'"

B. B.

III.

THOMAS BECKET.*

WELL nigh seven hundred years have passed away since the fresh blood of Thomas Becket stained the steps of St. Benedict's altar at Canterbury. The proud line of the Plantagenets has been succeeded by the Tudors, the Tudors by the Stuarts, the Stuarts by the Guelphs; and the Cathedral where, during twelve generations, St. Thomas was installed far above "our ladye" now echoes with the chants of a Protestant service, and dignitaries, chosen solely by the royal will, now minister at her altars. Still, the strife of the regal and ecclesiastical powers—typified so vividly by Plantagenet and Becket has not ceased; and here, in the year 1860, two portly volumes claim our notice; the one by a clergyman of the Church of Rome, elevating Becket, of course, into an immaculate saint and martyr; the other by Canon Robertson, who—as member of a Church which, not content with rendering to "Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," has most lavishly rendered him "the things which are God's"—also can do but scant justice to his hero, so profound is his reverence for "Church and State."

For ourselves, as heartily opposed to royal authority in matters of religion as to priestly domination, and belonging to neither Church, we will take a view of Becket and his contest from a Nonconformist standpoint, and going over more at length the history of his earlier life, and marking the various influences and associations by which he was surrounded, endeavour to form a just estimate of his character. It were easy to make the story of Becket as dull as a Chancery report, but thus treated, and in the light of his own stirring times, it is an interesting episode in our history, and not without its moral.

Little can be ascertained respecting Becket's family save that his father was a citizen of London; and tradition has reported that he was a goldsmith. But the pretty little romance—how Gilbert Becket set forth with his fellow croises to the far east, and was taken captive, and released by the Soldan's fair daughter; how the fair Mathild found, when the Christian soldier was gone, that he had taken her heart with him; and then how she fled, and wandering to Acre with only the two English words on her lips, "Gilbert" and "London" she sought passage over the sea, and arrived in London, and stood desolate in the streets, asking for "Gilbert," while the crowd gazed wonderingly on her strange garb and her strange beauty; until, guided to Gilbert's home, she there, after being like Harold the Dauntless, "christened and wed," became the mother of St. Thomas. This pretty tale we regret to say we must give up, for

* "Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury: a Biography." By James Craigie Robertson, M.A., Canon of Canterbury.

not even an allusion to it is to be found in the narratives of the four contemporary writers who have supplied us with the most authentic information; and it is first told in the chronicle of "fabling Brompton."

Although in this case, reluctantly agreeing with Canon Robertson, we cannot allow that Becket was of Norman parentage. His father at one time during his life held high office in the city—according to FitzStephen, that of "portreve," an office subsequently merged in the higher dignity of lord mayor. Now, most unlikely was it that in a community so thoroughly Saxon as London, the representative of East Anglia, and the capital of the kingdom of Mercia, a stranger of Norman birth should have been thus honoured. His election must have taken place some time during the thirty-five years of Henry's reign; and his charter, granted on his accession, expressly secures to the citizens the proud right of choosing both their sheriffs and magistrates. Tradition asserts, too, that Becket's father was a goldsmith. Now, this alone, and it has never been contradicted, would prove that he was of Saxon race, for we have no instance whatever until late in the history of our city guilds of a Norman belonging to the fraternity of "St. Dunstan, of the goldsmiths." Becket's answer, however, to his great enemy, Gilbert Foliot, who seems to have taunted him as being of low origin, is, we think, conclusive on this subject. "For, if you refer to my descent and to my forefathers, truly they were London citizens, dwelling, without blame, among their fellow-citizens, nor by any means among the lowest." It is difficult to imagine any one, save a Saxon inhabitant of London, using words like these within a century after the Norman conquest.

The year 1118, and the 21st December, whence his name, has been given as the date of Becket's birth. We are told that both father and mother in piety resembled Zacharias and Elizabeth; and that his mother carefully instructed him from infancy, and early placed him under the protection of the Virgin, directing him "to cast all his trust upon her after Christ," for Mary was not as yet "Queen of Heaven." It affords a suggestive trait of those times so characterised by abundant almsgiving, when we find one of his biographers relating that the mother was from time to time accustomed to weigh her boy, filling the opposite scale with money, food, and clothing, which were afterwards duly distributed among the poor. He does not appear to have had any brothers; but three sisters are mentioned, one of whom, subsequently to his death, became Abbess of Barking.

When ten years old Thomas was sent to the Augustine priory at Merton, but he was soon after brought back to London, where he attended school—very probably, we think, the old cathedral school at St. Paul's; but being by no means given to study, and probably being early taken under the protection of Richer de l'Aigle, a noble who owned the proud castle of Pevensey, and who lodged at Gilbert Becket's house, as was customary with barons when the king held his court in London, and had taken a strong liking to the boy, he seems to have received no farther education, but to have

become a kind of page in De l'Aigle's household. With his lord, young Thomas, a remarkably handsome and clever youth, became a great favourite. He hunted and hawked with him, and doubtless then contracted those habits of luxurious extravagance for which he was subsequently censured. From some cause, not stated, he quitted his patron; and his mother having died, and his father becoming reduced in circumstances, Thomas, now about twenty-one, set out for Paris, but not to attend the lectures of learned men—not like his friend and eulogist, John of Salisbury, studying grammar with William de Cœnobriem, and logic and divinity with Magister Gilbert, but apparently to finish his wholly secular education by taking lessons in French, according to the Parisian mode of pronunciation; and, as Lord Campbell expresses it, to get rid of his English accent.

A short time would suffice for this, so he soon after returned; and then we find him in the service of a rich kinsman, named Osbern Huitdeniers, as clerk and accountant. This Osbern is termed a merchant; but from his name—evidently a nickname—(eightpenny), and from Becket being represented as his accountant, we have little doubt that his trade was that of a usurer—a very lucrative, though a much and justly-abused trade at this time. Subsequently we find him filling a similar, but more miserable, situation under the sheriffs of London. Thus, up to at least his twenty-sixth year, no thought of entering the Church—even by those half orders which would entitle him to write "Clericus" after his name, and to plead, if necessary, "benefit of clergy"—seems to have occurred to Becket's mind. The bold, handsome page, skilful in the sports of the field, had become the clever man of business, the quick arithmetician, busy with tallies, and the counters that aided the imperfect calculations of an age to which the Arabic numerals were unknown.

There was much, however, at this period to awaken ambition in the mind of a young man. England had been the scene of constant civil war for the last seven years; and although there was now some prospect of coming tranquillity, still everything was unsettled, and no one could tell what the next year might bring. These are just the times for the active and enterprising, and when, too, such are eagerly sought after; we therefore think it very probable that the talents which Thomas had already shown in his office under the sheriffs, combined with his political capabilities, marked him out—although, subordinately, he might have owed the first introduction to a kind friend—for a higher station; and this he found in the service of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the year 1144.

We are told that at this time Thomas Becket was tall and handsome in person, quick and eloquent of speech, of readiest apprehension, so that the deficiencies of his early education were scarcely perceivable; a skilful chess-player—an important accomplishment in the twelfth century—and unrivalled in hunting and hawking, and every manly exercise. A young man thus gifted must indeed have

been a pleasant inmate at the aged archbishop's residence at Harrow, where the sports of the merry greenwood would often present to the younger members of that immense household a welcome relief from the dull routine of a semi-claustral establishment. But Becket won favour in the eyes of the primate, too; and although twice compelled to leave, through the misrepresentation of a learned clerk, one Roger Pont d'Eveque, who probably scorned him for his want of learning, twice he returned, to stand higher each time in the favour of his patron. We think it was probably about this time, in order that he might profit by the liberality of the primate, that Becket took orders; for although deacon's orders did not permit him to perform church ceremonies, they allowed him to claim church emoluments; and so we find that in a short time the living of St. Mary-le-Strand, and that of Otford in Kent, together with prebends belonging to St. Paul's and Lincoln, were bestowed on the fortunate young deacon. It was then that Becket seems to have been determined to improve his defective education, and obtaining leave from Archbishop Theobald, he repaired to the continent for the benefit of its schools.

The reader need scarcely be reminded that this was the era of the revival of the canon and civil law; and that this new study had become so popular as almost to supersede both logic and grammar. Archbishop Theobald, we find, had been so interested in this new study that he imported copies of the Pandects, and invited Magister Vaccarius to lecture upon them at Oxford. King Stephen had, however, shortly after silenced the professor, and ordered the books to be destroyed—a step which was followed by the usual consequence of making the study more popular than ever; but as the lecturer had retired from England, the students were compelled to seek instruction in the continental schools. At this time the celebrated Gratian lectured at Bologna, and thither Becket repaired to study the canon law; and then, after a shorter stay at Auxerre, but pursuing the same study, he returned to England.

Ere long, Becket was raised to a very high position in the archbishop's service. He was entrusted with difficult and delicate missions connected with the affairs of the see; and in 1152 is said to have "paved the way for the succession of Henry II., by prevailing upon Eugenius III. to forbid the coronation of Eustace as his father's colleague, although King Stephen had sent the Archbishop of York to urge his suit at the papal court." Theobald, the Archbishop, had been long at variance with Stephen, and therefore was anxious for the succession of young Plantagenet, hence the efforts made by Becket; and we may here remark that however much Henry might talk of the gratitude due to him from Becket, there evidently was no slight claim on Becket's side, of gratitude due from the king.

From this time, Becket's rise in station and influence was singularly rapid; additional Church preferment was lavished upon him; even the archdeaconry of Canterbury, when the death of the Arch-

bishop of York elevated Becket's old foeman, Roger Pont l'Eveque, to the vacant see. Indeed, so enormous a pluralist had he become through the partiality of his patron, that when subsequently taunted with the favours Plantagenet had conferred upon him, he could reply, that what with his archdeaconry, and "*plurimæ ecclesiæ, prebendæ nonnullæ, et alia etiam non pauca!*" he was in possession of a right royal income years before Henry ascended the throne. In reviewing this part of Becket's life, we must still bear in mind that he was viewed as a layman; that he hunted, and hawked, and gave splendid feasts, and clothed himself in the most gorgeous attire, without blame, even without the surprise of his contemporaries, for "deacon's orders" involved no clerical duties—far less anything like the mortification of the cloister. It was an age of great luxury, and of splendid observances, and Archdeacon Thomas bore himself as gallantly among his friends as the wealthiest noble.

It were much to be wished that we had more specific records of Becket's life at this time, for there seems little doubt that he was actively engaged in promoting the cause of the young prince, who was so soon to wear the crown. Had Becket been a devoted servant of the Church, he must have looked forward to that event with anxious forebodings. Young Henry's grandfather kept a high hand over his clergy; his mother's first husband had held Pope Paschal II. in captivity, while his father sprung from a race remarkable for their hostility to churchmen—who in return told the story how his grandmother had been carried off through the roof of a Church, after the prim fashion of the old woman of Berkeley—had distinguished himself by most outrageous conduct towards the clergy of Anjou; and from all accounts, young Henry himself appeared likely enough to follow these goodly examples. Even Archbishop Theobald seems rather to have feared; and with a view to provide a counteracting influence, he is said to have introduced the handsome, eloquent, clearsighted archdeacon to the notice of the future monarch. At the period of his accession, Henry was in his twenty-second year, Becket in his thirty-sixth. Thus, while Becket had considerable advantage over the king in point of years, he was still a young man who could share in his pastimes—and Henry was a keen lover of the sports of the wood and the field—as well as participate in his counsels, and conduct his political negociations. We have referred, rather at length, to these events of Becket's early years, because, without bearing them in mind, it is impossible to form a correct opinion of his subsequent conduct.

Rapid as had been the rise of Becket in the aged archbishop's favour, even more rapid was the progress of his favour with the young king. He was raised to the dignity of chancellor in the very first year of Henry's reign; "a second Joseph set over the land of Egypt," as Grim remarks, while so great, and so obvious was the partiality already expressed by the king, that Archbishop Theobald himself writes to him, "It sounds in the ears, and is in the mouths of the people, that you and the king are of one heart and of one soul."

Although the office of chancellor differed in some respects from the modern, it was even in the twelfth century a station of great influence. The chancellor had "the custody of the Great Seal, the superintendence of the king's chapel, the care of vacant sees, abbacies, and baronies; he was entitled, without any summons, to attend all the king's councils, and all royal grants passed through his hands." But, in addition, Becket had become Henry's chief adviser; and in this office, we shall find that England indeed owed a debt of gratitude to him. At his suggestion, the foreign mercenaries, who had grievously plundered the people, were driven away; the castles, which had been the strongholds of rapine and cruelty, were razed to the ground—one writer estimates them at nearly three hundred; thieves and lawless men, who during Stephen's reign had pillaged almost with impunity, were sternly put down; and families were re-instated in the possessions which had been wrested from them during the civil war. These great benefits, which even Becket's enemies never denied, were sufficient to make Chancellor Thomas one of the most popular men in the whole kingdom. But popular tradition does not stop here, when handing down the story of "the blessed martyr's" good deeds. It told how many an unjust decree was reversed, how many a sanguinary law was suspended, how equably the tollage was imposed, how sternly the oppressor was dealt with, while the son of the Saxon goldsmith held the Great Seal. Surely the common belief that Thomas was Saxon by birth, and yet more Saxon in heart, must have been the true one, when we find that his aid was invoked both by barons and people during their struggle with John; that he, as the *English* saint and martyr, was supplicated to befriend his countrymen in De Montfort's long contest for freedom; and that when, after the battle of Boroughbridge, Earl Thomas of Lancaster was so basely executed by his cousin Edward II., the populace claimed for him the palm of martyrdom, and exulted that from henceforth *two* English saints would watch over English freedom—St. Thomas à Becket, and St. Thomas of Lancaster. Now, Becket's contest with the king had no reference to particular rights: surely, then, it must have been his conduct as chancellor, his love—expressed in word and in deed for Saxon men, that linked so closely in the popular mind the memory of him who was martyr in the cause of *ecclesiastical* power with their aspirations after freedom.

According to some historians, everything is dim and misty in past times; and verily! dim and misty enough are the pictures *they* give us. This is always to be regretted if the study be the middle ages, because there was so much of the picturesque alike in regal and ecclesiastical observances, and so much proving, too, that much which has been asserted as to the barbarism of these ages is utterly untrue. In reading FitzStephen's account of Becket, or John of Salisbury's letters, we can scarcely imagine that he lived seven hundred years ago. Always gorgeous in his habits, and delicate in his tastes, the chancellor sate in his dining-hall, surrounded by

richly-clad attendants—many of them the sons of nobles. The richest drapery decked the tables; silver and gold plate alone was used; the costliest wines were poured from golden beakers into enamelled and jewelled cups, and huge silver candelabra with coloured wax-lights were placed around. Preserves from France and Spain, sturgeon from the northern seas, beccaficos from Italy, spices from the farthest east, all supplied the feast, to which a throng of knights and nobles were daily invited, and to which the king himself would often come quite unexpectedly, sometimes snatching up the cup of wine placed before the chancellor, drinking it off, and laughingly departing; sometimes leaping over the table, and seating himself by his side, but always treating his favourite on terms of perfect equality.

Far and wide went the fame of the right royal state of Henry's chancellor; but when he went on his embassy into France in 1159, the description of his progress reads like a tale of Oriental romance. Canon Robertson gives a portion of it, but we will marshal the long procession just as it passed before the admiring eyes of Becket's affectionate biographer, FitzStephen. First came two hundred boys, singing *English* songs, next the staghounds in couples with the huntsmen, then a train of huge waggons, each with a fierce mastiff chained beneath, and containing furniture, cooking apparatus, wine, and, what he especially notices with a right Saxon feeling, "two waggons, carrying only ale, which is made of the finest of the wheat boiled in water, and placed in casks hooped with iron, as a present to the French," *naively* adding, "a kind of liquor, truly wholesome to drink, clear, in colour like wine, but in flavour better." We may remark here, that all the wines at this period were *white* wines. Next came a line of well-laden sumpter horses with more valuable goods, and an ape mounted on each; and then began the household procession. Esquires, belonging to the chancellor's knights, the shield borne on the left arm, while the right led the highly-prized war steed; then the armour-bearers, the pages, the falconers, each with a beautiful bird on his wrist—well did Thomas love the falcon, and enormous were the sums he paid for the fairest that could be bought—then the cupbearers; then the knights riding two and two; the chaplains two and two; the great officers of his household in ascending order; and lastly, on his splendid palfrey, so richly caparisoned, that "he carried a treasure in his bit alone," clad in robes of royal scarlet, the tall and handsome chancellor came along reining in his proud steed, and showing to the French, even at that early day, the unrivalled grace of the English rider. Becket's sojourn in Paris was distinguished by the same profuse magnificence; he feasted a thousand guests for three days on the richest dainties, gave magnificent presents to scholars, and having obtained the object of his mission, and the praise of most royal free-handedness, he returned well pleased to England.

Becket's subsequent mission to France displayed him in a new character. No longer only the acute statesman, or the shrewd

diplomatist, the chancellor on his next visit was at the head of seven hundred knights, equipped at his own expense, together with twelve hundred belonging to the king, and four thousand foot soldiers, and his errand was to recover by force of arms the fair country of Toulouse, which Plantagenet claimed in right of his Queen, Elinor of Aquitaine, from the Count of St. Gilles. Mounted on his war steed, in coat of mail and helmet, Thomas led on his troops right valiantly; fighting with all the impulsive bravery of his character, and unhorsing a valiant knight, Engelram de Trie, in single combat, and leading his good steed away as a trophy. The expedition was unsuccessful as to its result; but when Henry quitted France it was to his chancellor that he committed the custody of Calais, which he had lately taken, and the defence of his possessions in the south of France.

For six years Becket, high in favour, the personal friend of the king, and having even the custody of his eldest son, held the seals as chancellor, when in April, 1161, Archbishop Theobald died. At this time Henry and his chancellor were at Falaise, and the latter was about to proceed to England, when Henry told him that the chief object of his journey had not been mentioned, it was that he should be Archbishop of Canterbury! We cannot but believe that this was a surprise to Becket, nor is it likely it was a pleasant one. He had vast wealth and power, and he might fairly enough look forward to the highest office in the state—that of high justiciar, an office far better suited to the wholly secular chancellor, than the primacy. But the "lion-faced" Plantagenet had a right royal will; he determined to have an archbishop with no ecclesiastical predilections, and who could better fulfil that condition than Becket?—who had hunted and hawked with him, and even waged battle by his side;—who, a stranger to the cloister, would have little sympathy with the clergy in their struggles with the royal power. Becket is said to have remonstrated, even to have warned the king, but in vain; the mandate for his election was sent, and at the earnest entreaties of the legate, the unwilling chancellor became "a spiritual person."

Not, however, without delay and much difficulty was this appointment effected. Although Archbishop Theobald had died in April, 1161, it was not until the May of 1162 that the first step was taken to induct Becket into the vacant see. His biographers tell us this arose from the opposition of the monks of Canterbury, and also hint at the concealed hostility of the bishops. Viewing the treatment Becket subsequently received from them, we have little doubt that this was the case; nor can we be greatly surprised at it. The twelfth century was a learned age, and the mitre was very frequently the scholar's reward. At this time some English bishops were distinguished for their high attainments: Roger Pont l'Eveque, Becket's ancient enemy, the Archbishop of York, and the aged Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of Hereford, so celebrated as a theologian, and the boast of Clugny, where he received his education, were pre-eminent among their brethren. Can we be surprised that when they,

and almost equally learned men, were passed over for one who had lived a secular life for *forty-three* years, who had presided in the law courts, had led a knightly company to battle, they should feel aggrieved? What claim had this Thomas, not to equality only, but to pre-eminence over them? This royal favourite, who had never read a course of lectures in his life, never held a public disputation, never received even the lowest academical honour! he, utterly unknown to any school, and yet he was to occupy the chair of Lanfranc, and Anselm, the "*prima sedes Angliæ!*" We must bear in mind, too, the notions of priestly superiority, and of the mysterious powers supposed to be conferred by ordination to the episcopate, and we shall find that the clerical *esprit du corps* would add a peculiar intensity to the hatred of the disappointed scholar. We greatly doubt whether Ignatius Loyola himself would have been very popular with the Spanish clergy if he had been consecrated Archbishop of Toledo.

During the long delay of his appointment, singularly enough, Becket still continued a mere deacon. Was he still reluctant to enter the priesthood? perhaps he was, for not until the Saturday in Whitsun week was he ordained a priest, and then on the next day, Trinity Sunday, he received the highest dignity the English Church could bestow from the hands of Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester, that prelate whose belligerent propensities were so decidedly displayed during his brother Stephen's reign, that brother whom he had discrowned that he might place the circlet on the brow of Plantagenet's mother. Towards Becket the conduct of this influential churchman was ever marked with a kindly feeling displayed by no other member of his order. The *pallium* on this occasion was sent from Rome without delay, and the newly-made archbishop went barefooted in procession to meet the bearers, kneeling in lowliest guise, and prostrated on the ground to receive it.

From this time Becket, as his biographers inform us, became a wholly changed man. Many tales are told of his daily mortifications; of his hair-shirt, his frequent fasts, or scanty meal of coarsest food—of the fennel and water that superseded the jewelled cup of choice wine. These stories, however, seem very apocryphal, for we find that long after his elevation, his rich dress, and his refined diet drew upon him more than once the admonition of his clerical friends, to one of whom he is said to have replied, "If I mistake not, brother, you eat your beans with more greediness than I do this pheasant." Indeed, Herbert de Bertram, describing very minutely the order of the archbishop's hall, represents him dining at the upper table, with his learned clerks round him, and the knights and laymen behind; but that the food was of the best, and that both gold and silver plate were in abundance. We think it greatly to the credit of Becket that this was so; and it disproves, too, the assertion that has sometimes been made, that he practised ostentatious austerities for the purpose of obtaining popularity; now, in respect to his popularity, that was already secured.

But, although not manifesting outward and vulgar signs of change, that Thomas might really have experienced a great change, seems to us far from unlikely. It was an age of violent impulse; men rushed in thousands to the Holy Land at the preaching of a single sermon; fierce, lawless evil-doers knelt before the convent-gate, and, confessing their sins, prayed admittance to a life of mortification; high-born women fled from the court to the cloister, emptied their jewel casket before the shrine of their tutelar saint, and even sheared off their long and beautiful hair to make a cord to suspend the lamp before the high altar. Now, in an age like this, might not Thomas, the king's chancellor, elevated so suddenly to the highest ecclesiastical dignity, believe that he was designed to some special work? Might he not feel, too, that, in being thus thrust into the priesthood, he had a special call to assert its claims? Many incidental remarks of his biographers seem to show that this was his feeling. He gave up the chancellorship, for although mostly held by ecclesiastics, it was a purely secular office; he spent much time in reading and conference with learned clerks, while, in celebrating the mass, such was the emotion of the newly-made priest, to whom it had not yet become a mere professional routine, that "he wept and sighed, as if the very sacrifice of the cross were before his eyes." How vividly does this bring before us the enthusiastic layman, to whom all was so new and so solemn.

Becket's resigning the chancellorship seems to have given the first offence to the king; and, according to most accounts, when he met him at Christmas at Southampton, there was a coolness. Henry, however, still left his eldest son in the archbishop's custody. On Christmas-day—the see of London being vacant—the born and bred Londoner, who had been so strangely elevated to the primacy, stood at the gorgeous high altar of St. Paul's; the jewelled chest that enshrined the relics of St. Erthenwald before him; the bones of "good Bishop William, the friend of Saxon men," beneath his feet: the vast nave and choir of the fine Norman cathedral, crowded with men of Saxon race—for we can give proof that the mass of the citizens were then so—and there, in gem-blazing cope and mitre, and wearing the sacred *pallium*, gave his blessing to the kneeling multitude. It must have been a strange, though a proud thought to that mere clerk of Osbern Huitdeniers, the usurer, that humble accountant to the sheriffs, what he *had been* and what he *was* now.

Meanwhile, Becket's vigorous measures for reclaiming the manors belonging to his see, which had been alienated during the late wars, arrayed many enemies against him; nor was the translation of Gilbert Foliot soon after to London likely to produce much good feeling. At Whitsuntide the Council of Tours was held, where seventeen cardinals and a hundred and twenty-four bishops, together with a multitude of inferior dignitaries attended, and thither repaired Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury. In his ecclesiastical character, as in his former secular visit, he was received throughout his journey with little short of royal honours. He was welcomed in procession

at Tours, all the cardinals, save two, going forth to meet him; and the Pope himself (Alexander III.) came forth from his private apartment to greet him in the hall. In the council he was placed at the Pope's right hand, and his lodging was besieged by church dignitaries, all anxious to do him honour. Strange, indeed, does this seem as contrasted with the conduct of the English bishops. Might not Alexander, shrewd, but cowardly, have discovered in Becket the very qualities that fitted him to wage the warfare of the church against kings—a warfare the holy father was right willing to wage, so that it should be without danger to himself. At this council, too, Arnulf of Lisieux asserted the unity and independence of the church in an eloquent discourse, and the effect of this upon a hearer, whose only study, as we have seen, had been the canon law, must have been great.

On his return, indications of approaching hostilities between the king and his former favourite were apparent. They came into collision on questions of right of presentation to livings, and about this time Thomas is said to have preached a sermon—he is said to have been an elegant preacher—in which he asserted the superiority of the church, in a way that aroused his royal hearer's anger. Soon after, he stood forth, as even Canon Robertson admits, "as a sort of Hampden." The king proposed to add to his revenues certain moneys which heretofore had been paid to the sheriffs throughout England—two shillings on every hide of land. This, Becket resisted. He said the money was not paid as a due, but voluntarily; it might be refused if the sheriffs and their officers should fail to perform their duty in the defence and police of the country, and therefore it could not be reckoned as part of the royal revenue. "By God's eyes!" cried the furious king, "it shall be paid as revenue, and registered in the king's books." "By those same eyes," replied undaunted Thomas, "so long as I live, no such payment shall be made from my lands, and not a penny of the church's rights." It is not surprising that from henceforth, "the waters of bitterness began to flow." Henry expected to find in Becket a supple tool, he found he had a spirit as haughty as his own to deal with. Some historians have indulged in a mawkish sentimentalism over the "ingratitude" of Becket toward his kind patron. Now, surely, to elevate a man of eminent talents to a high station, cannot be looked upon in the light of an almsdeed; and Becket, qualified to advance himself in any court of Europe, had no very pressing duty of thankfulness toward the monarch who chose, and who employed his servant, simply because he was best suited to his purpose.

It was, however, on the great question of clerical immunities that the open strife began. It would occupy far more than our whole space to attempt to bring this before the reader; but that Becket sought to elevate ecclesiastical power far above its first level, every Protestant must acknowledge. Still, our allowing Becket to be wrong, can by no means prove that Plantagenet was right—nay, even had he been right, the utter contempt of justice,

and good faith in his proceedings, both at Clarendon and Northampton, go far to render the champion of the church an object of sympathy. After a preliminary meeting at Westminster, in Oct. 1163, at which much ill-will was manifested, and which was concluded by the king declaring with his usual oath, that the prelates should "agree outright and expressly to my constitutions;" and an angry meeting subsequently at Northampton with Becket, whom he reproached with injustice, the Parliament was summoned to meet at the palace of Clarendon, in Jan., 1164. In the interval, the prelates hostile to Becket, eagerly watching the progress of the feud between him and the king, banded together to annoy him, for it would seem, without the knowledge of Plantagenet, to whom it had been suggested by Arnulf of Lisieux - who so lately had advocated widely different views —that the most effectual means of thwarting the primate, would be, to form a party for that purpose. Chief among that party, of course, were Roger Pont l'Eveque and Gilbert Foliot; with them were joined Hilary of Chichester, Robert of Lincoln, and Robert Melun, lately advanced to the see of Hereford—all learned men, and all doubtless indignant that the king's chancellor should at one bound have been raised so far above them. The methods these reverend men employed in the furtherance of their pious object were very amusing. Not only did they incite the bishops of Canterbury to a squabble with the archbishop, but Roger Pont l'Eveque revived the old question of the equality and consequent independence of York with respect to Canterbury, while Gilbert Foliot asserted the independence of *his* see, inasmuch as London had in heathen times been the seat of an archflamen of Jupiter. Canon Robertson remarks that assiduous attempts were made to win by prelates and nobles, "to win over the archbishop to compliance with the royal wishes." We think all this opposition to a high-spirited man must have proved anything but winning.

The Council of Clarendon met in January, and is said to have lasted three days. At this Council, the sixteen articles, termed the "Constitutions," were produced in writing, and an unqualified assent to them demanded. It has pleased Church of England writers to represent these articles as valuable for their assertion of religious liberty! For ourselves, we can only discover in them a transference of spiritual power from the priest to the king. As to the people, little benefit would they derive from them; while as to the priesthood, our only wonder is that the bishops, one and all, did not join in denouncing so obnoxious a document. What can the reader think of this? "No prelate, or ecclesiastic, to leave the realm without the sovereign's license." Or this, "None of the king's tenants in chief, or members of his household, to be excommunicated, *or his lands!*" That the revenues of vacant sees and Abbeys were to be at the royal disposal, might be expected, for the Plantagenets always coveted their neighbour's goods, but what will the reader say to the last sentence, which seems to have been intended as a bribe to the nobles: "The sons of villains are not to be ordained,

without consent of the lords, on whose lands they were born." Thus, the most blameless exercise of church power, which, by consecrating the bondsman to her service, gave him the rank of a freeman, was forbidden; and that class which had just before witnessed the rise of the villain's son, from the Abbey School of St. Albans to the papal chair as Adrian VI., were to be sternly driven back to helpless bondage.

As the articles were read, Becket commented on them one by one. The best portion of them, that which subjected the clergy to the secular courts, was, of course, unpalateable to the admirer of Gratian, and with his accustomed vehemence, he exclaimed that Christ was again to be judged before Pilate. But although Plantagenet had summoned the prelates to deliberate, he evidently viewed the assembly just as the French kings viewed their parliaments, so he went into a right royal passion. But what will the reader think of this? "As the bishops were sitting in anxious deliberation, *armed knights burst into the conclave, brandishing swords and axes, and threatening death to all who should persist in opposing the royal will.* The Bishops of Salisbury and Norwich, who were at this time especially obnoxious to Henry, in terror implored the Primate to relent. The Earls of Cornwall and Leicester earnestly added their entreaties, saying they apprehended some unheard-of violence. "It is nothing new, or unheard of," answered he, "if it should be our lot to die for the rights of the Church; for this a multitude of saints have taught us, both by word and by example only may God's will be done!" Richard de Hastings, Provincial of the Templars, and another eminent member of the same order, fell at his feet, embraced his knees, assuring him that the king was only desirous to avoid the appearance of defeat, promised on their salvation that, if he would but submit, he should hear no more of the customs. At length the archbishop was moved, he withdrew, and returning, said to his brethren, "It is the Lord's will I should foreswear myself; for the present I submit, and incur the guilt of perjury, repent hereafter as I may." It is but right to remark here, that while the account of the irruption of armed nobles into the council, is given by all contemporary writers, Becket's words rest only on the testimony of one of Gilbert Foliot's letters. Now really we wish the advocates of "church and king" doctrines all joy of their boasted council of Clarendon. An assembly of unarmed, and mostly aged men, set upon by ferocious nobles, brandishing swords and axes! We should like to know, too, in what court of law an oath taken at the sword-point would be judged binding. Strangely enough, while Canon Robertson kindly bestows a page or two in apologizing for "conduct which Becket's friends have not the boldness to defend," the far more indefensible conduct of Plantagenet and his nobles, is passed over—just as though a royal head of the Church could indeed do no wrong, either in things temporal or spiritual. We would recommend the church of "Holy Russia" to the reverend gentleman's admiration.

But whatever apologies Becket's friends might proffer, he felt that he had compromised the cause which he had vowed to maintain; and he broke forth into bitter lamentations on his return, weeping profusely, according to Herbert of Bertram, that he, a courtier, and worldly man, should be thrust by royal power into so responsible a station, declaring that the Council of Clarendon should be called, "*cleri damnum.*" Now in all this we think we can see the layman, earnest, sincere, unyielding, because he firmly believed—though we think mistakenly—that he was right, and thus the great sorrow he expressed for his temporary weakness, was that of a man unaccustomed to those logical subtleties which tend to obliterate the distinctions of right and wrong. Gilbert Foliot and his brethren could doubtless bring arguments enough to prove that an inconvenient oath might be very conveniently done away with; but Becket, unaccustomed to scholastic hair-splitting, felt that he had acted meanly, and his brave spirit recoiled at the remembrance. His applica ion to the pope, too, seems to us to prove the vague kind of reverence he felt for the spiritual power. Plenty of bishops grown grey at the altar had suffered actual excommunication, and had taken it very easily; but Becket judges himself severely for his fault, and passes his time in penitence until the welcome dispensation is sent. Poor Becket! with his fierce impulsiveness and his child-like reverence, did not crafty Alexander III. discover in him a man just adapted to his purpose?

Meanwhile, the "lion-faced" Plantagenet was chafing with rage; and, indeed, his wrath was furious enough; for we find even his eulogist, Peter of Blois, describing him as prancing and racing in the court-yard, when irritated, like some wild beast, and then flinging himself down in his chamber, and actually gnawing the rushes! It is proper to bear this character of him in mind, since for all that the reader might learn from Canon Robertson, Plantagenet was a very well-behaved monarch. We may easily imagine that to such a temper Becket's conduct was unpardonable; and from henceforward, just as an eastern monarch begins by stripping his offending vizier of his possessions, and cannot rest until the bowstring complete his doom, so the king determined to pursue his former favourite to ruin. A solemn council was summoned to meet at Northampton in October, 1164, and hither Becket was bidden, not by the king, but by precept to the sheriff of Kent. On his arrival, he found no lodgings had been provided for him, and when on the following day he met the king, the kiss of peace was refused him. On the meeting of the council, Becket found that he was to be the victim. A charge was brought against him of denial of justice to John the Marshal, and he was fined £500 (£7,500 present money); a second demand was made for a similar sum, and although he pleaded that this had been a gift, the servile council directed he should pay it. A third demand was made of the enormous sum of 30,000 marks (£300,000 present money), on account of the revenues of vacant sees. Becket protested against being called upon to answer a charge of which he

eard until now, but the king, with violent oaths and
:lared he would endure no delay beyond the morrow; the
ıs, however, consumed in deliberation, and the next day
y. Meanwhile, Becket fell ill, but, in answer to an angry
om the king, declared that he would appear, even if
ıis bed.

came, a day which Becket, without charge of cowardice,
look forward to with dread; and on that morning he
the mass of St. Stephen, but not publicly, as has been
ıt in his private chapel. The "insolence" of the primate
ing a service which begins with "Princes sat and spake
," has been often noted, and we are not at all inclined to
Thomas heeded giving offence to the king. In eccle-
ght he was the king's superior; and we shall find him
:ward in asserting this. But we think his selection of
was owing to the similarity of the legendary history of
ı to his own; for we must bear in mind that legends of
were better known even to the educated classes then
ıcriptural narrative. Now we find that Stephen was
l" in Herod's court, and high in the king's favour.
nas-day he brought in the first dish, and placed it before
but the glorious star in the east attracted his gaze, and
'hat it might portend. "A greater king than was ever
ı day come to reign over men," was the reply. Stephen
into the hall, renounced King Herod's service, and set
ek the nobler service of the new-born king. King Herod
ɔne of his chronic fits of passion—a suggestive parallel
ed him to be brought back, and bitterly vituperating him,
d he should be stoned to death. Now to Becket, who
n defiance to the king, on the ground of allegiance to
ıe parallel between him and the proto-martyr must have
us enough; and we think it was with this view that with
ı he committed himself to Stephen's care.

is gorgeous archiepiscopal attire, but in plain black robe,
ıtole about his neck, Becket now mounted his horse, and
y his cross-bearer, set out for the castle. Crowds lined
ı of Northampton as he passed along, supplicating his
ıd his blessing; and thus he arrived at the castle-gate.
gates opened, and were hastily shut as he entered, sepa-
ı from the sorrowing multitude, who thought he had
ɔ his death. He dismounted in the court-yard, and
ı cross from the cross-bearer, entered the hall, followed
single clerk. The prelates assembled there seemed, or
to be, alarmed at seeing him, cross in hand—perhaps
ght he was about to excommunicate the king; so the
Hereford offered to take it. He was refused; and then
nant said to Foliot, "My Lord of London, why do you
to carry his cross himself?" "My good friend," was the
y answer, "he always was a fool, and always will be one."

Foliot, however, thought he would make the attempt, and tried to wrest it from his superior's hands. But the stalwart Becket, who in former and more congenial days had fairly unhorsed his foeman, easily enough repelled the malignant old man, and still held it fast. "Brother," said the aged Bishop of Winchester, well pleased at the spirit of the primate—for a most belligerent churchman was Henry of Blois—"let the archbishop keep his cross; for it is right that he should carry it." "Thou hast spoken evil," said Foliot in a rage, "because thou hast spoken against the king." Becket, however, clung fast to his cross; and when told that the king had a sharp sword, replied, "The king's sword was for war, but the cross was the sign of peace," and he sat down, still holding it.

Now this "clinging to the cross" has been especially noted both by Becket's admirers and censurers—by the one party it is viewed as a proof of his devout feeling, by the other as proof of his determination to flaunt most offensively the symbol of spiritual power. We believe neither to have been the case; but that it was actually viewed by him as a holy spell. When we remember that from a very early period "the sign of the cross" was believed to possess occult powers and virtues; how it was used to chase away disease, to expel the demon; how our oldest night-spells supplicate—

"Nine roods rounde the house to keepe it alle the night,"

and how thoroughly harmonizing with the popular feeling, the old monkish rhyme declared—

"Nulla salus est in domo,
Nisi crucis munit homo."

would it be surprising if Becket, in anticipation of some fearful danger, should have thought there was a mysterious power to protect him in the cross he bore? As bishop he would only have borne a crosier, but as archbishop the holy sign itself was placed in his hands—who could tell its protecting virtues? That Foliot believed Becket carried the cross as a charm, seems to us proved from his words. Had he imagined it was carried to insult the king, he would have characterised him as "traitor," not as "fool." But Foliot, familiar enough with the gross irreligion and frequent infidelity, not of the cloister alone, but of the episcopal bench, would naturally enough sneer at the reverence paid by the archbishop—a mere layman some two years ago—to what he considered the mere trappings of his office; just as the priests of Rome ridiculed youthful earnest Luther, because he really believed in the sacrifice of the mass.

This holy charm was not, however, wholly without its effect; for Plantagenet, although far enough from "God-fearing," had, like most of the precious profligates of this age, some vague fear of priests' power; so on hearing that Becket refused to relinquish his cross, he withdrew into an inner chamber, from whence, however, the angry roarings of the royal lion were from time to time heard. The bishops and nobles who had been summoned to his presence,

long in conference, and the noise of angry debate, and the opening of the door, so alarmed Becket's two attendants, bert suggested to the archbishop to use his cross in excom- on, should violence be attempted; but FitzStephen replied, the example of saints and martyrs of old, who patiently injuries. Meanwhile, the angry colloquy continued; not prelates sought to stand between Becket and the king's "they hastened to clear themselves from any suspicion of y in the primate's proceedings." But when Henry sought them to join in judging the primate, they pleaded the pro- laid upon them." The king's wrath now broke forth ll former bounds; the cowardly bishops hastily withdrew, mminent did danger to the primate, who still, with brave ce, kept his seat, cross in hand, appear, that his oldest foe- ger of York, said to two of his chaplains, "Let us withdraw, ot fit that we should look on what is to be done to him of ry." Not fit for the holy man "to look upon," but quite exulted in, and gloated over! One of the chaplains, how- rely replied, "That he would wait, for no end could be better the primate to shed his blood for the right." Roger then Becket, and "entreated"—what mockery!—that he would *Apage Sathanas*," was the well-merited reply, and Thomas ternly holding his cross. At length the bishops agreed that ld appeal to the pope against the primate, for perjury; so rned to the hall to renounce their spiritual allegiance to him. eard them in haughty silence, and then coolly replied, "I t you say, and, with God's blessing, I will be present at the rour appeal." The barons now decided that the primate's acy" must be punished with imprisonment, and the Earl of advanced to pronounce sentence. Becket regarded him aughty look, but listened in silence while the earl recounted efits" he had received from the king, until he said, "Hear now ence." Then the primate fiercely repelled the claim of the er to judge *him*, and poured forth a flood of high-church which might satisfy even the Rev. Bryan King; declaring earl was bound to obey him, rather than any earthly sove- r "the priesthood is as superior to royalty as gold is to 'oor Becket! we may smile at these extravagant views, but remember that very similar ones were held even by men ibted piety; and we could point to some of Anselm's which the superiority of the priestly office is almost as aintained. Anselm is placed by Canon Robertson in most contrast with Becket, but we think very unfairly. He he self-same battle, only he had a more prudent royal st; and then, as the great theologian of the eleventh cen- iselm had the reverence of the whole episcopal bench. is the great champion of orthodoxy at the council of Barr, the whole Latin church, but even the Greek, rung with . How different was Becket, unknown to the l

world, hated by the king, and both hated and scorned by t bishops.

But the knightly spirit which had been displayed on the batt field did not desert Archbishop Thomas, although sword and la had been relinquished for ever. He lifted his cross, arose, a slowly quitted the hall, followed by Herbert of Bertram. Then t dastardly crew raised a yell of defiance, and Ranulph de Brec, a Trammelin, the king's foster-brother, cried after him, "traito The primate turned and reminded Ranulph that some of *his* relatic had been hanged, while to Trammelin he replied that, were it r for his orders, he would prove him liar at the lance point. Chan under these insults, attacked by the scullions of the palace, w lighted wisps of straw to fling at him, Becket passed on, still holdi his cross, and mounting his horse in the court-yard, followed his faithful attendants, passed through the hostile castle-gate. T crowd outside, who had feared his murder, now welcomed him w joyful shouts, and with cross uplifted and hand stretched forth benediction, Thomas, safe from the lion's den, passed through t streets to St. Andrew's monastery, while Plantagenet, doubtl with tenfold fury, gnawed the rushes.

After celebrating vespers, Becket repaired to the refectory, a here the greater part of his household, knights and youths of gen birth, requested, not without grief and shame, that they might released from his service. Forty learned clerks asked the sa boon; the request, of course, was granted, and as the primate lool round the deserted refectory, "Let the crowd withoutside be cal in," said he, "and let them eat the supper." The tables were s filled, and it was remarked that his appearance was cheerful. the course of the reading, which was usual during convent meals, text, "When they persecute you in one city, flee ye to anothe was quoted. Becket's eyes just then met Herbert's, and the sa thought occurred to both. No remark, however, was made, t Becket having sent to the king a request for a safe conduct Canterbury, he immediately retired to rest. It proves strongly insecurity in which Becket felt himself, that his bed was prepa not in the monastery, but behind the high altar. When the mo proceeded thither at complin, they saw him as though cal sleeping; but, ere the midnight service, good steeds had b saddled, and Becket, accompanied by one of his own deanistry t two monks, had fled through the dark and stormy night past north gate of Northampton toward Lincoln.

The narrative of Becket's flight, his toilsome wanderings, landing in France, - so differently to his former right royal visits the perils of his journey until he arrived at St. Bertin's and eventual reception at Pontigny, although most interesting from glimpses they afford us of the times, must, however, be passed ov nor have we space to detail the correspondence, the negociatio the threats, the excommunications, and absolutions of the six ye which saw Becket an exile from England. Canon Robertson deta

h, but certainly with too great a leaning toward
Still, even with his views, Becket certainly appears
ι, while Adrian III., who willingly enough incited the
shop to the contest throughout these later years, pre-
able example of "holding with the hare and running
ls." The sequel of Thomas Becket's history, how he
ned, to be murdered an unarmed man by four mail-
ı his own cathedral, is too well known to need the
w any writer, whatever his religious opinions, can call
a foul murder utterly passes our comprehension.
; ! haughty, violent, but evidently feeling that his
upright, having to sustain a fight, not only against
partiality had turned to hate, but against prelates who
yman thus placed above them; with highest notions
er, while he had no sympathy—from the antecedents
h priestly tastes and feelings, he stood alone, actually
ttle of those who, so far from thanking him, rejoiced
ow—no wonder that he fell. But under better cir-
ere was much that this bold, brave, persisting man
ıe, and done well. As soldier of the Red Cross, what
ılar might he have become. How heartily would he
'*Quare fremuerunt gentes*," as the darkening hosts of
ıe on. How devotedly would he have followed "*Beau-*
e very thickest of the strife! As mere Archbishop
. he failed; but what a noble grand master of the
Becket have been; and in later days, might he
ıe the leader of a better party in the Roman Church—
; Ignatius Loyola, or perhaps an energetic Reformer;
l in a holier faith, and a purer worship, and with the
ore him, might we not almost believe that he would
e good fight for "Christ's crown and covenant," and
orthier martyrdom in the Grass market?
le in English history, the story of Becket is important
ects. Most readers believe that the clergy of the
re a formidable phalanx, bearing all before them; but
we find a Government party and an opposition party;
ıave gone into the subsequent details, we should have
ıs many different minds as there were prelates. We
monarchs could be unjust and overbearing as well as
; but that from the strife of the two powers, many a
of English freedom was struck out. And it is as
ı the earliest dawnings of our liberty that the contest
Becket derives its chief importance. Beneath the rule
o fierce, so powerful, and so unscrupulous as the fi
hat would have hindered him from imposing a yo
that of the first Norman kings had he had a prin e
ime-serving as Cranmer, or one as willing to ų en
ith the crosier as Laud? But just when nad
efractory nobles to obedience, and had ı :

framing new laws and new institutions, Henry became involved in that dispute with the popular archbishop, which set the whole nation chafing and thinking. And when the king, although rejoicing in Becket's fate, was compelled to do penance at Canterbury, the people, we know, did not view it so much as a homage to ecclesiastical power, as a proof that even monarchs could not do just as they pleased. A most wholesome lesson both for king and people. From henceforth, we find a public opinion vigorously springing up, manifesting itself broadly even in the reign of Cœur de Lion, but coming forth sternly in the reign of his brother, and winning the great Charter.

IV.

LAST YEAR'S CARNIVAL IN ROME.

WHILE during the snows and easterly winds that have prevailed during the month English folks have been gathering round the fire-side at home, or closely and comfortably habited in woollen and furs, have sturdily faced the dreary outer world, a scene of tumultuous gaiety has been enacted in Rome. It has been the Carnival time there. We saw the last year's Carnival, and our recollections rise vividly before us, as we muse in our study over its pageants and turmoil of frolic. These recollections we pen for our readers.

Wednesday, March 9th, 1859.—This morning we see a repetition, on a large and illustrious scale, of what we have often seen nearer home — namely, "the day after the ball," when the rooms are still strewed with the disordered decorations, and the candles are burnt down, and the flowers are dead, and above all, when the beautiful, pure daylight smiles serenely in upon everything, with a sweet, reproachful incongruity that is at once troubling and consoling. This is the day after a ball that has lasted, with the intermission of two Sundays and one Friday, for ten days. The Carnival commenced on Saturday, February 26th. On the morning of that day, the long line of the Corso, which runs in a nearly straight direction down the centre of modern Rome, began to evince signs of new and marvellous life. Soldiers everywhere, French soldiers of course preponderating; gens-d'armes, Roman dragoons with their brass helmets, looking very frightened and unwarlike when their unmanageable steeds commenced to caper about, as they were much given to do while cavorting down the street in troops, with pomp of banners, and noise of trumpets. Procession of the senators — gilded carriages, wondrous men in startling liveries, velvet standards, and more drums and trumpets. Procession of the municipality—just

, but additionally remarkable for the embroidered coat-tails
chmen. Bands of music, crowds of people, energetic soldiers
he way clear with shouts and cries in an excited mixture
h and Italian, &c. This was the beginning of the madness.
se official solemnities were over, all barriers were removed,
waiting carriages with their eager occupants were admitted
Corso.

y, the tall houses wore an aspect of holiday gaiety very different
r sober and dignified wont. The balconies and windows were
with hangings of crimson and gold, of brocade more or less
elaborate, and apparently designed for that special purpose.
ony, and nearly every window, even to the giddy altitude of
me, was thronged with gaily-dressed people, all smiles and
. Unhappy those who were too high up to take an active
the proceedings; happy the brilliant line of entre-sol and
oom balconies, and those, lower still, contrived in the en-
nd windows of shops and looking exactly like boxes at a
ined with red, or striped red and white, and most of them
h handsome Roman women in their national dresses, bearing
hands bouquets, and trinkets, and other offerings which had
sented to them by their admirers from the street.

oon, the double tide of carriages (all uniformly lined with
en, for the protection of the cloth or silk cushions from the
fire of chalk confetti to which they are exposed) was in full
g the Corso—up one way and down another—and the earnest
of the day began. Every vehicle bore its contingent of indi-
divers eccentric costumes, to add to the general masquerade.
ominoes, trimmed with blue, red, or pink, were most general
rriages, but some people wore more ambitious costumes; and
nian and Sabine women in their picturesque national dresses
made a charming variety.

edestrians formed a third class of Carnivalites, by no means
active and amusing. Gentlemen masked, and attired from
foot in brown holland, with huge pockets in their blouses,
; all they met (more particularly those wearing well-looking
ts,) with flour, and sending well-directed salutes of bon-bons
riends in carriages and balconies. Regular masquers attired
uins, or tom-fools—one or two fashionably dressed as ladies,
ome silks and liberal allowance of crinoline, and really walk-
talking in a manner that was hardly a caricature of the
ur of what some people call "an elegant female." Processions
, Pierrots, Polichinelles, &c., parading in a long line, with
tabor, dancing beautifully, and every now and then s
nake droll speeches. Processions on donkeys also—one be
ration of English manners and customs, which, like
ttempts of the kind, was totally unrecognizable—but ce
ny. First came a herald, gorgeous in red and gold, blown
; then two gentlemen in black, wearing spectacles, and a

in a riding habit, all mounted on donkeys. Then came a queer endeavour to represent a stage-coach, drawn by four donkeys, directed by two postillions;—absurdly dressed people inside the coach and on the top—staring about them with restless, wide-eyed curiosity. Then followed the Italian idea of a foxhunter, dressed in a coat with long, flapping skirts, top-boots, and a very shabby hat, and mounted on a dejected donkey, which he rode with a wonderful show of more than all the energy proper to his reckless character. Then more trumpets blowing dismal notes, and so the troop passed on—cleaving its way through the dense crowd of masquerading humanity that now overflowed the street.

And now the showers of chalk *confetti* are liberally exchanged. The balconies pour forth volleys of these small shot upon the carriages below, whose occupants are of course at a great disadvantage in returning the fire. One or two instances of balconies on the second, or even third storey of the tall houses, from which the cowardly attack comes, drive the victims in the street below to desperation. Frantic efforts are made to reach them—but vainly, and then fists are clenched, and good-humoured vows of vengeance are shouted up at them. Larger shot of flowers and bon-bons occasionally darken the air; and every now and then some eager cavalier aims a beautiful bouquet, delicately enclosed in laced-paper, at some fair lady in balcony or carriage. It is a pity when it misses, and falls into the street, for then some of the many hundred urchins whose grand business it appears to be to profit by such accidents, snatches it up in one instant, and is away—lost in the crowd, and offering it for sale, in another.

Other aggressive devices are in vogue also:—There is a certain illustrious little prince, whose beaming face is an object of much interest to us English, at one balcony, who, having heroically endured for one day the privation of taking no active part in the proceedings, has made up for lost time ever since, and you may be very sure is far from being the least delighted individual of the many thousands who are to-day enjoying the Carnival. He has invented a contrivance by means of which a small quantity of flour is deposited on the head of every passenger in the street below. The blackest hats receive the most flour, it is to be observed. And between whiles, he is not idle with confetti, bouquets, and so forth, as indeed he has no chance to be, for, not unnaturally, this is a favoured point of attack, and courteous salutes of flowers, sugar-plums, and specimens of all the prettiest "shot" of the Carnival, are sent in that direction.

The variety of these ornamental missiles which are exchanged between friends, or offered as tributes of regard, is very great. A child would be speechless with delight over them. A Christmas tree would exult in them. These pretty offerings consist of bon-bons in dainty little boxes, or baskets, or cases; cunningly-contrived little slippers, little ermine muffs, little reticules, and portmanteaus, are in high favour; also birds-nests, bird-cages, dressed figures, all imaginable devices for looking quaint and pretty, and containing sugar-plums.

ld see the excitement with which the intended recipient her arms from a balcony, as it is about to be thrown from a the exultation with which it is caught—the felicitations on y event which are exchanged in dumb show between giver er!

rosily catalogued, you have some of the elements of the olic. But how to give any idea of the life and mirth, and our, and brightness and picturesqueness of the whole scene? ar away from the scene and the time, and their exhilarating ting influences, it will doubtless seem childish and absurd but you must take it upon faith that there *is* something of a fascination in it all, not to be conceived of, much less appre- cept by those who have seen and experienced it. True, to ers-on it might seem as if all the world had gone mad for being: but then the madness is universal, every one is the mania, and there *are* no sober lookers-on!

not seem strange at the time, but there may be something a remembering, afterwards, how unanimous and overwhelm- g same Carnival spirit. It will, perhaps, be curious to recal ive Italian, grave English, shrewd American, stolid Russian, le French faces are all alike and at once relaxed to the same a of eager fun and thorough enjoyment. On every hand are astonishing examples of the effect of this powerful influence, so frequently as among our own compatriots. Ordinarily oking English fathers of families, staid men, who, in their existences, and in their own country, are to be recognised sible dignitaries, sober lawyers, thoughtful men of letters; ls supposed to be so completely engrossed by professional or oursuits as to be altogether without the pale of susceptibility nd fun,—are here in the very midst of it, pelting away with *etti*, or making desperate efforts to return a fire of bouquets ating carriage, with an eager energy that must surely remind nothing later in life than their first school-days.

Saxon phlegm is to be decoyed into such antics, we may pt, without much marvelling, the story told of a Carnival rs before, at the most excited and crowded epoch of which a containing two gentlemen, habited and masked, broke down, nfortunate occupants had to be lifted out and receive refuge tance, and lo! beneath the dominoes and masks were found, llustrious Cardinal; and secondly, a puissant Monsignore!

ess "Il Carnovale" has a very engrossing hold upon the the Romans, albeit, they are a far graver and less mercurial the Italians generally. Indeed, it is reported, and currently that if the authorities had, as was at one time threatened, l "masks" this year, and in other ways hindered the full e many days' revel, a revolution might have been expected! er, revolutions are not easy of accomplishment in a city stifled s and swarming with French soldiers, and among a people

whose government has latterly more than ever been directed towards the crushing of free thought, the hindrance of knowledge, and the discouragement of social intercourse. And the Romans, with the French bayonets at their throats, and the priestly gag upon their lips, have had, within the last ten years, to endure so much that is outrageous to manhood, as may well have taught them patience to bear small privations. Still, it is a fact that this year of all years, which has dawned with such strange promise of light as we are almost afraid to trust,—this year, solemn with awful uncertainty, trembling with infinite possibilities for what we fondly call "our Italy,"—*this* year is singled out and chosen to afford the Roman people a Carnival with more brilliance, and more license than has been known within the memory of this generation.

In fact, it is quite possible, even probable, that the government may have thought it politic to grant this outlet for the rampant energy and spirit of its people, which might otherwise have been directed in a manner more inconvenient to itself. And it is not difficult thus to understand a certain connection between the approaching war (rumours of which hang about us like an atmosphere) and this actually existent Carnival. A strange, mocking juxta-position of ideas this—which, nevertheless, one can but indulge in every now and then, as some little incident occurs, apparently trivial, yet significant in the present anomalous state of affairs. Not the least curious of these, are the indications of that growing *rapport* between the French soldiers and the Roman people, which is a new and most startling sign of the times. One would have supposed that the feeling could be no other than bitter hatred and fury—none the less fierce, because impotent—of the subdued citizens for these, their subjugators, who ever since entering the eternal city in 1849, have played the invidious part of police therein. But, whatever may have been felt at one time, things are evidently changed now. The dark faces light up with a certain complacency as the troops file by; they beat time to the music of the band, they sing the tunes they play, and if you hear voices speaking of "*I Francesi*," it is in kindly and cheerful tones. Moreover, the license of the Carnival permits such little demonstrations of friendliness as are involved in small offerings to the soldiery who, ranged in lines, guard the Piazza del Popolo, and direct the right progression of the carriages. More than one elaborately-attired cavalier did we see walking along the aforesaid line of guards, and with a profound bow, and laying his hand upon his heart with a gesticulation no less Italian than the courteous and musical syllables which flowed from his lips at the same time, presenting to each in turn one of those minute bunches of violets, or other flowers which form the lighter and pleasanter ammunition for the mimic warfare of the day. The swarthy-faced warriors received these little tributes with an air partly grim, partly amused, and slightly astonished besides. It was easy to see they were not accustomed to such pleasing attentions at Roman hands.

Straws show which way the wind blows. If these "straws" seem,

sight, puerile and unworthy indications of deep, national feel-
re patience for a while. It is difficult for us, with our staid,
ed northern natures, to understand these—our brethren none
, though in some respects the humanity is unlike—with their
s, at once warmer and less educated; their feelings, whether
r sorrow, love or hate, so much less complex and less restrained
ıra. "They are like children," more than one self-satisfied
has half-disdainfully said of them; forgetting, perhaps, that the
in some things as much above a man as in others he is below
The Italian has the spontaneity of emotion and of expression—
ndon of enjoyment of simple things—the easily amused, easily
, easily pained temperament of a child. And are not these those
its of childhood which wise men look back upon, and sigh with
regretfulness to know they never can regain?

9—that terrible "quaranta-nove," which few of the Romans can
ı without an ominous straightening of the lips, and a falling
oice half sad and half fierce—after the siege was over, and the
had possession of the city, a number of those belonging to the
l' party exiled themselves to Frascati, Rocca di Papa, and
—gathering there, their families around them, and bearing
ter destruction of all their hopes—the failure of all their
—as best they might. One of those who fought in that struggle,
hen—a man now, was heard to relate how, on the soft summer
gs of that dreadful time the different families would gather
r in the lovely woods of Albano, glorious with foliage and light
our, and beguile the hours with singing. "If it had not been
music and the beauty of the place, our hearts must have
," he said, simply. Let who will scorn the consolation that
ing men thus found in the "mere harmony of sweet sounds,"
e divineness and peacefulness of nature. Where the house is
en to the light, it will enter through chinks and crevices. And
nd where religion seems to be only the symbol of authority
people's miseries, their oppression, and their decadence in the
nations,—who shall say by what means our Father, who never
Himself without a witness, will draw the souls of His children
s Him?

seems wandering from the subject in hand; the glittering
l that is now triumphantly regnant in the long Corso, and one
of the streets branching therefrom. For it is such a crowded
l this year, that the course of procession for the carriages has
ncreased, and dragoons are stationed at the corner of the Via
ti to send the vehicles up there, and along the Via Babuino on
turn from the Piazza di Venezia. The houses of those favoured
are not slow to take advantage of this turn of events. The
alconies are crowded, and an energetic exchange of confetti and
ts takes place between them and the carriages.

ou are not afraid of being foolish, of being drawn into this whirl
ırdity to the peril of dignity, and the destruction of sobriety of

demeanour, will you come with us, as we make "a course" in our white-lined carriage up and down the scene of festivity?

It is one of the last days of the Carnival, up to which the general spirit and brilliancy of affairs have gradually increased. To-day, many new carriages, and more romantic "cars" have appeared, with new devices, and new costumes. Here comes one, containing a party all attired to represent different flowers. The general effect of daffodil, rose, daisy, and poppy, is managed most ingeniously. In another, each occupant bears a large heartsease as a badge, and pelts with nothing but bouquets composed of those flowers. Again, here is the most picturesque of all, a long, open car, containing a group of Bedouin Arabs, standing or reclining majestically under the shelter of a tall palm tree.

We drive along, now quickly, now slowly, pelting and being pelted from carriages, balconies, and pedestrians, recognizing our friends every now and then, and thereupon giving and receiving charges of bon-bons and pretty bouquets. Does not the line of the Corso look well?—the tall white houses, deep in shade, except their tops, which are shining in "radiance most absolute;" occasional spears of light from that same radiance breaking in at openings in the street, and falling upon the decorated balconies with their picturesque occupants, on the motley crowd below, or glancing on the helmets and swords of the dragoons, as at regular intervals they patrol the course? This open space at the end, where all the carriages career round and turn—the Piazza del Popolo—is now a perfect sea of sunshine, into which we plunge as into a bath. Here there is glittering of bayonets and shining of swords and helmets; and white dominoes and coloured trimmings, bright flowers, beaming faces, and everything most gay and brilliant looks its gayest and brightest. In truth, our eyes are almost blinded by excess of radiance. There is the fountain under the Pincian Hill sparkling in the sunlight, and the terrace-road winding up to the gardens gleams whitely bare, and the grave Michael Angelo gate with groups about it, of soldiers and country people, and the obelisk in the centre of the Piazza, rising straightly into the air, and the dark green of the trees in the Pincian Garden high up above the terraced-road, and the blue sky beyond and above all; and everything quivering in this intense light, and blending into one lustrous picture from which it is quite a strange sensation to turn into the deep shadow of the Corso, with its glancing lights, and glowing colours, and life, and movement, and sound. There are waves of music ever and anon rushing up and breaking in on the perpetual noise of voices, laughter, queer Carnival cries, and the loud importunities of the innumerable flower-merchants who, fearless in the pursuit of business, dart about everywhere, under the horses' feet, between the carriage wheels, with their urgent "*Ecco fiori ecco fiori! M'sieur, volet Signori, 'vuol' fiori! Tre paoli due e mezzo due uno!*" &c., &c.

Now recommences the exchange of bouquets between inmates of carriages and balconies, and occasional sharp engagements with confetti;

sides, every now and then, the double line of carriages will be tionary for awhile, in consequence of some stoppage farther down, d then encounters, varying in friendliness according to the dispo- ion of the several parties, will take place with great spirit tween the two carriages which happen to be abreast. Sometimes, perfect hail of confetti is mischievously exchanged. Oftener, the ar begins with flowers, then sugar-plums, then bunches of violets, en decorated bon-bons; and the battle ends with a final salute a charming bouquet of camellias, elaborately arranged in em- ssed paper, which same bouquets are almost invariably stolen from immediately afterwards by those adroit little banditti, who, as e have seen before, keep a preternaturally sharp look-out for such ings, and will leap on to the carriage-step, snatch the coveted flowers, a handful of bon-bons from under our eyes, and in a moment, spring ck again into the crowd, with the most consummate audacity.

Again, when the carriages are stopped for a time, interesting scenes ke place between their occupants and the pedestrians. A mask proaches, and in the most reverential manner offers a flower, or a nquet, which is immediately accepted and returned in kind. Pro- und bows expressive of gratitude, follow, and the silent masquer sses on. Sometimes the scene is not all in dumb show, and a little alogue takes place. A Polichinelle claims our sympathy on the ore of his broken nose, for example, and relates how handsome it s before misfortune came to it. Then our nation is inquired, and a tle speech in English follows, as an appropriate compliment. Occa- nally, we are addressed in verse, and with elaborate action and sture, which it is unfortunate we cannot understand or respond to. opes are expressed that we like the Carnival—have we anything ke it in England? and so on. The Romans are delighted and flattered yond measure when they see the *forestieri* entering into the spirit of e diversion and enjoying it as much, or nearly as much, as them- lves.

And in this way the Carnival goes on, in a succession of moving ctures, and varied sonatas; all life, brilliance, and colour, confusion ithout turbulence, and frolic without offensiveness, of which it ay be said at least, that if it be not very sensible, it is, so far as one n see, very harmless—and in this respect may well afford comparison ith many fashions of festivity conventionally current in our own nd. At least here, in the Carnival, we have the free air and light of y to purify our merry-making. We do not stretch our hours of version into the late night and early morning. Every day's pro- edings are concluded at a certain hour. At half-past five o'clock the rso is cleared of carriages, and immediately becomes to all appear- ce, quite as crowded as ever, by swarms of pedestrians who oke up the roadway, with no perceptible diminution of the crush on the *trottoir*. It is curious then to see the sudden rush with ich the crowd divides, as the troop of dragoons comes down the eet at a hand gallop, cleaving the stream of people as if it were

indeed a tide of waters flowing there. This is to clear the way for the horse-race—a pitiful sight, which takes place every day at this hour. It is difficult to understand what pleasure can be derived from seeing these six or seven riderless steeds, about which, to enhance their fright, are hung various clanking pieces of metal, and which are set free at the Piazza del Popolo, and urged with shouts and cries along the Corso to the Piazza di Venezia, where, half maddened with alarm, they arrive, and where the *Ripresa de' Barberi* gives its name to the spot.

But the crisis, and the prettiest and most picturesque incident of all is the "Moccoletti," which winds up the Carnival on the last evening. After the horse-race has taken place, a gun is fired, and although it is not yet dark, the lights immediately begin to appear. The ordinary gas-lamps on each side the Corso have been exchanged for pyramidal jets of gas, which form a kind of avenue of light up the long, straight street. And presently, as the darkness increases, the real illumination begins, twinkling into life from the upper end at the Piazza del Popolo, until at last it seems to melt along its way and come nearer, and grows larger with a *crescendo* of lustre, very beautiful to see. The shining of this vast, moving radiance is something quite apart from ordinary illuminations, in its peculiar effects. It is, in fact, a living illumination. All the carriages (now admitted again into the Corso) are not only profusely lit with lamps, but each person in them holds a taper, large or small, which it is their constant endeavour to keep alight, in spite of the equally constant and mischievous efforts of every one not of their special party, to blow or switch, or blow them out. Then, at each balcony and window, from the very tops of the tall houses, appear thronging people, each holding a light. So, as the double line of carriages passes up and down the Corso, the waving, twinkling, glancing lines of light look beautiful with a strange, enchanted beauty of a dream or of a fairy tale—[illegible] vista of light, at the end of which a perpetually moving mass of radiance is ever shifting, changing, sparkling, dividing, and [illegible] again—while the fronts of the palace houses, far off, are thus seen starry lights, and nearer we are able to distinguish the faces and figures of the people holding them. Meanwhile, there is a [illegible] sound, between a loud murmur and a low roar, something like that of the sea at a distance, caused by the people who, holding aloft their brightly burning tapers, [illegible] *E viva!* [illegible] or as they succeed in extinguishing [illegible] one unfortunate who call in decisive exhilaration, [illegible] the tall round Corso [illegible] and [illegible] grand.

All [illegible] the [illegible] plates, [illegible] in the [illegible] of all the [illegible] groups [illegible] the [illegible] efforts to the great end of extinguishing the [illegible] twinkling light at some near balcony or passing carriage. Bouquets are flung at it, hand-

hiefs are switched about it, an extinguisher of unromantic, sh-looking tin, is mounted at the end of a long pole and advanced rds it. In vain:—the accomplished guardian of the tiny light holds it high, brilliantly shining, while the voice calls out its otonous, musical battle-cry: "*Ecco Moccolo! Ecco Moccolo!*" ures like these, many and various, greet our eyes before the lights n to disappear, the carriages become few and far between, and war-cry of this friendly fight is exchanged for the more melodious en of "*Buona sera—buona sera*," which, sung by some, is umed by others, as they bow in farewell to each other, and to the ival.

ter at night, and long after the sport of the Moccoletti was over, gely-habited figures, and groups of people in dominoes, haunted Corso, as if loth to leave the scene of their enjoyment. Some of faces looked sadly blank now that the excitement of the time was . And to-day Lent has commenced with a leaden sky and an sphere that is even dismal—for Rome. On the road-way of the o still remain the traces of the mimic war, the confetti lying dly there, like dirty snow. And the Roman people have returned eir old propriety, their old gravity, and we meet in the streets the impassive, dulled faces—with eyes like smouldering fire, whose is well restrained and chastened—as we were accustomed to see e days before the temporary licence somewhat unbound the latent ession in them.

hey say this has been the best Carnival in Rome for many years. marvel what will be the next? How will the gay time pass in Rome of 1860?

V.

PAGES FROM MY DIARY.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

DAY, THE 17TH.—"Ajiá Sophia! Ajiá Sophia!" I must, never- ess, see thee, thou magnificent symbol of a lofty thought, daughter he united Divine and human wisdom. The desire to see thee one among other causes which brought me here; but, arrived , I must give up the hope, because, in order to see thee, a an is required from the Sultan, and a party large enough to a "backschich" or fee of several hundred francs; and of r of these I see no chance. Of travellers there are now very in Constantinople, and amongst this few none who are known

to me. I took, therefore, leave of St. Sophia, and in the morning set out on a solitary ramble to the heights of Pera, thinking that I should not be able to see more nearly any of the great mosques, Achmedan, Sulimanlie, Bajazet, and others, which, with their minarets, crown the lofty ridge on which stands old proud Byzantium.

When I returned to the hotel, I found there an important little man waiting for me, who inquired in French whether I would join a party who were that day, at eleven o'clock, about to visit Saint Sophia, and the other remarkable places on the Seraglio Point? He was the bearer of the Imperial permission for that purpose. How this happened and was brought about I know not, neither how the little foreigner knew my wishes, which I was not aware of having mentioned to any one. But let it be as it would. I love to see in such circumstances, "those apples and pears which," as Luther says, "the great Father sometimes throws to the children, to make them observant of him!" And how many such has He not thrown to me during this, my journey?

At twelve o'clock I stood in the church of Saint Sophia, charmed, enchanted, as I never was before by any temple or work of human art. I understand very little about architecture and styles of building, and still less do I understand the language of this art. I shall, therefore, not speak of Ajiá Sophia as a work of art, but only say a few words about the impression or the image which this temple, amid all earth's temples, has left in my soul, for all time.

Every great church which I have hitherto seen, and St. Peter's in Rome, before all others, have too much of the worldly and the human - have too many chapels, monuments, ornaments, statues, pictures, side aisles, and side thoughts. St. Peter's, in all its grandeur and pomp, is essentially an apotheosis of the Popedom. Pictures of saints, popes, and bishops, and pictures of them who serve the papal chair, are seen on all hands, flying angels, bearing papal tiaras to heaven, human figures, and human affairs obtrude themselves everywhere. In the church of Saint Sophia one single vast thought arches itself all around, which nothing breaks into or interrupts, and which immediately strikes sense and sight with clearness and power. Grandeur and unity, majesty and harmony - behold in this the idea around which the church vaults itself. Everything within contributes to this aim - the beautiful pillars from the Temple of Ephesus, and the Temple of the Sun at Balbeck, supporting its circular vault - the open-arched galleries, higher up in its four corners - the vast majestic vault - the choirs on the east and west - the galleries on the north and south - all contribute largeness and freedom to the space where not a single pillar is out of place, or supernumerary, and above which spans the wonderfully light and lovely cupola, through whose garland of windows light pours in, illumining the whole space harmoniously and beautifully! How marvellously from beneath the gloomy light - where the dark-red and green columns of the heathen temple stand in sombre shadow, yet so beautiful at the same time - all rises, all elevates itself, solemn in

colour and form, but at the same time, the loftier, the freer, the more rejoicing, up to the vast vault, from the highest sweep of which God's light streams in! I would I could make you see it as I saw it, and feel it as I felt it! A low, melodious sound filled the temple. It was the voices of those who prayed, who lay upon their knees here and there on the mat-covered floor, and whose prayers melted together into a soft harmonious murmur. The Mahomedan horror of pictures and gaudy show in their temples certainly conduces more to the sublimity of Saint Sophia than the coloured lamps and lanterns, painted pictures, and endless childish show of Greek worship, which is also singularly spoiled by the nasal singing of the mass. Of human monuments Saint Sophia has now only eight large black shields, bearing in gold letters the names of Mahomed, Ali, Abubekir, and so on, the prophet's faithful followers; but these hang close to the walls, and the effect is good.

The Turks have done all they could to obliterate from Saint Sophia every trace of the Christian church, but have succeeded only imperfectly. One can see on the immense iron gates evident traces of the cross which has been removed; and on the arched ceiling of the chancel may be plainly discovered through the mass of lime-wash and gilding which have been laid on, traces of the picture of Saint Sophia—"full of majesty and gentleness," as it is described by a person who saw it whilst it was yet in the hands of the Christians. The altar, of course, has had to give place to the golden gate, or niche, which is turned towards the Holy Temple, or Kaaba of Mecca. But as this lies in a south-eastern direction from Constantinople, and the church of Saint Sophia, like all Christian churches, has its chancel to the east, therefore in this case the Mahomedan Kyblén is placed in an oblique position, as are also all the long straw mats with which the floor is covered, and, as a consequence thereof, all who kneel in prayer are the same, for their faces also during prayer must be directed towards Mecca.

What the church of Saint Sophia was, when it stood in all its pomp, may be conceived from the remains of golden mosaics, which shine out, here and there, on the arched roofs of the galleries. The Turks have smeared over these paintings with dark yellow colouring, set with black rosettes. When the church stood in all its pomp, its last noble builder, the Emperor Justinian, exclaimed, "Solomon, I have surpassed even thee."

Every mosque in Constantinople is built on the model of Saint Sophia. We also visited this morning Achmedan, or the mosque of Sultan Achmed. Although imposing from its extent and solidity, yet after seeing the church of Saint Sophia, it merely strikes the beholder as a clumsy, tasteless imitation. Achmedan is built upon the site of the ancient Greek Hippodrome, and has a remarkable relic in the tripod of the Delphic oracle, which, brought hither from the foot of Parnassus, now stands in front of the Mosque in a hollow surrounded with iron railing. It is a column consisting of three copper serpents twisted together; their heads are wanting—

were cut off, it is said, by Sultan Mahomet the Second. The serpents are hollow, and through them probably ascended the vapour which intoxicated the Pythia when she delivered the oracle.

Sultan Mahmoud's seraglio stands below Saint Sophia, nearer to the waters of the Sea of Marmora. Below Saint Sophia lies the Seraglio Point, which, independently of the seraglio, comprises in its extensive limits many palaces, parks, gardens, kiosks, and large courts with elegant fountains. The Ottoman gate, the "Great Gate," which, however, is not by any means remarkable either for greatness or beauty, stands upon this height, and through this gate you pass to the bureaus of the Grand Vizier, and the other ministers, to the consul's office, and many other public offices and rooms. The Sultan has a private door from his kiosk, and can go whenever he will unseen to the council chamber, and be present at the assembly of his councillors.

The palace of the janizaries is a large building, situated at a great distance from the Seraglio Point, in the halls of which the stranger finds, to his surprise and pleasure, figures of its former, but now for ever vanished population, of the natural size, and in full costume. These figures, which are remarkably well made, by European artists, look, for the most part, so eccentrically ugly and savage, and have besides so much individual character, and are so natural and real, that one is almost afraid of looking at them, and is quite glad to think that they are of wax.

The costumes are also eccentric, and frequently in the highest degree comic, the turbans towering as if up to the very sky. It was this terrific body which held the Great Gate so long against viziers and admirals, as well as against cooks and confectioners. The great lords became supreme rulers, murdered Sultan Selim and Sultan Mehemet, by the side of his brother Mahmoud, whom they then placed on the throne. Him they defied by their daily-increasing arrogance, until, become cruel himself through cruel treatment, and thirsting for revenge from long-suppressed indignation, he ordered, on a certain day in the year 1821, the cannon from the ships of war and the city to be directed upon the palace and its courts, when ten thousand janizaries were shot down. I have been informed that the waters of the Bosphorus ran red with their blood.* The few who survived this massacre fled, and concealed themselves for ever.

Mahmoud now reigned with absolute sway; but that did not save him, some years afterwards, from a death more horrible than that of his victims—death by delirium tremens. The trees now whisper, and the waters of the fountains plash peacefully, amid the scene of the former massacre.

I shall to-day see the so-called dancing or whirling dervishes, who every Sunday throw open their tekie, or church, in Pera, to the curious stranger; and afterwards, we my incomparable knight,

* It is reckoned that sixty thousand is the number of the janizaries who perished on this and the following days.

Mr. W., and myself—shall pay a visit to the "Sweet Waters of Europe," a promenade on the European shore at the end of the Golden Horn.

Constantinople is a gala spectacle—at least for the traveller, who spends merely a few days there, not the least of which in beauty are the sunsets at this season of the year, when the windows of Scutari shine as if they were of fire and gold, reminding him of the old name, Chrysopolis, the Golden City, when the hills of the Bosphorus are tinged with purple, and the more distant heights of Asia, as far as the snowy mountains of Olympus, near the old Turkish capital, Broussa, stand forth in a flood of light. More than one evening have I contemplated this magnificent spectacle from the roof of the hotel, and seen the panorama of Constantinople in the golden glory of the evening sunlight.

18th July.—When the planets wheel their shining circles around their life-giving sun, then they beam in its light; when the spheres, inspired by an invisible central power, the fountain of all life-power, beauty, and gladness, again stream forth the life which they have received, then sing they in harmonious choirs, and, themselves intoxicated, they intoxicate all living with the fulness of life which they derived from the life-source of eternal existence. Something like this I imagined would be the interpretation of the ecstatic dances of the Oriental dervishes—a tradition as I have somewhere read from the world's most ancient worship in the Samothracian mysteries, and which are still continued in the great cities of the East, Cairo, Jerusalem—but there secretly in the great mosques—Damascus, Smyrna, and Constantinople. I was curious in the highest degree to see the dance of the dervishes. At two o'clock, therefore, on Sunday afternoon I found myself in their tekie at Pera. After waiting about an hour I was admitted with some other foreigners and a few Mussulmans, into a large light rotunda. Spacious galleries encircled an inner rotunda, within the low enclosure of which a number of human figures, in cloaks and yellowish-white felt hats, very much like upturned flower-pots in form, sat immoveable. They were dervishes. Several priests stood in the place, bowing and mumbling before the sacred gate to Kaaban. After some little time three men entered—two very old, and the third young, with a handsome, intellectual countenance.

They placed themselves at the lower end of the rotunda, with their faces towards the spectators, and the divine worship then began. First, a long monotonous, heavy prayer, repeated by a tall man dressed in black, with a black beard, a long bent neck, and nose to correspond. After this, at a given sign, all the dervishes arose who were sitting within the enclosure, and began to march in a circle with measured, noiseless steps. All wore long cloaks, and turned slowly from left to right with downcast eyes. They then paused, and dropped down upon hands and knees, with their faces to the ground. After this, they all sprang up at once; the cloaks were cast aside, and in long white petticoats and short white jackets

with long sleeves, began to turn themselves round like tops, first one, then two, three, four, one after another, till the whole number, about thirty, were in motion, or wheeling round with outstretched arms, turning round themselves, but, at the same time, flying round the rotunda in circles, and invariably from left to right. The greater number are elderly men, most of whom have unpleasant countenances, with a dull, heavy expression, and who look as if they were performing a heavy day's work. Sweat-drops pearl the foreheads of many; the eyes are downcast, but the movement is nevertheless remarkably light and, as it were, natural. One only of the whirling dancers, a tall youth of about twenty years of age, has a handsome exterior; and his upturned countenance, with half-closed eyes, has a really ecstatic expression. One may very easily believe that he is drunken with the contemplation of Allah, and turns round without any longer knowledge or perception of earthly things. This may be, indeed, the significance of the dance; but such could not be supposed from the dancing of the rest; a clumsy figure, which would imitate the expression of the handsome youth, looked idiotic. During the whirling dances, the dark priest walks about with slow steps and downcast head, but, as it seems to me, not without taking secret care to avoid a box on the ear from the passing whirling hands. This catastrophe has happened sometimes.

After about a quarter of an hour, the dance ceases abruptly, the dancers standing immoveably in their places. Prayers succeed; spoken in part by the black-attired priest, and partly by the youngest of three men who hold the place of presidents, and stand at the lower end of the rotunda. To this the dancing again succeeds. And this alternation of dancing and prayer takes place five or six times.

Each division of the dance commences with singing, accompanied by a little drum, like that of a child, and a flute; but in concluding the flute alone warbles without melody, but in tolerable harmony with the soft-whirling dance, and this is the best and most agreeable part of it. Sometimes dancers quit the dance, and re-assume their cloaks, and others take their places. Some hold out from beginning to end, as the youth with the ecstatic smile; and his cheeks became ever redder, whilst the others grew paler and paler. Finally, again, prayers succeeded, heavy prayers, as if crushed out of the heart, as if the subjecting, oppressive hand of a tyrant were weighing upon the heart of the supplicant. And with a loud cry, increasing, continuous, which then died away again, the service came to a close. This over, a general kissing succeeds; first, of the three presidents' hands and cheeks, and then of all the dervishes, one after another; but frequently the kissing is a mere sham, hand and cheek just touching. The ceremony lacked earnest feeling and truth, as indeed the whole scene appeared to me to do. I was glad on account of the poor laborious dancers when it was all over (it had extended to two hours), and so evidently were most of the dervishes, who now leapt lightly over the enclosure, hurrying away to their dinners, as I supposed.

costume and dance would produce a very good effect in a
but as divine service, the impression it produced was
al and depressing. The poor people had evidently never
. the joyful tidings that God is a loving Father, a good and
'ather; and that a Saviour has been born who is Christ the

—Rain and storm, which began yesterday, prevented us from
king anything to-day. The tempest—very unusual at this
the year—is so violent that there is no venturing even out
, and the sky looks as it might have done at the time of
ge. Not very agreeable is this for those who have but a few
remain here, as is now my case. However, I have already
nstantinople, Saint Sophia, the Sultan, and the Bosphorus.
to my polite cavalier, Mr. W., who was careful to obtain
t of every spectacle for my gratification, whilst he himself was
r indifferent to them, and did not turn his head to see either
an or the Turkish beauties.
at does amuse and interest you, then?" I asked, a little
it at his stoicism.
ting and hunting," he replied. And for these he is now on
to the Crimea.
st the storm rages without, and rain and mist obscure the
eauty of Constantinople, I will say a few words about its
pect. This is less beautiful, nay, sometimes very ugly and
ng. Outwardly the stranger is struck with its glorious situa-
r its mosques on the heights; by several of its palaces; by
ness of the verdure which, in the three great divisions of
, shines out so agreeably amongst the masses of houses, and
them such a beautiful variety; by the number of vessels
ts of all sizes which swarm along the shores. In the streets
ty there are no longer either palaces or parks, with the ex-
however, of the Seraglio Point, which is as beautiful as it is
ar portion of the city; for the rest, you find yourself in a
h of winding, narrow, and dirty streets, of irregularly-built
:ept houses. Often you have to pass through masses of street
gs; sometimes dead cats and dogs lie in your way. Disorder
i seem to be at home in most parts of the city. It is only
: mosques that you find open spaces, planted with trees, and
ir the palaces that you meet with order and ornamentation.
y what is not quite correct. In every part of the city, even
'orst and poorest parts, you find *one* place and *one* building
i never devoid of beauty and care, and that is the well or
. The Mahomedan holds these in peculiar regard. He
them with a wall of white marble, from which the water flows
:ble basins; he covers the wall with beautiful arabesques and
in bas-relief, as well as with texts from the Koran, always in
which remind the passer by to be thankful for the gift of
Small metal basins are secured to the wall by chains, so that
require it can drink freely. Frequently an ornamental foun-

small dishes for any who desire a draught of fresh water.
is also made, with equal solicitude, to supply the thirst of t
and upon the prostrate gravestones in the large grave-yar
properly speaking, wood, at Scutari (for you wander thro
mense forest of cypresses and graves, for the most part an
derness), you find small hollows hewn in the stone, in ord
rain water may collect there for the little birds to ba
to drink--a beautiful and touching piety, of which I cann
myself carrying away a grateful memory. Hagar's s
the fountain which the angel showed to their ances.or in t
when her son was ready to perish of thirst, and she "lift
voice and wept!" But the boy drank out of the deser
grew and became a great people. Conscious or unconscio
to me that the sons of the desert desire to perpetuate h
by continuing the blessing. Would that every people ac
same spirit! How great is the blessing of springs of fi
can only be properly understood in the hot and thirsty l
East.

After the fountain, the coffee-house is the Mussulman
refreshment. At the former, you find principally w
children, who fill their jugs and gossip; at the latter,
They sit outside by dozens and scores, smoking their N
Tschibuck as if they had nothing else in the world t
drink their coffee to the dregs out of coffee-cups the si
eggshells; and between the pipe and coffee keep up a l
listen to tellers of tales and adventures. That is t
greatest enjoyment and felicity, his *Kief*—which is the sa
the same time something more than the Italian's *dolc*
In every market-place you find a fountain, and at least th
houses; and you meet with the coffee-house even where
fountain, but everywhere wherever a company of Turk
found.

If the Turk cannot get his coffee and his pipe, he takes a

The broader walks are thronged with Turks and Greeks and Persians, easily recognisable by their tall sheepskin caps, and all kinds of people from the East and from the West, moving about, together with crowds of Turkish ladies, in their white veils and yellow slippers, which they slide along the ground in order not to lose from their feet. The bazaar is a little town of shops and covered walks; and these covered, cool walks, where one need fear neither heat, rain, nor wind, are a good institution for the trader, which seems to me deserving of imitation.

The dogs of Constantinople deserve a separate chapter, and are a regular town-plague, as is the case in all the large cities of the East. The Mussulman will not kill a dog—why, I know not. He feeds the dogs in the city, but otherwise takes no care of them, and they increase and live in a state of incessant warfare amongst themselves. One-eyed, blind, maimed, they are met with at every step, lying in the streets and lanes, where they do not trouble themselves to get out of anybody's way. They appear in the highest degree discontented and unhappy—nay, often most miserable. I cannot admire the humanity of the Turks in this respect, and should not be sorry to see my friend, Mr. W., Police-master, in Constantinople for a week.

On Saturday, I leave Constantinople and Turkey for Greece and Athens.

Incessant storm, rain, and bad weather, and as cold as with us in October.

VI.

MACAULAY.

THE first feeling which the death of our great historian excites in the minds of his fellow-countrymen is a sense of immeasureable loss. He had read enormously, and his memory retained all its impressions with marvellous vivacity. He had not been content merely to travel on the highway of letters—he had investigated all the byeways of learning—he had loitered in its shady lanes and nooks, he had traced the path of its ditches as well as of its brooks; there was nothing, however minute and apparently unworthy which his curiosity had spurned, which his judgment and magination could not turn to account, and which his memory efused to carry. It is natural, therefore, at first sight, to think of the loss we have sustained as illimitable, and especially when we remember two things—that he commenced his history with the

expression of a hope to be able to follow its course down t
period within the recollection of persons still living, and that
died before he had even reached that period—the age of Qu
Anne—for which he had chiefly prepared. We cannot h
thinking, however, that such an estimate of Macaulay's los
quite unjust—that such despair is after all no great complim
to the historian. There is a large sense in which it seems t
that he had finished his work, and truly, if his work had not b
finished he has done enough to command our gratitude
admiration for ever. He might have gone on adding volum
volume, but it may be questioned whether these additi
volumes would be of equal value with its predecessors. Had
survived to publish eight volumes of his history, these eight w
not be twice as valuable as the four which we have now;
less would these eight be four times as valuable as the two wh
he published first. No history is valuable merely as a reco
facts; the chief value of it lies in the interpretation of facts.
Macaulay's history had this further value, that it exhibited a
mode of stating them. But Macaulay's interpretation of Eng
history is really complete in the first two volumes, and his s
is perfectly developed in the same compass. For style,
remaining volumes would be merely a repetition of what
already have in perfection; and for interpretation we should h
elucidated, in new scenes and new characters, the same Whig v
of the English constitution, the same broad survey of
policy, the same ardent patriotism, the same noble tolera
Facts are manifold, but principles are few and simple. I
Macaulay might have gone on multiplying his facts to all etern
but the principles which it is given to one man in a life-time
seize and illustrate are limited, and we cannot help feeling
in what we possess of this great author's work, we have the cr
of his mind, and the fulness of his power.

Mr. Isaac Taylor has very justly divided thinkers into t
classes—the profound, the comprehensive, and the acute. An
the Germans will be found the best examples of thinkers, who
profound without being either comprehensive or acute.
French afford the best instances of thinkers who are acute,
neither comprehensive nor profound. The comprehensive thin
are chiefly English, and among these we must place
Macaulay. His more ardent admirers speak of him as a
thinker, but in these days any man is said to be deep wh
original. Macaulay has given us a correct idea of his dept
his criticism of Lord Bacon's philosophy, where he has mi
the mark so completely that we begin to question even that ac
ness which was in him as remarkable as his breadth of view.

anced any opinions which he did not render plausible
of illustration and a display of learning; but in point
)thing can be more shallow than the attempt to disprove
of the Baconian logic by showing that unconsciously
ı obeys its laws. He, for example, takes the case of a
had eaten minced pies at Christmas, and became ill after
nan proceeds to argue, "I ate minced pies on Monday
ıesday, and I was kept awake by indigestion all night."
ne step in the argumentative process. "I did not eat
ıesday and Friday, and I was quite well"—there is
"I ate very sparingly of them on Sunday, and was
tly indisposed in the evening"—here is a fact which
case still clearer. "On Christmas-day I almost dined
and was so ill that I was in great danger"—the evidence
to a point, and when the patient rejects the idea that it
he brandy which he took at the same time that he suffered,
ıstified in arriving at the grand conclusion, which Bacon
vindemiatio, that minced pies do not agree with him. It is
ıerefore, that without any assistance from Lord Bacon, we
ng on the inductive principles which have been associated
ıame. The argument is of the same kind as that which
he value of the Aristotelian logic, because people made
ıctions long before Aristotle was born, and continue to
hout ever having heard of his name. The objection is
ı as if one should deny merit to Harvey because the
ulated before he discovered that it did, or to Sir Charles
use we moved and felt before he explained the nervous
The merit of recognising a process of reasoning which
ad been overlooked by the philosophers, of analyzing
ss in all its details, and of announcing that in the appli-
t, we were likely to make greater advances in knowledge
ıe study of the deductive process, was surely not small;
Macaulay himself, in the example of the minced pies,
his unconscious reasons as leaping to a conclusion
ght have been erroneous, before he had gone through
ate induction. "It could not have been the brandy
ed my suffering," says the supposed logician, "for I
ı taking brandy all my life without any bad effects."
s yet a contingency for which the rules of the Baconian
ided, but which had not been foreseen by the unlearned
ninced pies—the possibility of illness having been pro-
ither by the brandy nor by the pies, but by the com-
of the two; and it is by an analysis of the reason-
ss which observed and would provide against, such an
that Bacon conferred a great benefit on mankind. If

other examples were necessary to show that Macaulay was not a profound thinker, we might refer to his Essays on Milton and on Samuel Johnson. Some may be inclined to put the former out of account as being the earliest essay contributed by him to the *Edinburgh Review*. But they show the character of his thought distinctly, and it must be remembered that in republishing his Essays, he announced that the article on Milton contained, as far as expression goes, not a single paragraph which his mature judgment could approve of, while he claimed no indulgence whatever for the principles which he had propounded. These principles, at least in the part of the essay which is devoted to the criticism of the poetry, are as shallow and false as they can well be—as for example, when he declares that poetry is a sort of madness which it requires a certain unsoundness of mind to be able to appreciate, or when again he follows the exploded theory of Aristotle, in classing poetry and even music among the imitative arts. So in the article on Johnson, he advances the amazing paradox that Boswell wrote the greatest biography in the language, indeed, in any language, by reason of the littleness of his nature. He was a toady, therefore a great biographer. Mr. Carlyle very justly observed in relation to such a theory—"Bad is by its nature negative, and can do nothing. Whatsoever enables us to do anything is by its very nature good. Boswell wrote a good book, because he had a heart and an eye to discern wisdom, and an utterance to render it forth; because of his free insight, his lively talent; above all, of his love and childlike open-mindedness. His sneaking sycophancies, his greediness and forwardness, whatever was bestial and earthy in him, are so many blemishes in his book, which still disturb us in its clearness—wholly hindrances, not helps. Towards Johnson, however, his feeling was not sycophancy, which is the lowest, but reverence, which is the highest of human feelings. Neither James Boswell's good book, nor any other good thing, in any time or in any place, was, is, or can be performed by any man in virtue of his badness, but always and solely in spite thereof." We at once see the superior depth and truthfulness of Carlyle's view, while at the same time it must be remarked that he does not satisfactorily account for what Macaulay dwells upon as the most noticeable thing in Boswell—that he was not a man to be respected, but rather the contrary. Macaulay boldly accepts that fact; he also willingly accepts the other fact that Boswell's book is an uncommonly good book—and he puts the two together in the statement that the book is very good, because the author is very bad. Carlyle, on the other hand, accepts but one of the facts, namely, that the book is good, and argues from it with invincible faith against the other fact that the man is to be

despised. In this he is wrong as well as right. As Macaulay says, we despise Boswell; and as Carlyle says, it is not for what he did. It is for what he did not; it is for his exclusiveness. He worshipped Johnson, and we do not object to that worship. We object to the fact that he was incapable of worshipping more than Johnson, that he would not have written more than one biography, that he was limited to one man, that he wanted the balance which a larger heart, and sympathy with a larger circle of friends would have afforded.

We have ventured to speak thus freely of Macaulay's shortcomings, in the belief that indiscriminate eulogy is not of much value, and that our historian can certainly afford to have his measure accurately taken. If he was not a profound thinker, he was no nibbler and no straggler. He always took a very broad survey of his subject; and his apprehension was intensely vivid, so vivid, indeed, that statements which in other hands would appear to be mere commonplaces, derive from the graces of his diction and the felicity of his illustrations a sort of fascination which gives them an air of perfect novelty and originality. Take the Essay on Machiavelli, for example, and see what the author has made of the very ordinary truism, that circumstances of education must determine the extent of a man's guilt. They that know the right and do the wrong shall be beaten with double stripes, is one most authoritative way of stating this old-world truth. How Macaulay has brought this to bear upon Machiavelli, and shown that he is to be judged not by the standard of absolute morality, but by the code of the society in which he moved, is one of the most marvellous pieces of writing which even he has given to the world. Every statement that he makes is palpable as day, and yet startles the reader as a perfect novelty. In the first chapter of his history another example of the same wondrous faculty will be found. We refer to the passage in which he puts in a good word for the Church, with all its corruptions in the dark ages. The power then possessed by the Church would in our time be intolerable; and Macaulay makes the very obvious remark that although the extraordinary power of the priesthood in an age of good government would be a curse, it might well be a positive blessing in an age of bad government—that the recognition even in this degraded form of a spiritual and moral force in the world was a boon to mankind in an epoch when brute force was all in all, and the people were divided into but two classes—the beasts of burden and the beasts of prey. He makes the thing appear as clear as possible; and we wonder at ourselves for not having previously attached equal importance to the principle—which it will be observed is at root identical with

the view worked out in relation to Machiavelli—that differences of time and place must make a corresponding difference in our estimate of acts, characters, and systems. This very simple law is the key to half Macaulay's system of thought; and as David slew Goliath with two small pebbles from the brook, our historian slays his giant prejudices with very ordinary weapons. His thought in this respect reminds one of the well-known definition of wit—

> "Wit is but reason to advantage drest—
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest."

He gave the cream of the common wisdom expressed in language, and enforced with illustrations which astonished every one, which arrested every one, which added an interest to the most neglected truths, which imparted importance to the most common sayings, and which, as the philosopher shows us a miracle and a mystery in the most ordinary occurrence, made a marvel and a novelty of opinions that had passed into proverbs and beliefs that were as old as the hills. Perhaps the Essay which displays the greatest subtlety of thought is the one devoted to the consideration of Gladstone's theory of Church and State. It is written with incomparable ability. Nothing can be more happy than the illustrations, nothing more convincing than his demolition of Mr. Gladstone. But observe wherein precisely it is that his power consists. It is the power of attack. He has a theory to expose, and a counter theory to defend; and the whole art of his exposition lies in the invention of analogies showing the absurdity of the former and the convenience of the latter. His success was so great, that we believe he eventually converted Mr. Gladstone himself. Give him a position to defend, and no man could equal him in the art of marshalling the arguments for or against. In this respect what could surpass the art with which, in the Memoir of Warren Hastings, he identifies Sir Philip Francis with Junius? His power is that of statement. Give him a case, and he will state it with a force and clearness which are unrivalled. His power is thus essentially that of the historian. He records; and, in the mere act of recording, he convinces his reader.

It was less by the power of thought than by the unconscious force of a manly nature, of generous impulses, and of a religious education, that Lord Macaulay took his line. People speak of him as cold and critical. It has even been said that he wanted heart. Such accusations appear to us to be a complete caricature of the man. Those are much nearer the truth who complain of him as being a hot-headed party-man, though we cannot endorse even this accusation. That a bias will be found in Lord Macau-

ritings, we frankly admit; but it is a bias such as no man heart beating in his bosom is entirely free from. Macaulay heart, and, in consequence, he was a good hater and a ; admirer. There is fervour in all his writings. What more ardent than that glowing account of the Puritans in say on Milton? The man whose heart does not burn him as he reads Macaulay must be cold indeed. If any oubts his passion, read the "Lays of the Roundheads" in eriodical to which his earliest effusions were contributed. for example, can read this account of Naseby Fight ed?

, hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
he cry of battle rises along their charging line:
God—for the cause—for the Church—for the laws—
or Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine.

furious German comes, with his clarion and his drums,
is battles of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;
y are bursting on our flanks—grasp your pikes—close your ranks,
or Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

y are here—they rush on—we are broken—we are gone—
ur left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
ord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
tand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last!

it Skippon hath a wound—the centre hath given ground—
ark! hark! what means that trampling of horsemen in our rear?
ose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God! 'tis he, boys!
heer up another minute, brave Oliver is here.

ir heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
ike a whirlwind on the seas, like a deluge on the dykes,
cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,
nd at a shock have scattered the forest of the pikes.

t, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
heir coward heads predestined to rot on Temple-bar;
l he turns, he flies, shame to those cruel eyes
hat bore to look on torture, but dared not look on war.

! comrades, scour the plain, but ere ye strip the slain,
irst give another stab to make your quest secure;
n shake from sleeves and pockets the broad pieces and lockets,
he tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

fate;
And the fingers that once were so busy with their l
Their perfumed satin clothes, their catches, and their
Their stage-plays and their sonnets, their diamo
spades?

"Down! down! for ever down! with the mitre and t
With the Belial of the Church, and the Mammon
There is woe in Oxford Halls! There is wail in Dur
The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop rends his

"And she of the Seven Hills shall mourn her children
And tremble when she thinks of the edge of Engl
And the kings of earth in fear shall tremble when th
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Ho
Word."

In the Lays of the League, and of Ancient Ro more of the same strong passion, and we do not t are moved by overweening partiality for our own opi the antecedents that we admire most, when we say th of Macaulay's tastes, education, and mental habits, t did of the Puritans, there was absolutely necessa impassioned nature, alive to the highest influences, finest music of humanity. The Ironsides and Psalm their rough, forbidding exterior. To a man of Maca plishments and exquisite sense of the ludicrous, the learning and natural graces which the Puritans pr little peculiarities and angularities were sufficiently And, in point of fact, he has ridiculed these unsparin jested about the whi of their eyes, about their about their queer nes; and in one passage, whic

neless took their side with all his heart, and advocated their cause rith a wisdom and eloquence which convinced the sober, and ilenced the flippant, he must have had a sympathetic nature, he nust have had a warm heart. Those who judge him differently, nust have been deceived by the severity of the chastisement which he bestowed on vice and pretension. They cannot have observed hat it is quite possible for the most genial natures to be good haters. Why should they not hate? Is it possible for them to love well without hating well? What can be more withering han the scorn with which Macaulay describes the merry monarch, who was crowned in his youth with the Covenant in his hand, and died at last with the Host sticking in his throat! Can anything be more crushing than his denunciation of that Court which, in the intensity of its selfishness, had reduced the ten commandments to two, bidding us to hate our neighbour, and to love our neighbour's wife? But who will accuse Macaulay seriously because he hated wrong, and scorned falsehood? He was not a man who loved to show the finer feelings of his heart; and yet one fact may be related of his private life which clearly indicates the man. Able to leave to his heirs personal property to the extent of £80,000, he evidently enjoyed a considerable income. Those who knew him best declare that he gave away annually in kindnesses and charities more than a fourth, and nearly a third of his income. The general public knew nothing of his benefactions; he was not the man to wear his heart upon his sleeve, and to expose what he regarded as sacred. He was a proud, but not a vain man, and sometimes did himself an injustice from his determination to let his character stand on its own merits, and to leave his acts undefended from the assaults of the enemy. One instance of this we have in the Windsor Castle business. He dated a letter written to some of his Edinburgh constituents, from Windsor Castle, on the occasion of the Whigs being first called upon to form a Government to replace that of Sir Robert Peel. Their attempt to form a Government was abortive, and great was the ridicule poured upon what seemed to be Macaulay's vanity in dating his letter from a region in which his party had not yet a secure foothold. This little display of apparent weakness did more to undermine his authority in Edinburgh than all his invective against the bray of Exeter Hall, and all his tenderness for the Roman Catholics. Mr. Thackeray defends Macaulay on the ground that Windsor Castle was not too great a palace for so great a man, and that he was entitled to date his letters from the proudest castle on the face of the earth. He is no doubt right, but there was another defence of Macaulay's conduct which was the simple truth, but which he himself was undoubtedly

too proud to put forth in his own behalf. It is this—that writing in Windsor Castle, he would naturally use the paper which he found there; that this paper is stamped at the top of the page in the same way as almost all note paper is now stamped with some device, or with the writer's address: that the stamp consists of the Royal arms and of the words, "Windsor Castle," and that therefore the historian's letter necessarily, and without any contrivance of his, bore the obnoxious address, and laid him open to the taunts of petty assailants. He was not going to reply to their jibes. He never spoke of himself if he could help it. He is never personal. And this dislike of obtruding himself into his writings gave readers the idea that he was cold and statuesque. It was simply his art. It was the old masterly art of forgetting oneself in one's subject. It is a pity that he has not chosen to republish some of his earlier speeches, delivered before he entered Parliament, and then it would be seen how passionately he could feel, and with what oratorical rage he could speak. In expressing this regret, we are thinking especially of one red-hot speech on the West India planters, in which, with an ardour which might be even said to have lost itself in the fury of intemperance, he declared that their tender mercies were more cruel than the cruelties of Claverhouse, that their little fingers were thicker than the loins of Alva, that Robespierre chastised with whips, but that they chastised with scorpions. The man who could speak in this way was evidently following the promptings of a generous nature; and what his heart prompted, reason justified and controlled.

In a letter which everybody must have read, Lord Brougham advised Macaulay to acquire at any cost the power of speaking readily. It is an advice which should perhaps have been propounded with the caution used by Mrs. Glasse in directing her readers how to dress a hare;—first, catch it. How are you to speak easily and rapidly, if you have nothing to say. Macaulay, however, had no lack of ideas, and to him the advice was appropriate. If ever he found himself in want of an idea his memory could supply him with a fact; and he poured forth with a vehemence which drew from Sydney Smith the wish that amid so much brilliant eloquence we had a few brilliant flashes of silence. He delighted in filling his page with facts, and he brought forward fact after fact which nobody knew, or which everybody had forgotten, with the constant formula that it was absurd to repeat such things to the reader, for any boy of the fourth form at Eton would deserve a flogging if he were ignorant of them. It was with the same delight in the affluence of his knowledge, that he was in the habit of stating a fact not explicitly, but allusively

—of putting it in a form which would imply a good deal, and would not all at once be obvious to every reader. We open his Essays at random, for example, and find a statement to the effect, that recently two men had died who, at a time of life at which many people have hardly completed their education, had raised themselves each in his own department to the height of glory. Who are these two? "One of them died at Longwood; the other at Missolonghi." If every Englishman could easily identify the latter with Byron, how many would be able, on the instant, to identify the former with Napoleon? In the Essay on Clive, Macaulay says, in his usual style:—"Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa." This schoolboy is rather a mythical personage, but a critic might be permitted to say, that he is introduced for the sole purpose of covering and excusing the mention of a few sounding names, Macaulay having the Miltonic taste for words, and loving nothing so much as a sentence in which a number of mysterious syllables tickle the ear without conveying much sense to the mind. So he goes on to say:—"But we doubt whether one in ten, even among English gentlemen of highly cultivated minds, can tell who won the battle of Buxar, who perpetrated the massacre of Patna, whether Sujah Dowlah ruled in Oude or in Travancore, or whether Holkar was a Hindoo or a Mussulman." The influence of such a sentence upon the unconscious reader is far beyond its merits; it rings in one's ears long after we have exhausted and dismissed from our minds the meaning which it conveys. Its effect is precisely that of the word "Mesopotamia," uttered by Whitfield. "Dinna ye mind that gran' word Mesopatamia?" said the poor old woman, who remembered nothing else of the sermon; and it may be recollected that on one occasion O'Connell discomfited an old woman notorious for her resources in the art of vituperation, by calling her in return for her scurrilous epithets, a parallelogram, a hypothenuse, a trapezium, a tangent, a parabola, an ellipse. Macaulay's amazing mnemonic powers helped him greatly in this respect. He could quote to any extent. Hannah More, in letters published the other day, describes him, when a mere boy, reciting the whole of Heber's poem on Palestine at a moment's notice, while sitting over his breakfast. Numerous anecdotes might be told of similar readiness. We give but one, which relates to a gathering, at which Lady Morgan and Lord Carlisle were present, about the time when the houses fell in the Tottenham Court Road, making a great sensation in London. This accident became the subject of conversation in the party to which we refer, and immediately afterwards Lady Morgan, who was too free in her opinions, began to give ample expression to her

sceptical tendencies. Macaulay at once turned round to Lord Carlisle, and whispered in his ear the couplet which is to be found in Dr. Johnson's "Description of London:"—

> Here falling houses thunder on your head,
> And here a female atheist talks you dead.

How many readers in a thousand are acquainted with that satire? How many that have looked into it remember a single line of it? In Macaulay's way of stating the case, it is a satire which every schoolboy ought to know by heart. In Macaulay, the extraordinary memory was asserted by an extraordinary imagination. The two faculties are sometimes separated; and it is supposed that where the one is strong the other must be weak. He who can bring them into harmony—he who can remember through the imagination—will have always immense resources. In point of fact, most persons do remember through the imagination. They remember, for example, a particular sentence by calling up in the mind's eye an idea of what the page in which it occurs is like. The poet tells us that impressions made upon us through the eye are the most forcible of any; and the way of epitomizing the greatest number of facts, so as to exhibit them in the smallest compass, is by collecting them into a picture. What can be more picturesque than Macaulay's descriptions? Take this as descriptive of the scorn exhibited by the appearance of Sextus Tarquinius:—

> "A yell that rent the firmament
> From all the town arose.
> On the housetops was no woman
> But spat towards him and hissed—
> No child but screamed out curses,
> And shook its little fist."

Can anything be more suggestive than the following, which relates to the shores of the Lake Regillus, where the great battle was fought?—

> "The fisher baits his angle,
> The hunter twangs his bow—
> Little they think on those strong limbs
> That moulder deep below.
>
> "Little they think how sternly
> That day the trumpets pealed,
> How in the slippery swamps of blood
> Warrior and war-horse reeled—

"How wolves came with fierce gallop,
And crows on eager wings,
To tear the flesh of captains,
And pick the eyes of kings."

But the question has been raised whether Macaulay, with all his powers of memory, is strictly accurate. And it has even been suggested that he sacrificed truth to his passion for pictorial effect. Consciously we do not believe that he erred in this way; and if inaccuracies are to be found in his work, most of them can easily be corrected. He made William too bright, it has been said; he made Marlborough too dark; he caricatured Scotland; he libelled William Penn; he depreciated the English clergy of the seventeenth century. A number of these instances are brought forward; and then the conclusion is drawn that his work is unreliable—that it may be very amusing, but that it is not the history of England. Now we are not going to defend his inaccuracies, though there are much fewer than are commonly supposed. But, granting that they exist, we have to point out that they do not interfere with the general merits of the history. Those who take the most serious objection to particular facts are content to do homage to the work as a whole. Here and there a face may not be correctly rendered—a hand may be out of drawing—and the cut of a coat may not be quite in the fashion; but the picture, as a whole, is a faithful one, and cannot be surpassed. Nobody presumes to question the general view which the historian has given of English affairs. It is the correct view; and most of the inaccuracies which are laid to his charge have reference to those details which scarcely belong to history, and which he has even been blamed for introducing into the stately compositions inspired by the historic muse. Moreover, whatever slips he has made admit of easy correction. Compare Macaulay with Hume or with Gibbon. Everybody knows the spirit in which the latter historians narrated the events that engaged their attention. What antidote is there for the sneers—the covert sneers and sly inuendoes of either the one or the other? Some have even been unwilling to place their histories into the hands of the young. If Macaulay now and then gives a false fact, he does not give what is far worse—false principles; and we feel that he is at all times a perfectly safe companion, who has left no line which, dying, he could wish to blot. Therefore, when we hear it stated that Macaulay, whatever he has done, however able his work, however glorious his writing, has at least not written a work which in any strict sense deserves to be called the history of England—that he may be a historical novelist, but that he certainly is not a faithful historian—we beg to point out to the Humes and

Gibbons of the past, and ask whether his truthfulness will not bear comparison with them, and whether his infidelities are not infinitely less than theirs? It has been the fashion to pick flaws in all histories, from that of Herodotus to that of Macaulay, and to represent the historian who invents a new mode of stating facts as a mere romancer. These accusations will soon be forgotten; and we shall see only the perfect honesty of the man, the brilliant, but it may be fallible, art of the writer—the sobriety and soundness of the thinker. Macaulay's detractors may rest assured that, come what will, when the names of the historians of England are mentioned he will be found in the very front rank.

VII.

THE PROTESTANT MOVEMENT IN ITALY.

Ages before Luther and Calvin were born, and generations before the days of Wielif, there sheltered in the valleys of Northern Italy a brave race who rejected the doctrines and the domination of the Papacy. These were the progenitors of those very Waldenses who have of late years been so anxious to teach the Italians a purer faith. The history of this people is one of the most interesting on record, and exhibits one of the grandest protests ever made in favour of religious liberty. Amid all internal fluctuations and external changes, the Waldenses have never ceased to claim for themselves the right to worship God in their own way. When the reformation movement of the sixteenth century began, multitudes in Italy then eagerly embraced the doctrines of Protestantism, and the Scriptures and other religious books were printed in the vernacular. But the Inquisition, with its racks, gibbets, and stakes, its prisons and its banishments, cruelly suppressed the new doctrine, and plunged Italy into darkness again.* From time to time since then a little has been done to make known the Gospel in that land; but it was not till the revolutions of 1848 that any extensive action could be attempted. Then, however, many thousand copies of the Scriptures and other

* The reader who wishes to be acquainted with the religious movement and its suppression in Italy, in the sixteenth century, should peruse the admirable work of Dr. M'Crie on this subject—"History of the Reformation in Italy."

works were circulated among the people throughout the country. Many of these have been destroyed, and their readers, wherever discovered, have been punished.* But many have escaped; and even in Tuscany itself, there are persons who have continued to meet secretly in order to read the New Testament and to pray. In Sardinia, however, thanks to more liberal measures, the work of Italian evangelization was diligently carried on. The old Waldenses, faithful to their traditions, were vigilant and active. Coming forth from their Alpine valleys, they established themselves at such places as Turin, Nice, Genoa, and Alessandria. As far as possible they instituted religious services in the Italian language, and sent out evangelists and colporteurs to the frontiers of Lombardy and Parma, where they taught and distributed books in the same tongue. In this way many strangers from Central and Southern Italy heard the Gospel, and carried home the books they had received, at leisure to ponder over what they had learned. A secession from the Waldenses, originating in some questions of Church order, led to the formation of a purely Italian party and an extension of the work.†

This new body adopted principles somewhat assimilated to those of the Plymouth Brethren. Regarding the Church as a spiritual institution, and not an ecclesiastical organization, they maintained that the Bible was the only Christian law, that all believers were bound to make known the truth, and that the true bond of fellowship was personal

* Such cases as those of Count Guicciardini, the Madiai, &c., are well known. "In Tuscany alone we are not surprised to find that, from 1853 to 1856 inclusive, a period of only four years, no fewer than 1,820 persons were prosecuted for what they call 'offences' against the established religion of the country."—"Evangelization of Italy," p. 7. See also About's "Question Romaine," chap. 16, Tolerance. The great fault of this book is that it is too true.

† The following passages of letters from the Genevan Committee will show the mode of Evangelization adopted:—

"You will understand our plan of campaign: to sell Bibles, tracts &c. by good colporteurs; and by means of our humble labourers, the evangelists, to form little meetings without agitation; to multiply meetings in upper rooms, and to give lessons on the Bible, as would be done with little children. Then, if God design to bless these small beginnings, others will go afterwards to preach during the long evenings of autumn and winter. Colportage looks well—infinitely better than we expected. The sales have been abundant; 300 to 350 tracts or pamphlets of different sorts, and a score of Bibles and New Testaments, in one week, is much in a country where so few people know how to read.

"Do not be astonished that we recommend our Bible-readers to confine themselves to small meetings, and to multiply them. It is important at the beginning to have only meetings to which every one brings his Bible, and to instruct the people as children, in order that they may be accustomed at the outset to draw for themselves from the fountain of the Word. It is through the *Word* that they will be in a condition to resist the priests, who are already considerably astir."

religion. At the same time they declared their adhesion to orthodox doctrine, and their undying enmity to all the corruptions of Popery. They prided themselves on their nationality as Italians, and adopted as their mission Italian evangelization. Among them were men of strong faith, and withal of genius and eloquence—men who had suffered confiscation and exile for their religion. It is not to be wondered at that these zealous men made way, and found many to sympathise with them.*

When, therefore, the war and its concomitant revolutions of last year broke out, there were two distinct parties ready to take advantage of the opportunity afforded for more active endeavours on behalf of Italy. The Waldenses at once set to work, and their agents followed the allied armies into Lombardy, where they ministered the consolations of religion to the sick, the wounded, and the dying, and to others as far as practicable. It is not our business to record the rapid series of events by which, one after another, part of Lombardy, with Parma, Modena, Lucca, Tuscany, and the Romagna were thrown open to the friends of evangelization. These events are of too recent occurrence not to be remembered. No time was to be lost; and at the first cry of liberty, appeals were addressed to the Protestants of Europe for aid, and an effort was made to enlist every available form of agency. The Waldenses immediately sent one of their best preachers to Florence, where he had laboured a few years before, until expelled by the police on the return of despotism. Colporteurs were supplied with Bibles and tracts, and suddenly made their appearance in every direction; evangelists were promptly equipped for their task, and sent to the field of action. In a word, all that could be done was done; and amid the din of civil commotion, and the conflicts of political parties, the messengers of Christianity lifted up their voice in favour of law, order, and pure religion. It was a noble sight, and one which deserved to find sympathy and favour.†

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* An excellent account of parties in Italy will be found in the pamphlet of Mr. Dunn on "Protestantism in Italy; its Progress and Peculiarities."

† The following letter from Dr. Desanctis, of Turin, gives a clear statement of the work of the Evangelic Church in Italy:—

"Turin, November 6.

"The stations of our Evangelical Church are the following: Turin, Genoa, Nice, Alessandria, Novi, Asti, Novara, Graglia, and Fara, in all nine stations in Piedmont. As soon as Lombardy and Tuscany were free, an Evangelist went to Milan from Turin, and also one from Novara. One of our Evangelists has left us to return to Florence; he is an excellent Christian, and a man of learning, formerly a priest in Tuscany. In every station, except Asti, there is an Evangelist, and in Genoa there are two, making up, altogether, fourteen Evangelists; besides whom, we have a number of Bible Colporteurs, who are now travelling everywhere in Lombardy and Tuscany, as well as in Piedmont. There are two directors of this

Difficulties of various kinds stood in the way. Men were anting, and the cry was continually for more labourers. Money as wanting. Books were wanting. The supply was in all re-ects unequal to the demand, and yet, perhaps, resources were ever better husbanded. This was not all. The minds of men ere pre-occupied with civil matters, or scarce delivered from the ars of sacerdotal power, or ignorant and besotted, so that but a nall minority could or would attend to religious questions. And ien, the priesthood taking the alarm, opposed and denounced e Protestant propaganda in every way.* And so it has con-nued until now. All the petty obstacles which could be laid the path of the teachers and their followers have been had ecourse to. Little jealousies and animosities have been fo-ented. The sick have been besieged, and the dying harassed y sanctified intruders in clerical robes. Absurd stories have been

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ork of colportage, Betti and Lucquet, who frequently make circuits and watch ver the work with great zeal. In every station there is a church; understand e, not a material edifice, but converted brethren who meet for communion every unday. In Turin, where indifference is the greatest, and where we meet with ncredible opposition, we have about 60 communicants. In Genoa, and in Alessandria, the number is greater. We are accused by some of being Ply-mouthists; but I can assert before God it is a calumny. We do not even wish to know what Plymouthism is—our desire is to serve God according to His word—and we recognize for brethren all true Christians, who confess Christ as God manifested in the flesh, to whatever church they belong. We regulate ourselves with simplicity, following as far as possible the Apostolic model.

"The Evangelist in Milan writes to me of the conversion of a Bolognese Count, resident in Milan. Our churches are small, but there is life in them. The evening meetings are especially for the study of the Scriptures. In Turin, long expositions are often given, but the brethren have liberty to interrupt, in order to ask for explanation, or to express any doubt or difficulty they may have as to the meaning of the passage under consideration.

"God is blessing us, but He also tries and proves us. If it were to please Him to send us more means, we think we could do more—but He is the Lord, and His will be done. Tell your Christian friends in England to pray for us; prayer, offered in faith, obtains all things.

"I ardently desire to have a conference with my much-loved friend Gavazzi. We were together preachers of error, but God has called us to the truth. Dear Gavazzi is not always understood—he has an ardent character—in other times, he would have been the Luther of Italy. In order properly to appreciate him, intimate acquaintanceship and experience of him are necessary. I pray God that he may be understood by all the dear Christians of England, and that he may thus be enabled to do much good for this work.

"Pray! pray! for this poor Italy! and pray for us who labour there, so that in the midst of so many difficulties, courage may not be lacking, but that we may be faithful servants of the Lord."

* See, for instance, the letter of the Cardinal Archbishop of Pisa, addressed the 29th of December, to Salvagnoli, the Tuscan Minister for worship, in which his Grace even goes so far as to denounce by name a poor shoemaker, who had been guilty of the high crime and misdemeanour of keeping a school in his house, and allowing religious meetings to be held there. We know this man to be a quiet, humble, and inoffensive Christian, but very zealous for the truth.

industriously promulgated that the departing spirit of the apostate from Rome has been carried away by the Devil, whose own private mark has been imprinted in horrid guise upon the ghastly corpse.* The rites of sepulture have been refused, and mourning friends have been denied the power to bury their dead out of their sight.† Ridiculous tales have been circulated of the atrocious, political, and infidel designs of the new teachers. Every Bible circulated by them has been declared full of the most deadly heresy and blasphemy, opposed alike to God and man. Every religious tract and book has been described as abounding in error and impiety. The alarm and the indignation have ascended through all ranks of the clergy, from the priest to the bishop, and from the bishop to the archbishop, and on to the very Pope himself. The late *Univers* and all the ultramontane newspapers joined in the chorus, the blind bigots of Austria and Spain chimed in, and the poor deluded papists of Ireland took up the strain. In fact, all the Romish geese were set cackling. And who can wonder at it? It was bad enough for Lombardy to be lost to the fatherly government of Austria, for the Duchies to assert their civil rights, for the Romagna to refuse allegiance to King Pio Nono,‡ and for the whole patrimony of Saint Peter to be threatened; but it was, if possible, worse for the Bible to be openly and extensively circulated, and for its teachings to be made known to vulgar men. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* But this was not all. Political writers, with no sympathy for evangelical religion, ignorantly sought to bring discredit on the religious movement, by asserting that the Italians were too untaught, too unbelieving, too worldly, or too preoccupied with civil questions to trouble themselves about the Gospel.§ They maintained that the converts were influenced solely by inferior and secular motives, and only patronised Protestantism because of its alliance with the cause of civil liberty. "Wait," said they, "and when the people are better instructed, less degraded, more established in their liberties, and less engaged, then see what you can do. In the meantime, it is better to hold back; the provisional governments will be embarrassed, the clergy will be enraged, and the people will have their attention diverted from the main chance if you go on." There was truth

* See the last "Quarterly Reporter of the Evangelical Continental Society," p. 1.

† "Times'" Correspondence of Dec. 13th. The account is taken from the "Armonia."

‡ "Observateur Catholique," of Dec. 1st, quoting from the "Univers," the announcement of a new work by M. Chantrel, entitled "Pie IX., Roi."

§ Compare the "Saturday Review," of Dec. 31st.

this, and an air of plausibility sufficient to check the timid, ho feared they might lose all by attempting too much. Some ho were not restrained from helping on the work, or from ceiving the new Apostles, nevertheless felt that great caution d prudence were necessary, lest one indiscreet step should ad to mischief; and all, so far as we can ascertain, have deter-ined to avoid everything like ostentatious publicity and demon-ration, and the mixing up of politics with religion. This xiety to promote the great cause of law and order, by the meekness of wisdom," was admirably illustrated in Florence wards the close of last year. The Evangelical Christians in at city had opened a large hall capable of holding five or six ndred persons, and immense multitudes speedily began to semble there to hear the now famous Signor Mazzarella, an -Neapolitan advocate, a man of piety, parts, learning, and loquence. It was feared that this public demonstration would e taken advantage of by the enemies of the government, and erefore the authorities recommended the preacher to occupy a s prominent situation, and to close the doors when the room s full. This advice was followed without an objection, and lazzarella at once commenced preaching in another smaller and s public place, where he ministered to less numerous audiences, t multiplied the number of his services.* Since then Maz-rella has returned to Genoa, where he habitually labours, and e large hall has been resumed under favourable circum-ances. Other facts have come to our knowledge, proving that e Evangelical teachers are all the uncompromising friends f public order and law. And with regard to their dis-ples, even their bitterest enemies have not dared to accuse em of a single breach of the peace, or of the rules of de-rum. This is a marvellous feature in the present move-ent, among a people so enthusiastic and excitable as the talians. If, in the intoxication of their joy at the possession f civil and religious freedom at one and the same time, any f them had broken out into the excesses of fanaticism, it would be atter rather for regret than for surprise. But nothing of the rt has occurred, and no one has ventured to say it has. This ticence and self-control might be accounted for in various ways, t we believe there is only one true solution, and it is this, that his religious movement is based on sound, scriptural principles. he aim is not to overturn one form of church organization, and to et up another, nor to take revenge upon the Romish priesthood s the supporters of despotism and the Inquisition. No such thing;

* The last "Quarterly Reporter of the Evangelical Continental Society," p. 5.

the simple and definite purpose of the promoters of the work is to teach God's truth to men who were ignorant of it, to bring sinners to Christ, and to inculcate all the precepts of the Christian law of holiness. Beyond this there is no conspiracy or ulterior aim. There is neither political cabal, nor Jesuitic intrigue, nor spiritual freemasonry in the matter. In this respect it differs from many modern reformations, in which the national soul has loathed and cast out the old superstitions, and strictly resembles the original introduction of Christianity by the conversion of individuals. The work is not more destructive than constructive. For everything abandoned a substitute is provided. If all spiritual authority is denied to priest, council, and pope, it is claimed for God as revealed in His infallible Word. If sacramental efficacy is regarded as a fraud, and baptismal grace, transubstantiation, and extreme unction are repudiated, faith, hope, and charity are set forth as the fruits of the Spirit of God, the author of all goodness in man. If masses, and absolutions, merits, Madonnas, and saints, are discarded as of no avail to man's salvation, the blood of Christ is believed to cleanse from all sin, and the intercession of Christ is regarded as procuring access to God in every time of need. Bulls, excommunications, and anathemas are so much useless expenditure of rage and labour, because it is known Christ will cast out none that come to him. Purgatory is simply shut up; there is no use for it in God's plan of salvation. The popish conglomeration called the Church is an imposition, because the Church is made up of souls who believe in Christ. Hence worldly rank, titles and dignity, and such distinctions as those of popes, bishops, and priests, have no place in the kingdom of God, where all are truly priests and kings. Crosses, statues, pictures, and all such things, do more harm than good, and call off the attention from Christ and His salvation, the saints and their example. A man is not religious by his corporate capacity, nor by rite and ceremony, but by personal faith in Christ, and a personal work of the Holy Spirit in him. Religion is spiritual, and therefore the religious man looks to God for support, protection, and success, not to the patronage and alliances of earthly kings, rulers, and emperors.

We are very anxious not to misrepresent the principles and tactics of our Italian friends, and therefore we add that while nearly the whole of the preceding details apply to all of them, the Waldenses form a partial exception in reference to certain items connected with discipline and organization. The Waldensian form of church government is sufficiently characterised by the term Presbyterian. Denominational matters are very much in the hands of a committee of pastors

d the *Table Vaudoise*. Over this central board is placed a ident, or *Moderator*. The general body of parties give up to the control of affairs, and merely recommend such measures em desirable. Considerable importance is attached to ordina- and an unordained minister is not permitted to dispense the nunion. The principle of State endowments is not repu- d, and connection with civil governments is admitted in other . There are some other differences between the Waldenses the free Italian Christians, but their fundamental principles he same, and both are characterised by a noble zeal for an evangelization. Of course the movements of the Wal- es are more slow and formal, and probably more expen-

They have also another disadvantage, which is that Italian language is not their mother tongue, and however tly they may learn to speak it, they carry away from their ys a rustic guttural accent, which is distasteful to those accus- d to the sweetness and harmony of the Tuscan tongue. g, however, a regularly organized and recognized body, they influence before the civil governments, and are likely to have ct and consideration. But this very organization, and their al character, sometimes create suspicion in the minds of the ans, who have formed the habit of associating these qualities Jesuistry, the Inquisition, and the priests. Those who can go e people as their brethren, and on their own personal respon- ity, are on the whole more likely to have speedy and exten- influence. The system and the discipline of the Waldenses, known position and their recognized principles are not e undervalued as useless; but it must be apparent to e who have watched the course of Italian evangeliza- for the last few years, that Providence has conferred special our upon the free and almost unorganized labourers. During last ten or twelve months this fact has been more apparent ever, and at the present time the decided majority of evan- ts in Italy proceed on the independent principle. They have e admirable men among them as leaders, which is very impor-

where the agents are necessarily widely scattered, and itute of all worldly endowments and advantages. Dr. De- tis, formerly a popular priest in Rome, but now of Turin, is a of great personal excellence, and of a truly apostolic spirit. He admirable preacher, an able writer, and a prudent counsellor. attention is particularly devoted to the work of instruction, and his amiable and accomplished wife, he has established in in a school of about a hundred children, in which he him- gives regular religious instruction. Some of his publications e been very popular, and greatly blessed. At Genoa there is

Mazzarella, of whom we have spoken, and who is always ready for every good work. He is a man of great influence, and has sent out a good number of labourers into the field, whom he follows with his prayers, his counsels, and his aid. Count Guicciardini is another well-known promoter of the Protestant cause, and even in his exile has never lost sight of the spiritual concerns of his countrymen. Then there is, for the present at least, Signor Gavazzi, who if not formally associated with them, is allied with them in heart, and pants for the spiritual regeneration of Italy. This eminent and excellent individual, whose peculiarities have gained him more applause among us than his heroic courage, his high moral principle, his profound religious convictions, and his wonderful appreciation of the woes and wants of Italy, may, and we trust will yet, do much for his country. We are quite sure he deserves all the confidence and encouragement of English Christians.

After long acquaintance with his character and labours, we are profoundly convinced, with such men in the field, the cause of Italy is not lost, nor her case desperate. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint; from head to foot there is no soundness in it. As the prophet says, "From the least to the greatest every one is given to covetousness, and from the prophet to the priest every one dealeth falsely." Long years of civil despotism have well nigh obliterated conscience, and stifled all noble feeling. Ages of priestly exaction and imposition, of Jesuitic craft and cunning, and of Inquisitorial *espionage* and cruelty have done their proper work upon the national character. The banishment of the Bible, the suppression of Christian literature, and the reign of ignorance, have left their impress upon the people. A religion which benefited neither the heart nor the life, and a Christianity without Christ, have taught many to abhor the name of both. What marvel if some should think the wound past cure, and refuse the divinely-appointed remedy itself? Still we repeat, the cause of Italy is not lost, and with such men at the work it will not be. We admit the apparent want of some one, who, like Saul, shall tower up above the rest of the host. Looking at the work, we might wish for some leader who shall combine in himself the patient industry of a Wiclif, the glowing zeal of a Savonarola, the martyr spirit of a John Huss, the Hector-like soul of a Luther, the learning of a Calvin, and the consecration of a Zwingle. We know not such a man; nor is such a man necessary. It is to be remembered that the movers in *this* work disclaim reliance upon man or men; and by their silent, individual, undistinguished labours they are doing the best work just now for Italy. The truth is, and should never

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they have more leisure they will come to reflect upon these things in the light of their circumstances, and will decide for themselves, whether they will be Presbyterians, Episcopalians, or Congregationalists. Experience will gradually teach them what forms most conducive to the interests of the Gospel in their country, and which harmonises best with the policy that is suitable to their circumstances.

We have not dwelt too long on these questions, seeing they are of vital importance, and persons are found ready to qualify the tendencies to delay organization in Italy, as Plymouthism and so forth. To us it matters little what the Italians are called, provided they make good claim to the name of Christians, and this they have done. All of them showed an apostolic zeal during the late war, and, backed by the noble liberality of the British and Foreign Bible Society, they commenced a system of colportage which has gone on to this day. The Society just named, with true Christian disinterestedness supports twelve or fourteen agents of different kinds, who [illegible] in every part of Italy now open; and we have no doubt are quite ready to distribute the "Word of God," in what is absurdly styled the "Patrimony of St. Peter," the moment Peter's writings cease to be interdicted. The Religious Tract Society is another helper in the work, and is rendering good service in its own quiet and effective way. Vast numbers of Italian Bibles, and useful books and tracts have been put into circulation, and either secretly or openly they are extensively read. Evangelists and private Christians read and expound the Scripture to the people; and every night, in a multitude of places, converts and inquirers [illegible] for conference and prayer. [illegible] the principal cities, and in some [illegible], meetings are held for the public preaching of the Gospel. [illegible] largely attended, and [illegible] characterised by seriousness, propriety, and decorum. Churches [illegible] of which assemble to celebrate the Lord's Supper. A few schools, chiefly on a small scale, have been opened for the instruction of the young. In a word, a great work [illegible] accomplished, and that both directly and indirectly. [illegible] have been subdued, evangelical religion is better understood; its professors are no longer regarded as monsters, and [illegible] been [illegible]. This is much to say, and [illegible] would have [illegible] to predict a few short [illegible].

W[illegible] on these [illegible] Tract Societies, but these are not [illegible]. The converts themselves are some of them most liberal and self-denying. For example, recently one of them

ceived a sum of money, left as a legacy to his wife. This sum e immediately devoted to the purchase and fitting up of a house r public worship, in order to overcome the difficulty of finding roper accommodation.* Many of them give all the time and oney they can to help on the work. But since they are for the ost part poor, and new openings are continually presenting themlves foreign aid is imperatively required. To supply this, there the Committee for Italian Evangelization at Geneva, which es more than contribute money, inasmuch as it, to a certain rtent, directs the movements of its agents. The principal member f this Committee is the excellent Colonel Tronchin. Another ommittee exists at Nice, mainly composed of Englishmen, and his, like its Genevan colleague, not only collects, but looks after he appropriation of its funds.† It is much the same with the Waldenses. Then there are certain individuals who superintend he distribution of funds entrusted to them. In England, there re generous and devoted Christians who give or collect money or the same purpose, and the case may be the same elsewhere. ympathy is all very well, but money must be had, for rents have o be paid, and the expenses of the meetings must be met. Evanelists, with their wives and families, must be kept from starvaion, and books must be purchased. Travelling involves an outay; and when the converts have done their utmost, a wide margin emains to be filled up. In some cases, agents have to be trained, nd fitted for their work. But to return to the sources of supply. here are certain committees for continental evangelization in cotland, Ireland, and England. In Scotland the Free Church igorously assist the Waldenses. In England, we find two Societies, the Foreign Aid and the Evangelical Continental; and also n Italian Committee. This latter is a small organization whose movements are very private, and therefore its action is limited, nd its influence trifling. It is the opinion of some that its xistence is superfluous. We turn, then, to the Foreign Aid. his Society is chiefly supported by evangelical members of the hurch of England. Two of its executive, the Rev. Richard urgess, the Secretary, and the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird undertook journey to Northern and Central Italy in September last, for the audable purpose of making themselves acquainted with the field. rom a very interesting report of this journey, we gather a number f facts in the main harmonising with our own convictions already xpressed. We cannot sufficiently commend the candour and uthfulness of this report, coming, as it does, from those who

* "Quarterly Reporter of the Evangelical Continental Society;" where however all the facts are not named.

† Report of the "Foreigners' Evangelization Committee at Nice," Nov. 1859.

might have been expected to withhold their due meed of praise from the irregular modes of religious activity they witnessed and yet admired. They describe with great fairness and accuracy what they witnessed at Turin, Milan, Florence, Genoa, and elsewhere; and the general impression their statement leaves upon the mind is, that it will be a shame and sorrow to England in after years if British Christians *now* stand aloof from their brethren now labouring to spread the Gospel in Italy. We are not aware to what extent their appeal has been responded to; but we have reason to believe that hitherto a very limited sum has been placed at the disposal of the Foreign Aid Society for this object. Of course, the claim is yet new, and popular interest must gradually be awakened in it.*

And now comes the Evangelical Continental Society, which is supported almost entirely by Nonconformists. We find that this society has issued a series of appeals on behalf of Italy from the commencement of the opportunity in its favour. These appeals have been widely circulated, and extracts from its correspondence have been published. And with what result? At a *soirée* held in London, on the 1st of February, the secretary announced that the subscriptions for Italy amounted to three hundred pounds. This is but a paltry sum, and seems to be a reproach to British Nonconformists. Why, compare this with the large amounts enthusiastically forwarded to Garibaldi to buy rifles and gunpowder. The list is before us, and we find that only *one* Dissenting congregation in all England has contributed six pounds as a collection

* This letter from Mrs. Desanctis may interest English readers in the school that is so admirably conducted by her husband and herself:—

"July 23.

"I am anxious to give you a few details of the examination which took place on the 20th instant. It would have rejoiced your heart to have seen how the numbers have increased. Every seat in the chapel was taken up by these dear children, and their happy countenances showed how delighted they were that the long-expected day had at last arrived. At one end of the room were placed two tables, one containing the prizes and upon the other were exhibited a variety of things, such as shirts, collars, samplers, &c., which had been made by the elder girls;—letters written in French and Italian, copy-books and several other things written by both boys and girls. There was also a list containing the names of all the children, showing how many had been regular in attending the Sunday school and another list of good conduct. But all eyes were directed to the table containing the prizes, where besides two Bibles and Testaments, and other neatly-bound books, were the two large silver medals, the gift of our valued friend Gavazzi, for the two boys who had made the greatest progress in knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

"It was sweet to hear these dear children lift up their voices in praising the Lord. All joined in chorus most sweetly. After the Hymn was sung, Dr. Desanctis came forward with the Bible in his hand, and commenced the examination. Two of the boys, Carmano and Bernato, showed such thorough acquaintance with God's Word that there was no doubt that such deserved the honoured prize their answers were so correct and given in such exact Scripture language.

n behalf of Italy; and though the sum is small, it is worthy f record, showing one honourable exception among the thousand ree churches of England. We shall not plead for the two socie- ies we have alluded to; but we must say that, as the only two ocieties in England which profess to assist in the present Italian novement, they ought to have received more than five or six undred pounds from all classes of British Christians for the work's sake, if not for their own. The little they have raised has been principally given to the Waldenses and the two committees at Geneva and at Nice.

We are aware that an impression is abroad that the Italian work is very insignificant—that what little is done must be kept secret—and that money is not required to aid it. As to the first, the Italian work is small, if compared with the millions who inhabit the country. But it is large when contrasted with what it was a year ago, and for many years previously; it is large when it is considered that scarcely fifty missionaries and colporteurs are engaged; and it is large if we bear in mind the immense extent of territory thrown open, and the possibility of an increase. To our minds it is enough that Italy is the field. As to the second affirmation, that pecuniary aid is not required, it is an amiable delusion whereby to excuse an unwilling mind; but the facts we have cited must dispel it. With regard to the third point, the statement is partially true; and this is the chief reason why we have refrained in this paper from giving statements through which any danger could accrue to the unprotected and scattered evangelists who are now doing the work of God. We regret this necessity imposed on us, as the narration of facts known to us would enlist sympathy more effectually than any other appeal.* But the public prints abound in details quite explicit enough to show the character and bearings of the movement. It is certain that the Pope and the Italian archbishops and bishops do not look on with indifference. They have uttered the most absurd and exaggerated assertions about it, misrepresenting it in every way, and they have thundered out their anathemas against all who favour and promote it. His Holiness, for example, says to his Irish supporters, "Let

* The prudence that is required by Christian men in Italy is indicated in the touching words of one of her noble sons, who thus writes:—

"In order not to ruin everything by too hot a zeal, I must, for the present, remain silent, merely observing and studying our affairs. Until the fate of Central Italy is decided, we must not risk the great cause of the Gospel. Not that I see Italy unprepared—she is even very much prepared—but the temporary governments are so timid, they take fright at the very mention of the preaching of the Gospel. . . . I have found, even more than I expected, minds disposed to abandon Popery, when there shall be liberty to speak freely."

us unite in invoking the patronage of all the blessed in heaven, especially of the immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, that the pest of heresy and schism, which men the most wicked are striving to introduce into the regions of Italy, may be driven from them?" It has been truly said that this passage proves what spirit they are of, and forcibly reminds us of that admirable scene in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, where Bunyan says of old giant Pope, "He can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails, because he cannot come at them, saying, 'You will never mend till more of you be burned.'"* It is true the terrors of the *auto da fè* are over, even in Italy; but this is no reason why we should be at all indifferent to those who are striving to plant the standard of Christ's cross upon the summits of Italy. Their dangers are great, the work is urgent. They are sober, earnest men, fearing God. Hitherto they have prospered; and if they have not created a national movement, they have everywhere found acceptance; and they look with especial confidence to free and Protestant England for sympathy and succour. We are persuaded that when the reality and power of the work are understood among us, thousands will be ready to help them, and to wish them God-speed.

Brief Notices.

JOHN ANGELL JAMES: A Review of his History, Character, Eloquence, and Literary Labours; with Dissertations on the Pulpit and the Press, Academic Preaching, College Reform, &c. By John Campbell, D.D. London: John Snow. 1860.

THIS valuable work demands a further notice at our hands. Being received by us just before the publication of our article last month on John Angell James, we were unable to exhibit the scope and variety of the contents of this volume, or to estimate its ability. Now, however, we are prepared to do both. It is a splendid monument raised by the affection of Dr. Campbell to the zealous labours, the great talents, the single and hallowed purpose of his life-long friend. It does not profess to be a biography. It is an *eloge*, written with the pathos of mourning and with all the glow of admiring friendship. So it subdues and animates the reader with varying but powerful emotions. Dr. Campbell, under the natural prompting of his admiration for Angell James, has proposed to himself a double task in his [illegible] viz., to record the [illegible] and results of Mr. James's life, [illegible] to set forth his

* "Quarterly Reporter of Evangelical Continental Society," p. 6.

ample for the emulation of his fel-
vers in the ministry. Hence the va
ty and practical value of this work.
ie narration of the life is inter
ersed with lustrous paragraphs, se
as reflectors to deflect and flash
e light of Mr. James's history upo
e *problems* of ministerial life tha
e now agitated. The volume is
rided into sections or books, th
les of which indicate their con
nts: — Introduction — Biographica
utline—Robert Haldane—Academi
eaching—Character—Eloquence—
ie Pulpit and the Press—Literar
abours—Conclusion. The sectio
. Angell James's literary labours i
bly instructive, as it gives a *résum*
Mr. James's writings, with selec-
ns and criticisms; and so gather
to a focus the central radiant
aths which Mr. James made s
ear and clothed with such impres
ve majesty in all his works. W
ve seldom read pages crowded with
eightier thoughts or expressed with
nobler felicity. A skilful and
ving hand has drawn this precious
ixir from a mass of goodly volumes.
hile thus a former chapter depicts
ie outward portraiture of Mr.
ames's career, in this chapter the
ul of this "Man of God" is revealed
ith its characteristic and strongly-
arked features, and its wide, deep-
earted sympathies.

Throughout the volume, Dr. Camp-
ell says many strong and pungent
ings in reference to the Noncon-
ormist ministry of the present day.
wo topics, however, chiefly engage
is attention, which are intimately
onnected with Mr. James's life
—viz., the Art of Preaching, and
he Training of Ministerial Stu-
lents—both topics of superlative
mportance, which we have already
iscussed in the pages of THE
ECLECTIC. We do not agree with
Dr. Campbell as to the good results
ccruing to our students from uni-
ersity examinations and degrees.
He forgets that similar examinations
ave always been held in our colleges,
nd the only difference—which con-
stitutes the superiority of university examination—is that they are more thorough, of wider range, and severer scrutiny. But we do most cordially and emphatically support his demands for a higher theological and homiletic education in our colleges. And if B.A. and M.A. degrees be incompatible with this, they must be abjured. Why should there not be the division in the student's course which Dr. Campbell recommends, and which is adopted in the Scottish churches, by which one portion of the term of years should be devoted to the literary and preliminary studies, and the other to strictly ministerial preparation. Plainly, Nonconformist ministers must be "thoroughly furnished" in our day for pulpit and public work, or their influence and their churches will be annihilated.

Dr. Campbell's utterances are hearty, earnest, and to the point. All must feel that he is zealous only for the "power of the Gospel," and therefore fearlessly denounces what his large experience and judgment have convinced him hinders the truth of God, and weakens the Church. We are always roused and instructed by his earnest testimony, if we do not always assent to it; and we have the warmest satisfaction in recommending his book to all Christian men who wish to know and to share the spirit of Angell James's life, and especially to all ministers of the Gospel, who will find a fund of stimulating and suggestive thought, such as is rarely deposited in one volume.

THE GOOD STEWARD: a Manual for Sunday-school Teachers. By Miss Henderson.

IN a field of labour like the Sunday-school, it is most important that all the workers should have practical instruction. The readiest way to learn the right use of tools is to use them, and the readers of this book will be those who are actually at work, and that with a large amount

of efficiency. While, therefore, we think that it is well to remind such agents from time to time of the theory, the practice is at all times that which we look to discover in any work which professes to be a manual. It is true, the fair author of this treatise was, to a certain extent, precluded from dealing at length with the specific questions of infant training and senior class management—the committee very properly considering that Mr. Reed and Mr. Copper had supplied that lack in their prize essays, but we should rather have had a work more like that of the late Mrs. Davids, in a condensed form, which really was what it professed to be, a Manual for Teachers.

Now, while we say all this, we must not be supposed to be unimpressed with the great practical value of a large portion of this manual. It abounds in fit illustrations, is very suggestive, and bears the marks of great pains-taking and research. Perhaps it may result from a certain limitation of space, but from some cause, it seems to us that there is a want of completeness in some portions of the work. We take, for instance, the admirable advice given to teachers to keep up their influence over their pupils, to commence and carry on correspondence, to visit frequently, and winning the confidence of children and parents, become their friend, counsellor, and temporal helper. Now, to do this, a practical eye will at once see that there are difficulties in the way, and these obstacles are not in the power of the teacher to overcome. This advice should be given complete, with a decided advocacy of the abandonment of that useless plan of moving children incessantly from one class to another—a process by which influence is destroyed, and that without any equivalent advantage. This, and the baneful practice of alternate teaching, would at once render impossible the discharge of the duty so properly inculcated.

The book is a readable and useful one, and will form a valuable contribution to the libraries of our Sunday-schools of all denominations.

Inquiry into the Original Language of St. Matthew's Gospel: with Relative Discussions on the Language of Palestine in the Time of Christ, and on the Origin of the Gospels. By the Rev. Alexander Roberts, M.A., Minister of the Presbyterian Church, St. John's Wood. London: Bagsters. 8vo. pp. viii. 159.

The object of this treatise, as stated in the first sentence of the preface, is "to vindicate and uphold the Greek original of St. Matthew's Gospel." The basis of the whole argument is that the Greek was the prevailing language spoken in Palestine in the time of the Apostles, and that our Lord himself usually spoke in that language. The general tradition of the early church as to the Hebrew (or Aramaic) original of Matthew is therefore set aside, as relating to a matter beyond the personal knowledge of the Fathers who report it, and being contradicted by the circumstances of the case. We cannot, in a brief notice, enter on the argument, but must confine ourselves to the mere statement of our conviction, that Mr. Roberts has not proved his fundamental point, and consequently his whole superstructure falls to the ground. We do not believe that any one will be convinced by the treatise. Those who already hold with Mr. Roberts the view that there never was any Hebrew Gospel written by Matthew, may readily accede to his statement; for it is pleasant to hear a clever advocate maintain one's own views, and put them in a somewhat new form, but at least as plausible an argument might be made out in a similar way on the other side, and we should be then, after all, no nearer the truth. Mr. Roberts has, however, risked the whole case on this one point, and states distinctly that "if that can be set aside, or if it fail to convince," he

ling to acknowledge, that no-
lse which remains to be stated
r to be successful, and at once
don the argument." (P. 87.)
nnot but think, that with his
f the extreme importance of
stion, he has shown more con-
than prudence in this asser-
But the question, after all,
ing and in some respects im-
as it is, has not that vital
ion with revealed truth which
berts assigns to it. And we
rotest against such language as
owing:—"The question, then,
has been discussed in this
, is one of vast importance,
y in regard to the Gospel of
tthew, but the whole of the
estament Scriptures. It is,
th, the very *Thermopylæ* of
criticism, on this ground the
battle must be fought: the
the whole inspired Scriptures
great extent, involved in its
nd when we take up the posi-
Dr. Tregelles, it is only too
hat the result must prove dis-
to the friends of divine
on, and that the cause of
l truth is irretrievably lost."
4, 145.) We earnestly advise
berts, in any further critical
t which he may make, not to
in such very rash assertions.
ise of inspired truth survived,
Papias in the second century
l that "Matthew wrote his
in Hebrew, and every one
ted it as he could;" nor is it
trievably lost, though many
athers in succession reiterated
me statement, and though
in the fourth century added
it was not certain by whom it
nslated into Greek."

NITY OF THE FAITH. By the
A. Leitch. Edinburgh: Elliott.
n: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

le of this book is not a happy
t fails to define its proper aim.
e plea of a thoughtful, culti-
nd earnest mind for Christian
union. The fundamental conclusion of the author we are unable to accept in all its extent. It is this, contradictory interpretations of the Scriptures are errors; they must be sinful in their origin; such conflicting opinions might be corrected; Christians are therefore culpable, that they are not doctrinally agreed. We admit, that there is not only some but much truth in the assertion, that the Protestant sects might and ought to approximate far more closely in their dogmas. But there are causes of theological diversity and purposes for its emergence; mental and moral, which this very simple theory strangely ignores, or does not apprehend. We are not at all sure that the use of dialogue by the author is any relief to the reader, and strongly suspect that it may confuse the thinking rather than sustain the attention of the majority. A sinister or ignorant consulter of the volume might make a mischievous use of the paragraphs assigned to the Popish and sceptical interlocutors. With the spirit and general intention of the writer, we feel the deepest sympathy, and admire the great ability with which he has executed his task. We have differed from him with reluctance, but feel the more able to recommend the book with candour to the serious study of all Christians. We have no expectation of arriving at religious *unity* through doctrinal *unanimity*. We can only wish that all the readers may cultivate the temper of the writer, and Christian *union* will be speedily attained without our needing to wait for theological *uniformity*.

THE LIFE OF RICHARD KNILL, of St. Petersburg; being Selections from his Reminiscences, Journals, and Correspondence, with a Review of his Character and a Preface by the late Rev. John Angell James. By Charles H. Birrell. Nisbet and Co.

FEW men in our day have possessed the peculiar and commanding influences of moral earnestness in a

greater degree than Richard Knill. He was a man of no very remarkable ability; he probably was never guilty of a transcendental thought in his life, but his measure of ability was consecrated in its entireness to whatever purpose he had in hand. This was naturally characteristic of him—a power of sharp, sudden, entire concentration of thought and of energy—and, when he became a pious man, the great motives of religion were added to the natural tendencies of character; and the whole was suffused with a sanctity and devotedness that made him irresistible. However questionable the wisdom of his projects, it was almost impossible to be critical, or to stand aloof while under the spell of his personal presence and urgency. In the moral results of his life, indeed, far more was accomplished through the impulses of his fervid heart, than the judgment of the wisest head could devise or fulfil. His sublime simplicity of purpose was more than wisdom to him. The heart is often wiser than the head. He belonged to the Xavier and Henry Martyn class of men—the seraph class—men who burn—and under similar condition of life, he would have been what they were. Everything about him partook of this simple intensity of character. Nothing that he did can be conceived of as measured, judicial, or common-place. Whatever his hand found to do he did with all his might. He

"Moved altogether if he moved at all."

He had a passion for music, and thinking that he could gratify it if he could get into a militia band, he enlisted at once. His conversion was that of the jailer rather than that of Lydia. When the Barnstaple Militia was to be disbanded, he conceived the idea of making every [illegible] men were assembled to persuade them to take his [illegible]. He succeeded, although one of the grenadiers swore at him in a very fearful way. "Form a circle round him," said he to his comrades, "and I will swear at him." They did so. "He swore fearfully, and I wept," says Mr. Knill. Years after he met this man—a converted man from the impressions of that hour. His consecration to missionary work was equally characteristic. He gave himself to it body and soul. For a short time he went to Madras. His health failing, he returned to England, and after a little while went to St. Petersburg, where he resided thirteen years. Again broken down in health, he returned to England, and for eight years was the travelling agent of the London Missionary Society. Then he was for a short time pastor of the Church at Wootton-under-Edge, and finally accepted the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Chester, where he closed his useful and holy life. The good bishop of the diocese followed him to his grave, saying that there was "comfort in taking the last look of a good man."

This memoir of him, consisting very largely of selections from his journals and letters, is full of the most interesting incidents, and of high spiritual teaching. We are thankful for having perused it.

Mr. Birrell has discharged his duty admirably. His volume is the work of a refined taste and of a loving heart. It is simple, compendious, and modest. The biographer never stands before his friend—the painter before his portrait. In these days of prolix memoir writing, we heartily commend it as a model of what a memoir should be.

[illegible] MINISTER'S WOOING. By Mrs. Stowe. [illegible] Sampson Low and Co.

[illegible] this story, as most of our [illegible] is drawn after a [illegible] pattern. Mary, the heroine, is the only daughter of a widow, and is in love with her cousin, a frank,

merry, and th... goes away for a three years' voyag the complete satisfaction of widow, who wishes to marry daughter to Dr. Hopkins, a mic aged New England Calvinistic di who boards in her house. Wo brought by a survivor that the s cousin is drowned; and bowed d to the earth in spirit, and ge urged on by her mother, Mary sents to marry the Doctor. Prep tions are made for the wedding; just at the last moment the s wrecked cousin returns an alt man, and marries Mary. The epi of Verginie and Colonel Burr, thc unpleasant in itself, is skilfully fi in. As regards the main incident o tale, viz., the wooing and its issu may perhaps be as well to state t though substantially a fact, i not only chronologically inaccu but extremely so. The Doctor born in 1721; and the date of first marriage was as early as 1 when he was living at Great Barr ton. Instead, therefore, of being unmarried man at forty (the age signed to him by Mrs. Stowe chapter 12), he was a benedict twenty-seven; and when, in 1770, he removed to Newport, where the scene of her tale is laid, had been married some two-and-twenty years; nor did he lose the wife of his youth until within a month of the termination of his seventy-second year, when, after a thirteen months' widowhood, he took to himself a second, who survived him. His first marriage took place, also, eight years before Burr, who figures in the tale, was even born, and long before the American revolution, which the story repeatedly refers to as a past event.

This chronological incorrectness on the part of Mrs. Stowe, we mention simply as a fact. We attach no importance to it. The merits of the tale, as such, are, of course, quite independent of it. Her mental analysis, her delineations of character, her quiet, sly, kind satire, her life-like descriptions—these and other characteristics of the story interest us none the less because of it.

We are forewarned that these facts are more or less re-grouped and modified, and have no right therefore to quarrel with mere anachronisms.

The incident upon which it is founded appears to be the following, which we give in the words of Professor Park and Dr. Patten, who record it:—

"A second matrimonial engagement was equally inauspicious. He (the Doctor) had paid his addresses to a young woman, interesting in her appearance and manners, and of a bright intellect, who was also rather a belle. She favoured his suit, and, so far as appeared, there was a mutual attachment. When the time of their marriage was not far distant, a former lover, who had been absent some time, returned, with the design of renewing his attentions; and by indirect, or explicit, manifestations of it excited in her the expectation of an offer to be *his wife*." So at least say Drs. Park and Patten; their meaning, of course, is "of an offer to be *her husband*. The intimation," they continue, "engaged her affections; and frankly disclosing the truth to Dr., then Mr. Hopkins, she assured him that 'however much she respected him, she could not fulfil her engagement from the heart.'"

This, he said, was a trial, a very great trial; but as she had not designed to deceive him in the engagements she had given him, he could part with her *in friendship*.*

As in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we have here a beautifully-painted picture of the effects of profound grief in strengthening and deepening character. Mrs. Stowe excels in depicting the discipline of sorrow. We might easily imagine that she has herself struggled through some great crisis of affliction, and so writes with all the vividness of one who has actually experienced what she portrays. Be this

* Park's "Memoir of Hopkins," p. 53; Patten's "Reminiscences," p. 31.

as it may, her philosophy of sorrow is both beautiful and true. If it lacks somewhat in definiteness of outline, it almost conceals this by its depth and brilliancy of colouring; and few pictures have been painted of more saintly beauty than that of Mary after she has heard of the death of her cousin. Would that all our novelists taught thus the purifying power of sorrow!

The theology of the tale will, we think, be deemed far less satisfactory. A paragraph at the close of one of the chapters in "Dred," had long ago prepared us for what we find in "The Minister's Wooing." We do not assert that Mrs. Stowe has really adopted the creed of Universalism, but we cannot help thinking that her influence is stretching in that direction. How otherwise are we to interpret such a passage as this? "Could Christ be happy, if those who were one with Him were sinful and accursed? And could Christ's own loved ones be happy, when those with whom they have exchanged being, in whom they live and feel, are wandering stars, for whom is reserved the mist of darkness for ever? She had been taught that the agonies of the lost would be for ever in sight of the saints, without abating in the least their eternal joys; nay, that they would find in it increasing motives to praise and adoration. Could it be so? Would the last act of the great Bridegroom of the Church be to strike from the heart of his purified Bride those yearnings of self-devoting love which his whole example had taught her, and in which she reflected, as in a glass, His own nature? If not, is there not some provision by which those roots of deathless love which Christ's betrothed ones strike into other hearts shall have a divine, redeeming power? Question vital as life-blood to ten thousand hearts,—fathers, mothers, wives, husbands, to all who feel the infinite sacredness of love!"

We can sympathise very deeply with the spirit which prompts such utterances as these. The question of eternal punishment is one to be approached with trembling and tears. To speak with glib tongue and unmoved heart on so terrible a theme as this, seems infinitely worse than to declaim hysterically against it. We are not disposed to find fault with the spirit in which Mrs. Stowe approaches this subject, but we deprecate its discussion when it is only very imperfectly investigated, and the feelings are roused to precipitate the judgment. The moral law is not framed according to our likes and dislikes, neither are the facts of this world or the world to come. Appeals to the feelings of readers who have never viewed the subject from different points, can only lead to the hasty adoption of an immature opinion, and to the weakening of that salutary awe which the doctrine of the eternity of future punishment is so calculated to produce. A great hope and a great fear seem to be the pillars upon which the edifice of society rests, and we can scarcely look on with indifference, whilst we see any one hewing down one of them as unnecessary, or suggesting that it may safely be removed.

It is but fair to add that our authoress suggests through one of her characters, that the old doctrine is, after all, the true one. She writes, "Storms, earthquakes, volcanoes, sickness, death, go on without regarding us. Everywhere I see the most hopeless, unrelieved suffering,—and for aught I see, it may be eternal. . . . . The doctor's dreadful system, is, I confess, much like the laws of Nature, about what one may reason out from them." But as we have said before, a theme so profoundly important should not be meddled with, unless all the arguments are used which can be placed in either scale of the discussion. A doctrine, however fearful, which like some ancient manuscript has been an heirloom of the church for centuries, and whose leaves have rustled through the

fingers, and been blotted by the tears of an innumerable succession of the wise and the good, must not be hurriedly committed to the flames as a worthless forgery.

THE FACTS AND LAWS OF LIFE; Being an Introductory Lecture delivered at the Opening of the Medical School of the Westminster Hospital, on October 3rd, 1859. By J. Russell Reynolds, M.D., F.R.C.P., &c. London: J. Churchill.

DR. RUSSELL REYNOLDS is known to our medical readers as the author of several pathological works of great ability. His discourse on "Vertigo," and his great work entitled "Diagnosis of Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord," have quite a standard reputation. The present lecture, as may be gathered from its title, was addressed to a wider circle, is of a more popular class, and is further characterised by singular force and eloquence.

As the subject chosen by Dr. Reynolds for his address was "The Facts and the Laws of Life," he found opportunity for saying wisely, clearly, boldly, and religiously, some grand and needful things about life itself—about the empire of science, the nature of *fact*, and the meaning of discovered *law*. He discriminates things that are often confounded, both with *facts* and *laws*, not only by medical students, but by empanelled juries, by learned advocates, and by students of physical science. "Facts" are distinguished from "fancies," "hypotheses," "opinions," and "fractions of facts." With considerable skill, he vindicates what may be termed the moral etymo ogy of the word law as applied to the generalizations of science. He repudiates, with something like indignation, the change of nomenclature suggested by Mr. Buckle and others by which the idea of coercion, will, and ulterior purpose, deeper than reason and vaster than nature, would be excluded from our estimate of those aspects of nature which are in fact a synthesis of nature and man; and with great eloquence, he links the laws of nature with the great Commandments which proclaim God's own ideal of a perfected humanity.

Dr. Reynolds draws accurate distinction between *laws*, and either "*mere sequence*" or "*accidental coincidence*;" but the principal value and power of the pamphlet seem to us to be contained in the portion of it in which the author points out the danger and even absurdity of confounding statistical results with law. He shows that the law of nature "is true at all magnitudes, times, and distances;" but the so-called statistical law "is only true at such magnitude, time, and distance as shall be sufficient to lose or hide the individual in the multitude." He uses this position, which he does not fail to illustrate copiously as vantage ground on which to contend with the fundamental fallacy of the "History of Civilization in England." Dr. Reynolds shows that Mr. Buckle's repudiation of human will or Divine Providence in human affairs—on the basis of a percentage of suicides being determinable beforehand in a given locality—is an egregious *petitio principii*. The statistical results are shown to be demonstrably untrue, until the accumulation is so great that it includes every possibility of action and every variety of condition. "It is by removing yourself to a great distance from the actual facts that the numerical statement of these facts exhibits uniformity. To the naked eye, the moon's outline is an even curve, there are no inequalities, no changes in its form; but learn the distance, or enlarge your power of vision, and then mountain ranges, valleys, and extinct volcanoes break the line. And so it is with man. Go far enough from the individual soul; lose his personality in the thousand or ten thousand that surround him, and the net result of this ten thousand and of that, may be the same. But there are in him individual features, heights of aspiration, and depths of despair, angry

passions, and Divine helps; and these seen in the unit, but lost in the many, are the real moving forces, the determining causes of all his action."

It is highly refreshing to greet this outspoken utterance in days when science is treated by so many of its advocates as the rival of religion, and the antagonist of revelation; and we would suggest that Dr. Reynolds might give his able pamphlet a more permanent and enlarged form.

THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF THE REV. DANIEL BAKER, D.D. By his Son, the Rev. W. M. Baker. Third Edition. Philadelphia: W. S. and A. Austin. London: Nisbet and Co. 1859.

DR. JAMES BAKER was born at Midway, Liberty County, Georgia, in 1791. He was ordained over his first charge by a Presbytery held in 1818. He published two volumes of sermons, which have had an extensive sale, and have been productive of much good. He preached more frequently, perhaps, than any other man of his time; sustained seven pastorates all of them successful and prosperous to a remarkable degree. He laboured eight years as an evangelist, enduring great hardships, and displaying in it the worthy courage, zeal, and self-denial. He was the real founder of Austin College, Texas; was its first president; and obtained no less than one hundred thousand dollars for its funds; and, to crown all else, he is reckoned, with apparent fairness and honesty, to have been the means of conversion to Christ of "not less than" Such a life needs no commentary. Assuming its asserted facts, it is its own authentication of its claim to a higher origin than could be found in unassisted nature, to a divine inspiration than genius could take credit, and to a nobler emulation than patriotism could prompt or heroism sustain.

The narrative, however, of this life and these labours might have been much better written than we find it. We think it would have gained not more in correctness than in probable usefulness if its sundry Americanisms had been translated into English, and sundry of its follies exchanged for good sense.

If Sydney Smith had been alive, and had had as strong inducement to make fun of Dr. Baker as he had to ridicule and render contemptible three of the greatest men who ever lived, and who have made Scrampe immortal and illustrious, he could have desired nothing more admirably adapted to his purpose than the memoir under notice. For example:—

Dr. Baker "lisps awful." See—Pp. 28, 213, 216, 244.

Dr. Baker thinks his native tongue would be improved by an infusion of Scotticisms, and therefore insists on a perpetual confounding of would and should, will and shall. —Pp. 28, 29, 33, 36, *et passim*.

Dr. Baker has "a *tolerable humbling* sense of his unworthiness, sinfulness, and ignorance." P. 60.

Dr. Baker loves "*searching* heart preaching." P. 61.

When on the sea-shore, the learned doctor would entertain his learned leisure by "assuming the authority of Canute," and with the same success. "He also strikes out the good habit of trying to pin down with his walking cane the waves of the advancing tide, and is remitted by his failure of an unsuccessful endeavours to fasten conviction upon sinful hearts." P. 243.

We should be discourteous to the university which conferred its diploma upon Dr. Baker if we did not presume that his attainments as a scholarly accomplishments were such as to justify so honourable an award. And yet we find him writing, "I did wish it were possible to Daniel and Paul, Peter and John, schools and colleges, Cæsar, David Hume, Hannibal, &c." P. 205. As we do not find that his [illegible] Austin College has [illegible] single preference to the students, or occupied any chair whatever, we will hope that the in-

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Let our readers mark
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ere left him; one was a
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I more as to our preced-
es and quotations. It is
o the filial piety and good sense of the compiler of this volume, that the exposing of these instances of his revered father's weakness, or errors, has no excuse; was not essential even to perfectness of portraiture; and is, beyond all controversy, out of place, and offensive in a book which, by the bold avowal of its author, is designed for the highest Christian usefulness, and to contribute to the growth of men and ministers as truly consecrated and disinterested as he in whose real life these errors had no discoverable practical effect.

PILGRIMAGE FROM THE ALPS TO THE TIBER; OR, THE INFLUENCE OF ROMANISM ON TRADE, JUSTICE, AND KNOWLEDGE. By Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D., Edinburgh: Shepherd and Elliott.

THOUGH the visit to Italy, of which this book is a record, dates as far back as 1851, we are glad to welcome a second edition of it, and to avail ourselves of it, that we may evolve a few points of comparison between the impressions and forecastings of 1851 and the realisations of 1859.

We naturally look with especial interest upon what Dr. Wylie has to tell us about Piedmont—that ark of Italian liberty in the black deluge of its despotism. He found it in a state of nascent constitutionalism, and with equal piety and philosophy, he attributes its happy anomaly to the presence and prayers of its Waldensian subjects. These furnish both a natural and moral reason. Seeds of liberty, especially when sown in religious forms and watered with the tears of pious men, have a silent and permeating life in them, and often produce their fruit in forms and places that are wholly unexpected. What Puritanism has been to the England of the present, the faith of the Vaudois may be to the Italy of the future; and heartily we pray that it may. The Piedmontese themselves speak of their constitutionalism as a miracle—the death of Charles Albert making way for a new and plastic sove-

reign was probably the means of it. He himself would probably have followed the reactionary example of his brother sovereigns. When in 1848 he gave his subjects a constitution "none had asked it, and few there were who could value it, or even knew what a constitution meant." There was no public opinion in the country. It would have been revoked at any moment, and there was no moral power in the country to offer effectual resistance. Radetzky had unaccountably and suddenly stopped at the Sardinian frontier in the midst of his victorious career, when he was expected to march upon Turin. Victor Emanuel proved to be "a good-natured, easy-minded man, who loved the chase and his country seat, and found it more agreeable to live on good terms with his subjects, and enjoy a handsome civil list which his Parliament has taken care to vote for him, than to be indebted for his safety and a bankrupt exchequer to the bayonets of his guards;" a constitutional monarch simply by accident; and so under the guidings of God's good providence the constitution was saved, and, said General Beckwith to Dr. Wylie, "should the constitution live three years longer, the people of that time will have become so habituated to the working of a free constitution, and public opinion will have acquired such strength, that it will be impossible for the monarch to retrace his steps, even should he be so inclined." Its condition has been thrice realized, let us hope that the prediction will be fulfilled. The spirit of liberty is difficult to kill. What in 1851 was eager hope, has now become moral certainty.

Dr. Wylie gives us a very vivid impression of the power and curse of Popery in Piedmont in 1848, the most priest-ridden country in Europe "the paradise of priests." The demonstration is furnished by some formidable statistics from *La Presse*, the domains of the church representative, a capital of four millions of francs, and a yearly revenue of upwards of seventeen millions, while the population was only four and a half millions; now this incubus has been thrown off in great part, and the tyrannous priesthood proved powerless, save to corrupt.

The vigour and independence of the press is justly eulogised, and the formation of a public opinion is largely attributed to its emancipation. We cannot follow Dr. Wylie further: his pictures of travel are vivid, his moral lights strong, and his heart sound. We are glad to see his volume in a second edition.

THE STORY OF A POCKET-BIBLE. London: Religious Tract Society.

FOR the mere novelty of the thing, I shall review my own history here. The journal relates the adventures of my possessors at various periods of my history, since I left the bookseller's hands to become the choice and prize of an ingenuous child of six years old on his birthday. From him I passed into the hands of men in business, worldly families, Romanists, sceptics, working-men, and dissolute drunkards, endeavouring to diffuse a healthful influence everywhere, and meeting sometimes with saving and triumphant success. These will cheer the soul when read of, and perhaps may stimulate some who peruse this prefatory notice of my fortunes, to try amongst their acquaintances the benefit of the gift of A POCKET BIBLE.

THE DIAMOND AND THE PEARL. By Mrs. Gore. London: Knight and Son.

IT is quite enough to say that the fiction above-named is Mrs. Gore's, and is tinted with the characteristic Gore-ish colouring, to give a vivid idea of its merits to the reader. It is a new edition, and is revised by the author.

THE ECLECTIC.

APRIL, 1860.

I.

THE KIRK OF SCOTLAND.

The Church History of Scotland from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the Present Century. By the Rev. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, Minister of Crieff. 2 Vols. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

THERE was when mention of the "Kirk" of Scotland awakened south of the Border anything but the ideas of moderation, peace, and love which we are wont to associate with a Christian community. The most glorious figures in its history appeared as stern, unbending fanatics; the most stirring events were clouded by visions of wild enthusiasm and unrighteous resistance to the powers that be. Happily matters are changed; the accurate investigations of M'Crie and others have dispersed many of the prejudices raised by the writings of Sir Walter Scott and other superficial writers. The sneer at the psalm-singing, snivelling Covenanter who is made to repeat inappropriate portions of Scripture, and the sympathy with the bold, dashing cavalier, red-coated and gold-laced, has given place to a more just appreciation of the merits of both parties. It is now admitted that the Covenanters were neither fanatics nor persecutors, and that the ultraism into which they at last undoubtedly fell was the consequence of their isolation and persecutions rather than of their principles. In truth, they were the noble-men of Scotland, standing out for civil liberty and Gospel truth in a generation of knaves and cowards; rugged, if you like, and bare, like the hill-sides on which they sought shelter, but athletic mighty men, heroes in the truest sense where heroism was but a rare quality. Indeed, viewing the History of the Church of Scotland as a whole—at least during Reformation times, we learn to form a juster estimate of the peculiar service which it discharged, not only in the cause of religion but in the interests of civil liberty. With a Parliament utterly corrupt and worthless, which would vote any measure patronised by the Court or enjoined by the people—the confession of faith or the covenants to-day, and bloody persecutions to-morrow; with a nobility utterly debased and sycophantic, the general assembly and the pulpit of the church were

the only places in which the truth was fearlessly spoken. In consideration of this inestimable boon which even now might sometimes be coveted, we are willing to pardon appearances of extravagance and disloyalty. It was surely something when James VI. could be publicly reproved from the pulpit, or Andrew Melville could shake him by the sleeve, calling him "God's silly vassal," and characterising to his face his elaborate kingcraft as "devilish and pernicious" and "mere mad folly." A very different scene, indeed, from that when the English bishops in their lawn sleeves, *upon bended knee*, humbly responded to his most sacred Majesty's pedantic argumentation.

Whatever, then, makes us better acquainted with the real history of a Kirk to which the country owed so much, we are prepared to hail as a more than common addition to our literature. It may seem strange that with the well-known enthusiasm of the Scotch for their country and Kirk, no complete or satisfactory history should hitherto have been composed. Preparatory labours, indeed, are not wanting, ancient chronicles, narratives, diaries, and correspondences have been published in abundance; and the labours of the historian who has the diligence to peruse these records and the capacity to form an independent opinion upon them, have been greatly lightened in consequence. It was, therefore, with no small degree of expectation that we took up the two ponderous volumes which are the occasion of this article, and with equal disappointment that we laid them down. We cheerfully admit that the author displays considerable diligence and even learning; nor *could* his narrative be other than interesting. But the student has not gained a single new fact by it; and though the compilation is both detailed and on the whole accurate, the author seems to have culled his opinions as well as his facts, at second-hand; worst of all, he appears to us to lack cordial sympathy with what constitutes the *core* of the History of the Kirk. After this we shall, at least in the meantime, waive our objections to a style which, from studied affectation, occasionally descends to extreme looseness, and defer special objections to the narrative till we discuss the events to which they more particularly apply.

The very commencement of the History of the Church of Scotland has a peculiar interest. Passing over a period more or less involved in gloom, we find ourselves in the Island of Iona, with St. Columba preaching the Gospel and founding the first Christian Institution in the country. These preachers were unlike those whom Rome had sent forth, and, despite the remarks of Mr. Cunningham, we are inclined to agree with Neander, that, had the distinctively "British Confession" continued in the ascendant, the course of the Germanic churches would have been differently shaped. Granting that much superstition connected itself with the religion of the Culdees, any opposition to the undisputed supremacy of Rome was an important element, however trifling the points may seem on which it was raised. But even this latter concession we are not prepared to make

It is scarcely fair in Mr. Cunningham to sneer at the peculiar tonsure and the stubborn adherence to their mode of calculating Easter, of the Culdees, when he himself admits that they denied the obligation of clerical celibacy, and steadily refused to acknowledge the supremacy of Rome. From Iona missionaries went forth to England, who in a comparatively short period spread the Gospel. Up to the year 660, all the constituent parts of the Heptarchy, with the exception of Kent, adhered to the British Confession. But these simple-minded evangelists were not able to cope with the intrigues of Romish agents. The issue of the discussion at Streaneshalch between the contending parties had been preconcerted. The Romish speaker quoted the well-known text, "Thou art Peter," &c., and on the admission of the Culdee that the passage was found in Scripture, King Oswy declared himself convinced of the supremacy of Rome. Driven from England the Culdee missionaries went to evangelize the heathen tribes of Germany. But here also they encountered the emissaries of the Pope, and the result was similar to that in England.

The Popish confession once established, the Church rapidly developed and gained strength in Scotland. Monasteries were multiplied. At the time of the Reformation there were no fewer than nearly 200 such institutions, with about 2 or 3,000 inmates. The power and wealth of the Roman hierarchy in Scotland were greater than in any other country. Before the Reformation they seem to have possessed no less than one-half of the whole national wealth. The consequences of such privileges in the deterioration of the clergy and the subjection of the people, will readily be understood. On the other hand, however, it must be admitted that to these monasteries of the Romish priesthood Scotland, as other countries during the Middle Ages, owed more than violent controversialists are willing to admit. The cultivation of literature and science, the legislation of the country and education of the people, and the provision for the poor, were due to the clergy, while their influence in softening barbarous manners, and interposing to quiet angry passions —cannot be questioned. The most flourishing period of the Church was during the reign of David I., that "sair sanct for the Crown," who originated the Scottish hierarchy, and largely endowed ecclesiastical establishments. It must not, however, be imagined that the "perfervid" disposition of the Scots failed them even during their subjection to Rome. Not to speak of the numberless contentions with English prelates who claimed supremacy over them, the Pope's exertions were frequently and successfully resisted, despite legates, *a latere* and interdict. A notable instance of this occurred at the commencement of the reign of Robert the Bruce, who courteously received the Nuncios sent to threaten him with excommunication if he invaded England, but returned their letters unopened, because not addressed to him as King. "There are several nobles in my dominions," remarked the monarch, "called Robert de Bruce; it may be they are intended for some one of them." Yet King Robert was far from impious. Unable to perform his vow of going to Palestine, he is

said on his deathbed to have charged brave Sir James Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Sepulchre. On his way thither Sir James engaged in the war with the Moors in Spain. Overwhelmed by enemies in battle, he is said to have made his last charge by throwing the casket with the heart of the monarch before him and exclaiming, "On, thou noble heart, and when the Bruce leads, the Douglas will follow." It were unpardonable to close this rapid survey without at least alluding to those Scottish names which have become celebrated in universal history. If the fame of Michael Scot, of Balwirie, the astrologer of Frederic II., of John Hollybush, or Sacrobosco, professor of mathematics in Paris, or of Thomas Learmont, "the Rhymer," are known chiefly to the learned, those of Johannes Scotus Erigena and John Duns Scotus are household words in ecclesiastical history.

The appearance of Wycliffe in England opens a new era in history. Never before had national rights as opposed to papal pretensions, clerical duties as distinguished from hierarchical ignorance, and scriptural truth as differing from man's inventions, been so clearly and energetically expounded. Lollardism, as the system was called in derision, died not with its founder or its early martyrs. For generations it continued among the people; it spread to the continent and found an echo in Bohemia; it extended to Scotland and survived until the reformation, the persecutions to which its adherents were exposed. Among the important secondary means by which the downfall of papal supremacy was accelerated, two deserve special notice. The first of these was the revival of learning, inaugurated in Scotland by the foundation of the University of St. Andrew's in 1413, which was followed in 1450 by that of Glasgow, and by that of King's College, Aberdeen, in 1494. Due provision was made that these schools of learning should not remain empty. During the reign of James IV. the Scottish Parliament passed a measure ordaining that "all barons and freeholders of substance should keep their eldest sons and heirs at school till they were taught Latin, philosophy, and the laws, under a penalty of twenty pounds." Nor do measures of this kind seem to have been unnecessary, at least if any credit attaches to the description of Scotland given by the celebrated Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini (afterwards Pope Pius II.) who visited the country in 1435. His narrative is curious and amusing. Scotland is represented as "a cold country, fertile of few sorts of grain, and generally void of trees. . . . . The towns are unwalled, the houses commonly built without lime, and in villages roofed with turf, while a cow's-hide supplies the place of a door. The commonalty are poor and uneducated. . . . . The men are small in stature, but bold; the women fair and comely, and prone to the pleasures of love. . . . . Nothing gives the Scots greater pleasure than to hear the English disparaged. . . . The wild Scots (we suppose the Highlanders) have a different language, and sometimes eat the bark of trees." Thus far Æneas Sylvius. Meanwhile increasing knowledge rendered people more impatient of the intolerable yoke of Rome. The sale of benefices, the

wal of preferment upon non-resident foreigners, and the incredible
ty and corruption of the papal court, began to be felt and ab-
l. The contest which was so soon to commence on the conti-
nust extend to Scotland also.

X. ascended the papal throne the year in which the fatal
of Flodden was fought. The stirring events of that period
not be repeated. The doctrines which Luther preached at
mberg were carried to Scotland by Patrick Hamilton, a noble
in every sense of the term, who became the proto-martyr of the
mation. The flames which consumed the first preacher were
d again and again, but without deterring others from the
ed heresy. Foreign vessels were bringing to Aberdeen, Mont-
Dundee, and Leith, copies of Tyndal's New Testament and
hlets of the Reformers. In England, also, Henry VIII. had
n off the yoke of the papacy, and was anxiously labouring to
rt his royal nephew. But James V., who had broken with the
ty, was obliged to rely on the support of the clergy, and David
n, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, nephew of him who had burned
k Hamilton, swayed the councils of the monarch. Beaton was
of undoubted talent, but unprincipled and unscrupulous; a
chee in private life, but a devotee in his ecclesiastic office
ince of the Church. It is difficult to conjecture on what
ds Mr. Cunningham has taken the Cardinal under his protec-
certainly his persecutions of the Reformers had not even
hadowy excuse of personal conviction. The influence of
n increased after the death of King James, when the
nal produced a will appointing himself Regent,—a document,
uthenticity of which has been strongly suspected. Nor
the nobles willing to brook the rule of the prelate. The
of Arran, next heir to the crown after the infant daughter,
the king had left, arrived from France and was appointed
nt. Arran was an incredibly weak character. At first he
d to favour the Protestant party, and imprisoned Cardinal
n, but soon changed sides, and henceforth became a mere
t in the hands of the crafty churchman. Then commenced a
of persecutions of the most determined character. Foremost
g the martyrs we mention George Wishart. Protected in the
rn counties by the nobility, he was at length by a shameful
h of engagement delivered into the hands of the Cardinal, and
a martyr on the 1st March, 1546. It is remarkable that
s while Wishart was on his last preaching expedition, that
Knox, now in his 40th year, attached himself to the
of the Reformer. He discharged, on that occasion, the
cteristic duty of bearing a twohanded sword before Wishart,
had to preach surrounded by armed men. The punishment
e proud churchman was not long delayed. On the 28th
a few of the gentry, hostile to Beaton, gained access to the
e of St. Andrew's, while the Archbishop was still asleep, and
g an entrance into his apartment, killed him, one of the prin-
conspirators calling God to witness that it was to avenge the

death of Wishart, and to rid the Church from one of its most bloodthirsty—as in his last moments he had proved one of the most cowardly—of its opponents. Speaking of the death of Cardinal Beaton, we come upon a point on which we think Mr. Cunningham deserves grave censure. Following in this instance Fraser Tytler, our author makes Wishart privy to a long-concerted plot for assassinating the Cardinal, and represents him as the bearer of a letter to Henry VIII. (who intrigued with a party of the Scottish nobles) offering for some reward to have the deed executed. The grounds upon which this incredible charge is supported are, the general intimacy of Wishart with the conspirators, who all belonged to the reforming party; the fact that the letter in question referred to a "Scottishman called Wysshert" as its bearer; the dread of the Cardinal felt by the preacher; and the supposed prophecy of Wishart from the midst of the flames, announcing the Cardinal's early death—an anecdote now generally admitted to be spurious. On grounds so trivial as the mere similarity of a name—for after all this is the only argument worth referring to—to accuse a person of so gentle and loving a nature as the Scottish martyr, of not only being aware of a conspiracy, but taking an active part in it—is certainly a singular instance of historical judgment and impartiality! Besides, it would have been but fair to have at least adverted to the arguments in answer to Mr. Fraser Tytler. In truth, we have too much cause for preferring this general objection to our author, that throughout his history whenever a charge, rumour, or evil report is brought against any of the leading evangelical men in the Church, he seems inclined to admit it, however slight the grounds, and without giving his readers an opportunity of weighing the counter evidence. We have yet, however, to redeem a pledge, we have only named the diffusion of learning as one of the causes which hastened the downfal of the papacy. Another and far more efficacious instrumentality, at least so far as the masses were concerned, was the satirical poetry of the age in which the vices, the idleness, and the ignorance of the clergy were mercilessly exposed.

The state of political parties at this time in Scotland was strange indeed. The national party was Roman Catholic, and in alliance with France, while the leaders of the reformed party were in constant correspondence with, and chiefly in the pay of, the English monarch. Accordingly, while the Reformers, now joined by John Knox as their chaplain, held the Castle of St. Andrew's, a fleet of 21 French galleys appeared before that town, and speedily obliged the garrison to surrender. The prisoners were carried to France, and for nineteen months Knox laboured as a galley slave. Despite this blow, the cause of Protestantism daily gained ground, and Mary of Guise, the Queen Regent, partly from policy and partly from weakness, did not effectually resist its spread. Soon, however, the man appeared again in Scotland, with whom its reformation is identified. During the brief reign of King Edward, Knox laboured in England. After the accession of bloody Mary, he stayed for some time in Geneva and Frankfort, and again repaired to Scotland in autumn,

5. His influence was immediately felt. By his decision he railed on his supporters to abstain from any conformity to the urch of Rome; by his eloquence he gathered around him the les and people. Mary of Guise was awed, and at the last moment idrew the summons to the bold preacher to appear before the ops—a citation which he was prepared to obey, accompanied by merous adherents ready to defend him. At this period Knox e more withdrew to Geneva, not certainly from cowardice, a rge which we should have thought even Mr. Tytler would not e brought against him, but, as we firmly believe, by a special ensation of Providence. The withdrawal of Knox retarded not progress of the good cause. The "lords of the congregation," he reforming gentry were now called, addressed petitions to the en Regent and to Parliament, and Mary, who had political ives for flattering the Protestants, seemed ready to comply with r requests. In truth, the Earl of Arran had, through his brother archbishop, a hold of the clergy, and it was the Queen's policy play off the Protestant lords against her rival to the regency. ides, the marriage of her daughter with the Dauphin of France st obtain the consent of the country, and Parliament be blinded he vile deed by which Scotland was made over to the French , in case Mary should die childless. These objects once accomhed, Mary of Guise threw off the mask, and openly appeared a ecutor of the Protestants. As in the case of Cardinal Beaton, re at a loss to understand the grounds on which Mr. Cunningham s the Queen Regent under his protection. Conduct so openly idious, solemn promises made with the deliberate intention of king them on the first opportunity, and an utter disregard of the rests of her adopted country, seem scarcely to deserve such ler treatment. Knox had meanwhile again returned to Scotland. d to mad enthusiasm by his denunciations of idolatry, the popu- everywhere destroyed images and altars, and burnt down ious houses. Not even the entreaties of Knox could save the y of Scone, where Scottish kings were wont to be crowned. In h, a civil war had commenced. On the one side were the French iers and the Scottish mercenaries in the pay of France, as well he popish party; on the other, the lords of the congregation and r adherents, together with the English army which Queen abeth had sent to their support. In the midst of these troubles Queen Regent died in the castle of Edinburgh, where she had ht safety. Peace was now concluded between France and land. An act of oblivion for all past offences, the appointment provisional government in the room of Mary and Francis—who he meantime reigned in France—and the early convocation of iament were the chief articles agreed to. It was this Parliament h adopted the confession of Knox, and abolished the long l reign in Scotland. Well might the aged Lord Lindsay rise exclaim, "Now, Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace, for eyes have seen Thy salvation."

The distinction drawn by Mr. Cunningham between the English and Scotch Reformation, the former being characterised as *monarchical*, the latter as *baronial*, seems to us only partially correct. No doubt the great lords of Scotland joined the Reformation, and procured it legal recognition, but the body of the people deeply sympathised in the movement, and where it was otherwise (as in many places in the north), the reformers found the church doors shut against them, and the people prepared to uphold the old faith. We will not maintain that these Protestant barons were all actuated by genuinely religious motives, but as little are we prepared to admit that their conduct was prompted by merely selfish motives. No doubt their wholesale appropriation of the lands of the church cannot be excused on grounds of justice or of propriety; but we can easily conceive how the temptation of acquiring all at once broad acres proved too strong for the poor "lairds." Certain, however, it is that their conduct, if explicable, was thoroughly unworthy of the cause in which they had engaged. One of the brightest monuments of Knox's piety, genius, and patriotism, was the so-called "Book of Discipline" in which he proposed to regulate the outward affairs, as in his "Confession" he had defined the doctrines of the new church. The portion of this treatise to which we more particularly allude, is that which referred to the distribution of the popish church property. It was proposed that henceforth it should be divided into three portions, the first being devoted to the support of the ministry, their widows and children; the second being applied to the erection of schools, so that each church should have its school, each town its grammar school, and the universities be liberally endowed; the third part was assigned to the support of the poor. Had this scheme been carried out, what a different provision would have been made for Scotland. Bearing in mind that the Church's property amounted to one-half of the kingdom, it would have yielded annually according to the present value, five millions sterling. Compare with this, the sum of £200,000, constituting the stipends of the thousand ministers of the Established Church of Scotland, the £650,000, which is the present amount of the Poor's Assessment, and compute what a large sum would be left for educational and literary and scientific purposes, for the better diffusion of the Gospel, and for a more liberal provision for deserving poor! And all this from property really devoted to such purposes, and without drawing a single shilling from the public purse, or taxing any individual! But the reforming barons were not prepared to adopt the "Book of Discipline," and sneered at Knox, who in return emptied on them from the pulpit the vials of his righteous indignation. On the 20th December, 1560, the first of those "General Assemblies" which have since constituted the supreme judicatories of the church, met at Edinburgh. But as yet the "Confession of Faith," though ratified by Parliament, had not been sanctioned by the Queen. The deputation which visited France to obtain her consent, was coldly received, and the worst was apprehended, when the death of Francis II. dispelled these fears by depriving Mary of the command of French resources. The widowed

Queen landed at Leith on the 19th August, 1561, with little knowledge of the troubled state of her ancestral dominions, and still less ability to cope with the difficulties by which she was surrounded. Mary was a papist, and mass was again said in Holyrood Abbey—ground sufficient for the Scottish reformers to suspect her. Besides, she was a gay, light-hearted woman, whose merry amusements ill accorded with the preacher's stern notions of present duty, and whose influence on the nobles was dreaded even more than the intrigues of Jesuits. A great many of the nobles soon appeared to have been "sprinkled with the holy water of the court." That the apprehensions of rigid Protestants were not so unreasonable or fanatical as some would suppose, is fully borne out by the after-course of Mary, and by her accession to that infamous league for the extermination of Protestantism, known as the treaty of Bayonne. Not that we are prepared to defend on all points the conduct of Knox, whose views of his divine authority to reprove from the pulpit the queen or her servants, and to censure whatever he deemed a wrong action, seem to us, to say the least, exaggerated. But even this had its use, and the fear of Knox no doubt acted as a powerful preventive to many a measure. At first Mary sought to conciliate the Protestants, and to gain Knox, whom she repeatedly summoned to her presence, and requested in future to reprove her in private, instead of in public. But these appeals were as unavailing as the attempt to prove him guilty of high treason was ineffectual. The later course of Queen Mary is well known. Her marriage with Darnley was contracted against the will of Queen Elizabeth, and of her adherents in Scotland. The union was not happy, it was darkened by the foul murder of Rizzio, whom the Protestant conspirators regarded as the chief agent of the Queen in negociating with the popish powers, and whom the foolish husband of Mary suspected of improper intercourse with her. We could scarcely have anticipated that, after the repeated refutation of the charge, Mr. Cunningham would have ventured to follow Tytler in accusing John Knox of being privy to this foul murder. Indeed, the one solitary ground of this statement is so slender, and the counter evidence so strong that even Mr. Cunningham speaks in the text of only "strong suspicion," and adds in a note that "this is debateable ground." But it is noteworthy that our author only details such evidence as is adduced by Mr. Tytler, and carefully withholds the important facts urged on the other side. The argument is not much advanced by Mr. Cunningham's assertion that Knox approved of the murder after it was committed—a statement for which we desiderate some proof. Darnley had at first denied all complicity in the murder. When his share in it, and the grounds of his animosity, came out, Mary withdrew all her favour from her husband. What followed may be rapidly told. A new conspiracy, this time to murder Darnley, was organized. At the head of it was the Earl of Bothwell, of whose relation to the Queen suspicious rumours were afloat. Darnley was killed—the public voice unanimously indicating his murderer. But Bothwell continued the

favourite of Mary; his trial was a mere mockery of justice; and the Queen soon became the wife of her husband's murderer. A revolution ensued, Mary's troops were dispersed, and she became a prisoner in Lochleven Castle, from which she only escaped to find longer captivity and death from the unrelenting Queen of England.

The heir to the crown of Scotland, James VI., was a child; and the government of the country was entrusted to the strong hand of the Earl of Moray, the natural brother of Queen Mary. One of the first acts of his reign was to give royal sanction to the "confession of faith" adopted in 1560: another act of Parliament ordained that in future only Protestants could bear rule over the country. But the "Good Regent," as he was called, was basely shot by Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh, only three years after his accession. The troubles which now ensued gave another opportunity for Mary's adherents; and Knox, whose life was threatened, had to retire for a season to St. Andrew's, where his influence upon the students seems to have been of the most beneficial character. A most vivid description of the aged Reformer, by an eye-witness, is left us, in which, among other traits, he is depicted as being "lifted up to the pulpit" by two servants, "where he behoved to lean at his first entry, but ere he had done with his sermon he was so active and vigorous that he was like to ding the pulpit in *blads* and fly out of it." Knox's "Book of Discipline," had been rejected, and a small provision made for the clergy: the rest was divided by those in power. Abbacies, priories, and bishoprics were rapidly disposed of; yet, by a singular artifice, the offices were duly filled, and still the patrons got the largest part of the revenues. The leading men in the Church, and a Committee of the Privy Council, agreed to an arrangement by which the former offices of bishops and archbishops were to be continued, but their occupants to have no more power than the former "superintendents," and to be subject to the general assemblies. They and the abbots were to continue members of Parliament, the latter being eligible as members of the college of justice. It will readily be understood that this arrangement, by which the Episcopal Bench was rapidly filled, was very unpalateable to the strict reformers and to the people. "There be three kinds of bishops," said Adamson, before he obtained the coveted prize: "my lord bishop, my lord's bishop, and the Lord's bishop. My lord bishop was in the papistry; my lord's bishop is now, when my lord gets the fat of the benefice, and the bishop makes his title sure; the Lord's bishop is the true minister of the gospel." Popular wit designated them as "tulchan bishops"—the *tulchan* being a stuffed calf-skin set before the cow when milked, in the belief that thereby the milk would flow more freely. Knox himself, bent with years and labours, had to submit to the arrangement, only that he warned the General Assembly, by letter, regularly to exact a due account from the bishops. John Knox died on 24th November, 1572. It was a true apologue pronounced at his grave by the Earl of Morton,

ɣent of Scotland—"There lies one who neither feared nor
. flesh."

ıantle of John Knox fell upon *Andrew Melville*, undoubtedly
he ablest and most learned men whom the Church of Scot-
produced. After ten years' absence on the Continent, he
l to his native country the trusted friend of Beza and the
ɾeat Swiss preachers. Melville became Principal of the
ity of Glasgow, and by his eloquence and learning was all-
al in the assembly. If the modified episcopacy to which we
erred wrought ill in the Church of Scotland, Andrew Melville
ught all his resources to bear, in order to persuade the Kirk
ılawfulness. Step by step the General Assembly proceeded
ıti-episcopal direction, until the twenty years' conflict once
ıded in the triumph of Presbyterianism. It was in vain
ɣent Morton threatened Melville with hanging half-a-dozen
ninisters. "Tush," answered the undaunted churchman,
ɜn your courtiers in that way; it is all the same to me
I rot in the air or the ground." But Earl Morton himself
ı displaced; King James assumed the reins of government;
ɾourites swayed him, and the former Regent himself died on
fold. The church had embodied its views of policy in the
. "Second Book of Discipline," which to this day remains
ɜ of Presbyterianism in Scotland. But it was more difficult
the assent of the king, who even at that time was wholly
: of Prelacy—than to convince the General Assembly. The
ıvourites at this time were Esmé Stewart, his cousin, and
Stewart, a younger son of Lord Ochiltree's. The former,
ırrival from France, was a papist, but soon afterwards pro-
'rotestantism, and was created Duke of Lenox, and made
gh Chamberlain. The latter was a dissipated lad, bold and
ılous, who became Earl of Arran. The first conflict between
ɜbyterian Assembly and the prelatic king arose on the ap-
ıt of one Montgomery to the archbishopric of Glasgow. The
y interdicted his acceptance of the office, the civil power
ɔd his claims. A petition presented to the king proved un-

"Who dares subscribe these treasonable articles?" cried
Earl of Arran. "We dare," answered Andrew Melville,
he pen from the hand of the clerk, and affixing his signature.
test between Church and State ceased only for a short time,
mes was made prisoner by a faction of nobles. No sooner
regained liberty than persecution commenced. Andrew
and a number of ministers had to flee to Berwick; a series
vas passed, by which the king was declared supreme in all
ıd over all persons, and Presbytery virtually abolished; worst
ıose ministers who remained in Scotland submitted to the
cessity of the times. But the aspect of matters changed.
ɜsion by the Scottish nobles who were in exile, upon their
proved successful. Arran fled, and the fugitive ministers
to their churches. But what procured the Church favour

in the eyes of the king, was the peaceful state in which the kept the people during his absence in Denmark on his ma expedition. His conduct on his return gives us a graphic of the fickle monarch and the state of the times. On the Sabbath, after the sermon, the preacher publicly called upo to fulfil his promises to the Church. James stood up in t and replied in a speech which intimated his sorrow for past and promised greater attention to the interests of the Kir notable still was his speech in the General Assembly, in w fell forth praising God that he was born . . . . . place as to be king in such a Kirk, the sincerest Kirk in th —an assertion which he proceeded to prove. "I charge y tinued the eloquent king, "my good people, ministers, elders, nobles, gentlemen, and barons, to stand to your puri exhort the people to do the same; and I, forsooth, so long a my life and crown shall maintain the same against all dea is a pity that such sentiments should so soon have u change. Meanwhile, however, Presbytery was again establi all obnoxious acts abolished.

The good humour of the king was indeed severely tried b quent and unsparing criticisms of his conduct lavished from the Edinburgh pulpits. The ministers were indeed appreciate the difficulties of his position; besides, James's would at any time have converted a simple into a co question. There were, however, offences given which it w been difficult for the most patient man to brook. Thus, a C of the General Assembly drew up a list of prevalent co among which we find that the king's household was cens the report that the reading of the Scriptures at table a before and after meat were frequently neglected; his Maj self was found guilty of *banning* and swearing—an example by his courtiers, of whom but few attended the week-day while "the queen did not repair to the Word and sacram was fond of night-walking and balls." The displeasure was not a little increased by a riot in Edinburgh, cause punishment of one of the refractory ministers. Indeed, f time he resolved to re-establish Prelacy. The device ad gaining the consent of the Church is a unique sample of cunning. In those days of slow travelling, the intercourse the North and the South of Scotland was tedious and diffic northern ministers accordingly could not attend the meetin General Assembly in Edinburgh, nor indeed did they sy with the hatred of the south to Prelacy. Advantage was this circumstance. James summoned a General Assembly where the ministers, accustomed to the colder regions of t all of a sudden found themselves courted by royalty, and b the monarch's smiles. This assembly proved so complian was followed by others at Dundee and Montrose. At length was again established on pretence of having the Church

ıted in Parliament. The first vote in the Assembly in
of the obnoxious measure was given by Gilbert Bodie, "a
ı Orkney ass." "He led the ring, and a great number of
th followed, all for the *bodie*, without regard to the spirit."
se annoyances of James were soon to end. On the 24th of
1603, Queen Elizabeth died; and on Sunday, 3rd of April,
; made, after the sermon, his farewell harangue in the church
iles, Edinburgh. A few days later, and the king crossed
ler.

ir of England seems to have taken immediate effect upon
ames. "He was now come into the promised land. . .
s he in a place where beardless boys could brave him to his
Bitterly disappointed were the English Puritans, who
d great things from a Presbyterian king. He thought they
ming at Scotch Presbytery, "which agrees with monarchy
as God and the devil; then Jack and Tom, Will and Dick
eet, and at their pleasure censure both me and my council,
re, pray stay one seven years before you demand that of me;
hen you find me pursy and fat, and my windpipe stuffed, I
rhaps hearken to you." Elated by his success with the
s, the king resolved to try fresh measures with his stubborn
men. Force manifestly would not do; assemblies interdicted,
ed to meet again; ministers imprisoned only evoked public
hy and indignation. Accordingly, James invited eight of the
ministers to London, in the hope of converting them by the
ed influence of episcopal eloquence and royal greatness. The
ts were graciously received, and made to listen to a regular
of episcopal argumentation, supremely ridiculous if the
had not been so important. Persuasion failing, the king
l that Melville at least should no longer trouble him in
d. Summoned before the Privy Council for an epigram
ory of the Church of England, the long-restrained indignation
Scot broke forth on being charged with treason by the Arch-
of Canterbury. Melville retorted the charge on Dr. Bancroft,
; his assertion by pulling out a treatise of the prelate which
ned James's title to the English crown. Taking hold of the
's lawn sleeves, he shook them as "Romish rags," declaring
would profess himself an enemy of the author of that treatise
effusion of the last drop of his blood. Having similarly
l another of the bishops, Melville was removed, and on the
of *scandalum magnatum* imprisoned for three years in the
whence he was allowed to retire to the Continent, where
me professor. Another of the leading ministers of Scotland,
with five of his colleagues, shared the same fate. A charac-
anecdote is told of Mrs. Welsh, a daughter of John Knox.
: presenting a petition to the king, that her husband, ap-
y dying, might be allowed to return to his native country,
on ascertaining her maiden name, exclaimed, "Knox and
! the devil never made such a match as that." "It is very

likely, Sir," was the reply, "for we never spiered his advice." When Mrs. Welsh entreated that the king might give her husband his native air, "Give him the devil," was the monarch's rejoinder. "Give that to your hungry courtiers," retorted the undaunted matron." On one condition only would the king allow his return; if he submitted to the bishops. "Please your Majesty," replied the heroic daughter of John Knox, lifting her apron, "I would rather kep (receive) his head there." Meantime, Scotland, deprived of its clerical leaders, and under the guidance of a sycophantic Parliament, emptied the bitter cup of Prelacy, even to the infamous Five Articles of Perth, in which not only the Government, but what were deemed the superstitious practices of the Church of England, were forced upon the people. James died 27th of May, 1625, leaving to his successor kingdoms ripe for revolt.

Charles I. had all the obstinacy and faithlessness of his father, all his belief in the omnipotence of the royal prerogative, with more of bigotry, but happily less of cunning. His visit to Scotland gave very little satisfaction, nor would the king listen to petitions, however reasonable and moderate. The attempt to force upon the people Laud's Liturgy brought matters to a crisis, and its first introduction in St. Giles's, Edinburgh, caused an unexampled riot, far surpassing even those presently witnessed in St. George's, London. The Privy Council was terrified, and suspended the use of the Liturgy, but the king severely censured this compromise, and utterly disregarding the petitions sent from all parts of the country, only enacted more vigorous measures. The people were now fairly roused; four committees, or "tables," as they were called, representing the different estates of the country, sat in Edinburgh and issued orders, which were obeyed, while the king's proclamations were laughed to scorn. Charles at last saw the necessity of negociating, but already the "tables" refused to plead before the Privy Council, unless the bishops were removed. In truth, the Presbyterian party insisted upon the abolition of the Liturgy prelacy, and that infamous court of High Commission, which possessed almost the powers of the Inquisition. Such concessions the king was not prepared to make; the country was in open rebellion; the first need felt was that of union. Under circumstances so solemn and trying, when civil and religious liberty were at stake, the celebrated *Covenant* was subscribed throughout the country with a degree of enthusiasm and religious fervour which never before had been witnessed. The "Covenant" consisted of three parts, of which the third alone constituted the characteristic element. It bound the subscribers to continue in and defend their religion—to support the king in defence of religion, liberty, and law—but also to stand by each other against all their enemies. It must have been a heart-stirring scene when in the Greyfriars' Church, after fervent prayer the multitudes pressed forward to sign the National League; and when afterwards it was carried into the crowded churchyard, the enthusiasm reached the highest pitch. The scene was repeated all over Scotland. Tidings

of the dangerous state of matters reached the court, and another mediator was dispatched in the person of the Marquis of Hamilton. His instructions were to temporise, to promise much, and to grant little. The Ambassador soon saw that such terms would not satisfy the people. Several journeys of Hamilton to court led to no greater result, and Charles still continued obstinate. All eyes were directed to the General Assembly, which met at Glasgow on the 21st Nov., 1638. Never had more influential ecclesiastical gathering been seen in Scotland; never had greater issues depended on their deliberations. The Royal Commissioner soon withdrew, perceiving that the doom of the Episcopate was about to be pronounced. But neither his absence nor the threat of treason deterred the churchmen. What is known as the "Second Reformation" was accomplished by this Assembly, and Prelacy was once more plucked up root and branch. Nothing now remained but an appeal to arms. On the one side was the English army, on the other the Covenanters, mustered under the leadership of Leslie, who, during the thirty years' war, had learnt the military art from no less skilled a tactician than Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. The Scots lay encamped at Dunse-Law; for the first time that honoured banner, bearing in golden letters, "For Christ's Crown and Covenant," was unfurled. Happily, however, matters proceeded no further. Peace was concluded, the king undertaking to call a free Assembly and a Parliament immediately afterwards to ratify its resolutions. These promises were fulfilled; the Assembly re-enacted the Reformation of 1638, but the ratification of Parliament was delayed from month to month, the king still hoping to save Episcopacy. Meanwhile, the struggle in England was beginning. The Scotch marched an army into England to extract the king's consent. Already Newcastle was occupied by the Covenanters, when peace was once more restored, Charles yielding to the demands of his rebellious subjects. On the 14th August, 1641, the king himself arrived in Edinburgh. Times were sadly changed for him; and, instead of the grand ceremonials of Laud, the humbled monarch was obliged to conform to the straitest sect of the Covenanters. But greater trials were awaiting him. The Kirk of Scotland, now again supreme, had set her heart upon conformity in religion in the sister kingdom, and frequent were the communications on the subject with the leaders of the popular party in Parliament. The Puritans required the aid of the Scotch, and the latter insisted upon this as its condition. At last the House of Commons subscribed the solemn League and Covenant, and Leslie marched into England at the head of 21,000 men. The Assembly of Divines at Westminster was convoked to deliberate on the basis of union. The Scotch Commissioners to this Assembly were Alexander Henderson, Robert Baillie, Samuel Rutherford, and George Gillespie, besides Lord Maitland and Sir Archibald Johnston. We mention these names to take the opportunity of calling Mr. Cunningham's attention to the most unwarrantable terms in which he speaks of Rutherford's letters. To stigmatise as indecencies and obscenity what has proved

the source of comfort to so many Christians, is as unwarrantable as the revival of an unsupported rumour against the character of Rutherford.

Without further dwelling on the deliberations of that Assembly, its "Confession of Faith" and Shorter Catechism, which have ever since remained in use in the Scottish Church, are sufficient monuments of the piety and talents of its members. Political affairs were now in a more unsettled state than ever. While the king was hardly pressed by the English and Scotch armies, Montrose had raised the Royalist banner and carried everything before him till his forces were dispersed by old Leslie. In 1645, a pacification would still have been possible. Had Charles only consented to take the solemn League and Covenant, and to abolish Episcopacy in England, he would have reigned over a faithful Presbyterian people. Much to the satisfaction of the Republican Independents the king refused thus to violate his convictions. The Scotch would not allow him to cross the Border till he had taken the Covenant, all their claims were satisfied, and however we must deplore the act, there was no alternative left under the circumstances, but to deliver the unhappy monarch into the hands of his English subjects. What followed is too well known. The efforts of a small party in favour of Charles were utterly hopeless, and Montrose, who at a later period took the field, was made prisoner and hanged on a gallows 30 feet high. Still the Scottish people were loyal. A deputation waited upon Charles II. at Breda and offered him the crown, provided he became a Covenanter. The heartless prince would have promised anything; he afterwards signed a document in which he condemned his father and blamed his mother; and now set sail for Scotland, and for some time conformed sorely against his inclinations to all that the strictest churchman could exact. But already the English army under Cromwell was advancing. The Scottish host was sadly thinned by being purged of all suspected of any "malignancy." Still Cromwell would undoubtedly have been defeated at Dunbar by Leslie, if the mad zeal of his followers had not driven him from his advantageous position. Everything was not yet lost. Charles II. fled northwards, was crowned at Scone, and the strict rules of the General Assembly and Parliament as to recruiting were relaxed, to the sore vexation of a party in the Church, who assumed the name of Protesters. Another victory of Cromwell at Worcester (for the war had been transferred into England) decided the fate of Charles, who fled to France. The rule of Cromwell was far from disastrous to Scotland, only that as he dissolved the English Parliament, so his soldiers cleared the General Assembly as the Moderator was in the act of calling the roll. On the 3rd September, 1658, the Protector died, and in less than two years the accession of Charles II. was hailed with enthusiastic delight both in his English and Scotch dominions. The work of reaction soon began. Once more the Presbyterian polity was overturned; the Covenanting Parliament now forbade the Covenant. Argyle died on the scaffold; he was followed by many other martyrs.

The change of political views was only equalled by that of manners. The King's Commissioner was a low drunken debauchee, and too many who formerly had pretended sanctity, followed his example. Matters went still further. The Covenants were declared treasonable, and all ministers ordained from 1649 were expelled from their parishes, unless instituted anew by their bishops. Three hundred preachers were thus in one day turned out of their homes for no other crime than their non-acknowledgment of the new clerical authority. It could scarcely be expected that the people would attend the ministrations of their successors, even had their characters been better than in most cases they were. But it was declared seditious for the outed ministers to preach, and non-attendance at the parish church was made a crime of almost equal magnitude. Even this was not all: a party of troopers, commanded by Sir James Turner, went to the suspected districts and executed a lynch law of their own. Then began those secret meetings, and that more open resistance which have made Covenanting times so famous in Scottish history. It is impossible for us to follow the course of these sad events by which a peaceful, religious, and loyal people was almost goaded to madness. It was truly a reign of terror. Conventicles, as they were called, were held in sequestered glens; surprises by dragoons, wholesale murders, execution or torture of ministers were the order of the day. The people retorted as they could; Sir James Turner and Archbishop Sharpe were murdered; the battle of Drumclog was gained, that of Bothwell Bridge lost; still these undaunted Presbyterians yielded not in any matter of conscience. A remarkable instance of their courage occurred in 1680. The Government seemed to relent for a little, but the more far-seeing and heroic of the Covenanters, who formed themselves into what have been since known as the Cameronians, trusted not the bait thrown out by a foresworn prince. A party of 21 men marched into Sanquhar, and affixed to the market cross a declaration in which they formally disowned Charles Stuart as their king.

The condition of the country was not improved under the reign of James VII. (II.) When still Duke of York he came to Scotland, and the compliant Parliament annulled in his favour the act which secured the Protestant succession to the throne. Still James passed in 1687 an act by which the laws against Nonconformists were abolished, and Presbyterians allowed to worship according to their own consciences—provided they met not in the open air. The concession was in reality intended not for his Protestant subjects, but for his Popish co-religionists. But the measure of tyranny was full. Even the most ardent defenders of the "right divine" of kings and of "passive obedience" could no longer brook the yoke of Popish and despotic persecution. On 5th November, 1688, William of Orange landed at Torbay, and "six weeks afterwards James was a fugitive, and the country free."

However interesting the narrative which yet remains of the struggles and the doings in the Church of Scotland, our space and the

fear of somehow identifying ourselves with parties and controversies still pending, prevents our following it further. It is well known that the Episcopal party in Scotland remained attached to the Stuarts, while the Presbyterians ardently supported William and Mary, and afterwards the House of Hanover. In these circumstances, William could scarcely do otherwise than yield to the wishes of the people, and restore Presbytery, even had not one of his most trusted councillors been a Scottish minister—Carstares, a man whose sterling worth, ability, and moderation has scarcely been yet sufficiently recognised. The period which followed the restoration of Presbytery was increasingly one of religious decay. Perhaps it could scarcely have been otherwise, considering the troubles that had preceded the unsettled state of the Kirk, the difficulty of filling up all the vacant parishes, and especially the introduction of patronage, which was not unfrequently enforced at the point of the bayonet. It was this religious decline and the spiritual tyranny exercised upon the people by the intrusion of unacceptable presentees, and not any differences in doctrine or even Church Government, which caused the various secessions from the Church of Scotland, divided churchmen into "Moderates" and "Evangelicals," and ultimately led to the formation of the Free Church of Scotland. By these secessions the Establishment has lost not less in numbers than in influence throughout the country. At present it is considerably in the minority; the tendency of recent legislation has been to deprive it of its exclusive privileges, and though among its ministers there are not a few distinguished for piety, talent, and learning, its moral weight is small as compared with what it might have been. The liberality, the Evangelistic efforts, and the missionary operations are far outdistancing those of the State paid Church. Let us hope that by the Divine blessing, present and comparatively small differences may not be indefinitely kept up, and that—established or disestablished—Scotland may yet possess a great and united Presbyterian Church, able to cope with growing heathenism at home, and adequately to aid the spread of the Gospel abroad.

II.

THE LATE BISHOP WILSON.

e decease of this distinguished prelate, the Established
h of England has suffered no trifling loss. He was one of
emost of that able band who have endeavoured in recent
to revive her spiritual life from the pure waters of the
. Thoroughly attached to her institutions and heartily
d to her interests, for more than fifty years he laboured in
vice with unusual energy and zeal. Half this period he
oured, in England, to increase her converts, purify her
nion, and enlarge her power for good. Half this period,
oured as her chief pastor in India to organize her ecclesias-
ystem over that vastly-extended territory, to supply the
f churches, to secure an adequate number of chaplains, to
anise English society, and to consolidate her missions
the natives of the land. In spite of all deficiencies, so
vas his influence and so blessed his labours in our eastern
—he found the Church so weak and small, and left it so
ed, consolidated, and flourishing—that it will be long before
emory of his efforts or even their most prominent results
ss away. A few pages devoted to an outline of labours, by
the cause of Christianity was greatly advanced, will not be
ptable to our readers.*

Memoir of Bishop Wilson referred to below has been
ed by his son-in-law and first chaplain, Mr. Bateman. It
the whole, an excellent book, supplying abundant materials
ull and clear exhibition of the bishop's life and labours.
arger portion of the work is drawn from the bishop's own
inous papers, and consists of extracts from his diaries, his
ous letters (of which hundreds have been consulted), and
iblished sermons. The connecting links, from the bio-
r's own hand, are well written, exhibit great good sense,
ry much to the point, and convey a great deal of useful
ation in a precise form. But though exceedingly interesting,
rk is much too long; the extracts from journals and letters
o numerous, and containing, as they often do, similar
ents and feelings recurring at different periods of the
's history, add nothing to the knowledge already given of

* he Life of the Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, D.D., late Lord Bishop of
a and Metropolitan of India." By the Rev. Josiah Bateman. 2 vols.
. 1860.

his inner character and life. It is by no means a mere panegyric on the bishop's character and proceedings; at times distinct errors of judgment and conduct are freely acknowledged. But those who are well acquainted with the bishop's Indian history will find many doubtful proceedings omitted, others lightly passed over; and in others, bright colours laid on where darker shades would have been more appropriate; and to a considerable extent the "warts" of the living man removed from the portrait which professes to represent him faithfully. With these drawbacks, we can heartily commend the volumes to the attention of our readers.

Daniel Wilson was born in Spitalfields in 1778, in one of the few godly families whose Christianity shone brightly in that age of infidelity and wickedness. Like many other men distinguished in the Church of God, he was blessed with a peculiarly excellent mother, whose instructions and prayers guided his youth, who was ever his confidant and adviser, and retained to the last his warmest affection and esteem. The family were early connected with Newton, Cecil, Scott, and other leaders of the evangelical clergy of the day, and young Wilson derived considerable help from their instructions and advice. For his early education, he was greatly indebted to the well-known John Eyre, of Hackney. With a view to his settlement in the silk trade, he was apprenticed to his uncle, William Wilson, an excellent, conscientious Christian, who was carrying on a most lucrative business in the City. Thrown among young men, Daniel Wilson showed himself clever, but wild, forward, and self-sufficient. He never doubted the sound doctrine in which he had been trained, but he loved it not, and did not obey it. A casual remark from one of his pious companions brought home the truth to his mind, and gave him deep and painful convictions of sin. It was long before he found peace in Christ; for eighteen months clouds and darkness hung over his soul; but the experience he obtained, the knowledge he acquired of the human heart, and the deep impressions made of the intense value of evangelical truth, proved of lasting value in the course of his future ministry. His conversion changed the current of his thoughts; business became distasteful, and he conceived an ardent desire to enter the ministry, and even to become a missionary to the heathen. In this desire he was supported by the advice of Cecil, Eyre, and Rowland Hill; and at length, after a few months of earnest preparation under the Rev. Josiah Pratt, he began his studies at St. Edmund's Hall, in Oxford. He worked very hard, was a most diligent student, made rapid progress, and attained a respectable scholarship. He could speak Latin fluently; and learned to write his journals in both Latin and French. He passed, with much credit, the various

minations for his degrees, both of B.A. and M.A.; obtained a iversity Prize for an "Essay on Common Sense," and delivered efore the University on the same day as that on which Heber ivered his well-known poem on Palestine.

After five years of study, in 1801, Mr. Wilson was ordained l entered the ministry as curate of Chobham, under his old nd Mr. Cecil. He threw great energy into his work, preached ull gospel in the plainest and most faithful manner, visited ry family committed to his charge, and sought to make full of of his ministry. His little church was soon crowded, l the curate became not only popular, but useful in all the ntry round.

At the end of two years he obtained a tutorship in his old Hall Oxford, and having secured the prospect of competence and fort, married his cousin Anne, the daughter of the wealthy le to whom he had been apprenticed. The marriage was a y happy one; and the union, having lasted twenty-five years, s only broken by Mrs. Wilson's lamented death. At Oxford, . Wilson remained about nine years. He was first Assistant- tor at St. Edmund's, then Tutor and Vice-Principal. He was y successful in stirring up his students to diligence in their pur- ts; and above all, in drawing the hearts of many to the Cross Christ. He read and expounded the Greek Testament with m, and aimed at improving their whole religious character, not rely at making them successful scholars. He was popular as a cher; but they felt his want of geniality as a friend; and his at love of University "Order," in sticking out not only for vn but bands, secured for him the sobriquet of "Bands Wilson." torship was not, however, Mr. Wilson's forte; he felt it cramp soul, keep down his spirituality, and rob him of the satisfaction deeply felt in seeking the conversion of souls. He was glad, there- e, to discharge the duties of curate to the two churches at Worton, his uncle's property, a short distance from Oxford. Here the pel had not been preached for many years. A series of racing l hunting curates, who filled the country round, had driven the ple from Sabbath Services, and left their souls starving and irst. Mr. Wilson's curacy, therefore, was a memorable one to ignorant population. He had an excellent voice, an earnest nner, a simple, homely style, abundance of rich matter and stration, and pressed home, with force and power, on his unl ed audience the simple gospel of divine love, of whi tl od in so much need. The churches were soon crami th erested hearers, who flocked to hear him Sabbath af m all the country round. There was little in the Chur those days, of preaching so acceptable, so impressive,

fitable, especially in country villages; and his days of usefulness at Worton have never been forgotten.

At length in 1809, the health of his valued friend Mr. Cecil began to fail, and Mr. Wilson, at the ripe age of thirty-one, was invited to succeed him in London, as minister of St. John's, Bedford-row. This Episcopal Chapel, built for the pious seceders of St. Andrew's Church, when the disreputable Sacheverel was forced upon them by Queen Anne, had long been a centre of Evangelical truth amid surrounding darkness; and under the ministry of Mr. Cecil, a large "congregation of faithful men" had been gathered who, much as they prized church ordinances, loved gospel truth still more. Mr. Wilson had been well prepared by previous training for a full discharge of the important duties of such a responsible position. He had attained considerable scholarship; was familiar with Greek and Hebrew, reading the Bible daily in those tongues; was a close student of the best fathers and commentators, was himself an earnest, watching, conscientious Christian; and had clear and large conceptions of the spiritual wants of man, and of the power of a pure gospel to supply all their need. As soon as he was settled as Pastor, the congregation rapidly increased, the chapel filled, and his usefulness was very great. His pews were not drawn from the parish, but gathered from all parts of London; and his congregation formed a select band of the most pious and spiritual Christians in the Church of England at that time. Many distinguished individuals are mentioned as constant attendants. The Thorntons, the Charles Grants, father and son, Mr. Stephen and his son, Dr. Mason Good, Zachary Macaulay and his son, with many others, occupied regular seats; and Wilberforce attended occasionally. Visitors were continually arriving from all parts of the country, and in after years in India many greeted him as an old friend, to whose instructions they had often listened in St. John's. The regular congregation soon numbered 1,800 persons, of whom between six and seven hundred were communicants. His style of preaching was now thoroughly fixed, and all its peculiar excellencies were well developed. He was always a clear thinker, and the arrangement of his topics was lucid and broad. From the commencement of his ministry he was accustomed to study commentators, and Scott was such a favourite that in the course of his life he read him through many times, and thoroughly mastered his views. When examining any special text or subject, he covered his table with books in which he found help; he aimed at clearness of thought, at fulness of illustration rather than originality; he began his preparations early, and gave many hours to his compositions; the consequence was a richness of thought and wealth of matter in his sermons which have seldom been equalled, and

e rarely excelled. In the course of four or five sermons
l quote fifty authors, and place as many as six annotations
ıgle page of his discourse. In this way he became
y distinguished as an expounder of the Scriptures, and
in the pulpit or in the family, he was able to render his
ns rich with the fulness of gospel truth. His sermons
, however, mere general statements; he made the most
lications of truth to the conscience of his hearers, and his
were eloquent and powerful. He preached in a strong,
ɔe; his tones were authoritative, if not pompous, and he
of big adjectives, which he rolled out *rotundo ore*. Such
ʒ, conveying the most impressive Evangelical truth in a
active form, was not common in the Church of England
days; and accompanied as it was by fervent prayers for
ing of the Spirit, who can wonder that it was fruitful in
ɔrsion and sanctification of many souls.

ıg this conspicuous position among the Evangelical
Ir. Wilson did not confine his preaching simply to the
edification of his flock. From the first, he was a hearty
ıd helper of the Church Missionary and Bible Societies,
ɔveral occasions preached and travelled on their behalf.
ɔ course of these years, he published several of his
especially those which were preached at missionary
ıries or on the death of friends. He took part, also, in
m controversies that arose, and became quite conspicuous
mpion of the Church Missionary Society against many
ɔted to its constitution and its proceedings. His pen was
ɔielded on the side of gospel truth, and of evangelical,
forts for saving precious souls. Special occasions, also,
careful to turn to account for the same great cause.
ɔen invited to preach a University Sermon at Oxford, he
ɔly chose for his topic the subject of *Regeneration;* and,
ıding its author, nature, and results, denied, in the most
ɔrms, the doctrine of Baptismal Grace so popular in that
y. To make the case quite clear, he quoted Bishop
ɔ sentiment that "Simon Magus after his baptism was as
ɔlackamoor as before it." Sentiments and language so
his, of course gave considerable offence, and it was long
was invited to preach again in the ne e.
ɔe useful and efficient labours fifteen y s away.
ɔe the best years of his life: his preaching, his l
his usefulness, were in their prime. A severe ill
ɔost unusual, at length laid him low; and, in t m
ɔt of a sick room, in the devout meditatio and
ɔst secured him, he learned to ackn ge,

fulness, that it was "good to be afflicted." When he rose from his sick bed he returned to St. John's no more: another sphere of labour was assigned him.

His uncle and father-in-law had many years before purchased the advowson of the vicariate of Islington; and, at his death, bequeathed it to Mr. Wilson. When, therefore, in 1824, Mr. Strahan, the vicar, died, the presentation fell into Mr. Wilson's hands, and he appointed himself. He now entered on a new phase of clerical life, and assumed, for the first time, a parochial charge in a great city. Islington at that time contained about 30,000 inhabitants, and in the Church of England possessed only the parish church and one chapel of ease. There were several flourishing Dissenting Churches of various communions, of which of course neither the vicar nor his biographer, in estimating the spiritual condition of the parish, could be expected to take notice. Under the former vicar, the services of the church were cold and lifeless, and gave very little profit to the uninstructed thousands of the neighbourhood. In assuming his new charge, Mr. Wilson was anxious to benefit, in the most direct way, his own parishioners. He knew he could soon fill St. Mary's, as he had filled St. John's; but he was desirous of filling it, not with strangers, but with his own people. For some time, therefore, he was particularly careful so to preach Evangelical truth to his new audience as not to prejudice them against it, and to convince them that he had at heart, first of all, the spiritual prosperity of his cure. The church was soon filled; he became popular among his own people; he took the afternoon lectureship; secured the services of some excellent curates; and set himself to supply the spiritual destitution around him. With considerable trouble and explanation, he succeeded in securing an arrangement with the Church Building Commissioners for erecting three large churches at a cost to the parish of only £12,000. The sum was unanimously voted by the parishioners; the churches placed in admirable positions; and supplied with faithful ministers. Islington now contains 150,000 people; it is one of the most religious parishes in the kingdom; it enjoys the services of about forty ministers of Christ, of whom half are within the establishment and half out of it: but the germs of active piety within the Church of England, and the founding of the fifteen churches in which its adherents now assemble, are justly attributed to the earnest efforts of Bishop Wilson. While Vicar of Islington, his course of usefulness still continued; but he was getting to fifty years of age, and apparently growing less active as a preacher. He had to meet a few parochial squabbles; but his chief afflictions lay within the bounds of his own family. One of his

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fitable, especially in country villages; and his days of usefulness at Worton have never been forgotten.

At length in 1809, the health of his valued friend Mr. Cecil, began to fail, and Mr. Wilson, at the ripe age of thirty-one, was invited to succeed him in London, as minister of St. John's, Bedford-row. This Episcopal Chapel, built for the pious seceders of St. Andrew's Church, when the disreputable Sacheverel was forced upon them by Queen Anne, had long been a centre of Evangelical truth amid surrounding darkness; and under the ministry of Mr. Cecil, a large "congregation of faithful men" had been gathered, who, much as they prized church ordinances, loved gospel truth still more. Mr. Wilson had been well prepared by previous training for a full discharge of the important duties of such a responsible position. He had attained considerable scholarship; was familiar with Greek and Hebrew, reading the Bible daily in these tongues; was a close student of the best fathers and commentators; was himself an earnest, watching, conscientious Christian; and had clear and large conceptions of the spiritual wants of men, and of the power of a pure gospel to supply all their need. As soon as he was settled as Pastor, the congregation rapidly increased, the chapel filled, and his usefulness was very great. His people were not drawn from the parish, but gathered from all parts of London; and his congregation formed a select band of the most zealous and spiritual Christians in the Church of England at that time. Many distinguished individuals are mentioned as constant attendants. The Thorntons, the Charles Grants, father and son, Mr. Stephen and his son, Dr. Mason Good, Zachary Macaulay and his son, with many others, occupied regular seats; and Wilberforce attended occasionally. Visitors were continually arriving from all parts of the country, and in after years in India many greeted him as an old friend, to whose instructions they had often listened in St. John's. The regular congregation soon numbered 1,800 persons, of whom between six and seven hundred were communicants. His style of preaching was now thoroughly fixed, and all its peculiar excellencies were well developed. He was always a clear thinker, and the arrangement of his topics was lucid and broad. From the commencement of his ministry he was accustomed to study commentators, and Scott was such a favourite that in the course of his life he read him through many times, and thoroughly mastered his views. When examining any special text or subject, he covered his table with books in which he found any help; he aimed at clearness of thought, at fulness of illustration rather than originality; he began his preparations early, devoted many hours to his compositions; the consequence was a richness of thought and wealth of matter in his sermons which have seldom been equalled, and

still more rarely excelled. In the course of four or five sermons he would quote fifty authors, and place as many as six annotations on a single page of his discourse. In this way he became eminently distinguished as an expounder of the Scriptures, and whether in the pulpit or in the family, he was able to render his expositions rich with the fulness of gospel truth. His sermons were not, however, mere general statements; he made the most close applications of truth to the conscience of his hearers, and his appeals were eloquent and powerful. He preached in a strong, clear voice; his tones were authoritative, if not pompous, and he was fond of big adjectives, which he rolled out *rotundo ore*. Such preaching, conveying the most impressive Evangelical truth in a very attractive form, was not common in the Church of England in those days; and accompanied as it was by fervent prayers for the blessing of the Spirit, who can wonder that it was fruitful in the conversion and sanctification of many souls.

Holding this conspicuous position among the Evangelical clergy, Mr. Wilson did not confine his preaching simply to the personal edification of his flock. From the first, he was a hearty friend and helper of the Church Missionary and Bible Societies, and on several occasions preached and travelled on their behalf.

In the course of these years, he published several of his sermons, especially those which were preached at missionary anniversaries or on the death of friends. He took part, also, in some warm controversies that arose, and became quite conspicuous as a champion of the Church Missionary Society against many who objected to its constitution and its proceedings. His pen was always wielded on the side of gospel truth, and of evangelical, hearty efforts for saving precious souls. Special occasions, also, he was careful to turn to account for the same great cause. Thus, when invited to preach a University Sermon at Oxford, he deliberately chose for his topic the subject of *Regeneration;* and, in expounding its author, nature, and results, denied, in the most distinct terms, the doctrine of Baptismal Grace so popular in that University. To make the case quite clear, he quoted Bishop Latimer's sentiment that "Simon Magus after his baptism was as great a blackamoor as before it." Sentiments and language so plain as this, of course gave considerable offence, and it was long before he was invited to preach again in the same place.

In these useful and efficient labours fifteen years passed away. They were the best years of his life: his preaching, his personal influence, his usefulness, were in their prime. A severe illness, to him most unusual, at length laid him low; and, in the calm retirement of a sick room, in the devout meditations and prayers which rest secured him, he learned to acknowledge, with thank-

fulness, that it was "good to be afflicted." When he rose from his sick bed he returned to St. John's no more: another sphere of labour was assigned him.

His uncle and father-in-law had many years before purchased the advowson of the vicariate of Islington; and, at his death, bequeathed it to Mr. Wilson. When, therefore, in 1824, Dr. Strahan, the vicar, died, the presentation fell into Mr. Wilson's hands, and he appointed himself. He now entered on a new phase of clerical life, and assumed, for the first time, a parochial charge in a great city. Islington at that time contained about 30,000 inhabitants, and in the Church of England possessed only the parish church and one chapel of ease. There were several flourishing Dissenting Churches of various communions, of which of course neither the vicar nor his biographer, in estimating the spiritual condition of the parish, could be expected to take notice. Under the former vicar, the services of the church were cold and lifeless, and gave very little profit to the uninstructed thousands of the neighbourhood. In assuming his new charge, Mr. Wilson was anxious to benefit, in the most direct way, his own parishioners. He knew he could soon fill St. Mary's, as he had filled St. John's; but he was desirous of filling it, not with strangers, but with his own people. For some time, therefore, he was particularly careful so to preach Evangelical truth to his new audience as not to prejudice them against it, and to convince them that he had at heart, first of all, the spiritual prosperity of his cure. The church was soon filled; he became popular among his own people; he took the afternoon lectureship; secured the services of some excellent curates; and set himself to supply the spiritual destitution around him. With considerable trouble and explanation, he succeeded in securing an arrangement with the Church Building Commissioners for erecting three large churches at a cost to the parish of only £12,000. The sum was unanimously voted by the parishioners; the churches placed in admirable positions; and supplied with faithful ministers. Islington now contains 150,000 people; it is one of the most religious parishes in the kingdom; it enjoys the services of about forty ministers of Christ, of whom half are within the establishment and half out of it: but the germs of active piety within the Church of England, and the founding of the fifteen churches in which its adherents now assemble, are justly attributed to the earnest efforts of Bishop Wilson. While Vicar of Islington, his course of usefulness still continued; but he was getting to fifty years of age, and apparently growing less active as a preacher. He had to meet a few parochial squabbles; but his chief afflictions lay within the bounds of his own family. One of his

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In 1832, the bishopric of Calcutta became vacant, for the fourth time within a few years. A strange fatality seemed to attend it, explainable probably by the comparatively advanced age at which the bishops had been appointed. The vacancy was offered to several clergy of high standing, who declined it; at length it was offered by Mr. Charles Grant to Mr. Wilson, and was accepted. His medical friends made no objection; and he was consecrated to the see just as he reached the age of fifty-four. Many of his friends feared greatly on his behalf; and none could have imagined that his Master would be pleased to spare him for yet five-and-twenty years, and confer upon him eminent usefulness in that distant diocese. With a stout heart, however, he set forth to his sphere of labour, "not knowing the things which might befal him there," and arrived at Calcutta at the close of 1832.

Bishop Wilson had done the Church good service in his native land; but it is by his Indian life and labours that his name will be hereafter distinguished. He had been faithful over a few things: he was now to be ruler over many things. He had endeavoured to provide churches and ministers for a neglected parish: he was now to contemplate and seek to remedy the spiritual destitution of mighty provinces. He was the first Indian bishop who thoroughly appreciated the wants of the Church in our Eastern empire; and, aided by the experience of former years, he set himself to supply them with all the means at his command. When he arrived, the transition state of English society was steadily progressing. Old Indianism, with its ignorance of home, its open irreligion, its gross vices, was fast passing away. In the great cities, where large communities had gathered, society had outwardly assumed a more decent exterior than was known in former years. But the number of devoted Christians was by no means large. There were few churches in the many stations scattered over the extensive provinces of the Empire, and fewer chaplains to occupy them. The English forces were ill supplied with means of grace, though their wants were the most pressing. The small civil stations were more destitute still; and in many retired localities, to which the voice of public opinion scarcely penetrated, the most glaring immorality amongst public officers might be witnessed still. Even the few

chaplains that held appointments in the public service part of their duties for the most part in a very inefficient and [illegible] manner; in the [illegible] of the day, they found that [illegible] visiting the [illegible] they were to a considerable extent [illegible] and many of them did that which was right in [illegible]— especially when they could make money. At the [illegible] that time [illegible] set himself to regulate [illegible] by a draft of his Indian liturgy, [illegible] in the [illegible] of his predecessor.

The [illegible] next dealt with the question of [illegible] which [illegible] of the diocese. He had [illegible] chaplain [illegible] the senior chaplain denied the [illegible] in the cathedral church. That [illegible] was [illegible] they were [illegible] to [illegible] were limited to the watched and held responsible [illegible] their immediate duties. The Bishop wished to [illegible] arrangement [illegible] in his own hands and when he [illegible] [illegible] of his views were [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] by the other way, and [illegible] the [illegible] by their own civil heads. The [illegible] [illegible] this matter by [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ocese was divided: bishoprics were formed in Ceylon, Madras, d Bombay. Bishop Wilson was thus left in direct charge of e Presidency of Bengal, the Burman Provinces, and the Straits Malacca; and was made Metropolitan of the whole. The ult in a few years was a compactness of system and a com-eteness in the supply of ordinances of the most gratifying and tonishing kind. Had all the chaplains been as spiritual, ergetic, and evangelical as their superior, the progress of vital ligion, great as it was, would doubtless, under God's blessing, ve been considerably increased. Even as it is, the great crease in the number of godly ministers in India, both in and t of the establishment, and the solid advance of spiritual ligion in the English community, call for the most hearty and vout thankfulness.

In Bishop Wilson, again, Christian missions among the athen ever found an active supporter and zealous friend. He red few things in his diocese more than the promotion of rist's work amongst the idolators of the land. The Church issionary Society, its agents, and operations, were peculiarly ar to him; and those of the Propagation Society, too, he was er ready to aid. He visited all their stations; inquired into eir position, wants, and prospects; endeavoured to enter, as far he could, into personal intercourse with the missionaries and eir flocks; and took the deepest interest in their welfare. With e missionaries his intercourse seemed ever more free and restrained than that with his official chaplains. They treated m as their personal friend, received sympathy and advice in l their difficulties, and were frequently invited to make his use their home. One of the most stirring appeals ever uttered behalf of Indian missions was contained in the first charge livered to his clergy after his arrival in India.

On one vital question in these missions his proceedings ecial mention and special honour. When he visited t issions in the Province of Tanjore, that had been foun by hwartz and the Tranquebar missionaries, he found, on in iry, at they were torn to pieces by dissensions, and their comm terly vitiated by the observance of Caste Rules among ssing Christians. For many years missionaries had npo ith the difficulty; Bishop Heber, led away by the s native clergyman that caste distinctions were civil s t religious, had refused to interfere; and the contin l o nce of these unrighteous and heathen laws threatened not o estroy all vitality in the Tamil missions of the Church of nd, but by their example to infect and injure those of issionary bodies in the same part of the country.

Wilson, however, saw the real nature of the case, saw the radical evils to which these observances gave rise, and set himself to root them out with a strong hand. He visited the missions, conversed with the missionaries, discussed the matter with the people, and declared that these caste rules must be observed in the churches no longer. By personal expostulation, as well as by letters, he showed them how utterly unchristian and injurious these observances are, and announced his single determination that in the missions under his control they should entirely cease. Tests of obedience were provided, by which the decision of the catechists and members might be declared. Large numbers quitted the missions rather than surrender their caste prejudices, and continue separate to this day. But large numbers remained, and with them the missions were recommenced on a new footing. The energy and decision of the bishop in this important matter have proved of immense benefit to the cause of missions; the influence he was able to exert at once over such a large range of churches became everywhere known, and proved a bulwark to the missionaries of other societies and churches, who were acting in the same way. The tenacious evil has not wholly disappeared; but a right course respecting it has been established and steadily maintained. Time, and a higher standard of religion in the native churches will, it is hoped, cure it entirely in days to come. In a similar manner the bishop dealt with the question of the church missions among the Syrian churches. They had been commenced on the plan of improving the existing system; but the personal interests and gains of the officials were so directly affected by the spiritual progress of the people, that they thwarted it in every way. After long forbearance, the bishop wisely directed that the church missions should be carried on separately, and the converts attached to the Church of England should be formed into separate congregations under the instruction and discipline of the missionaries alone.

The decisive action of the bishop was not, however, confined to the local questions arising in his own diocese. When the "Tracts for the Times" appeared at Oxford, and the Puseyite school began to disturb the Church in England, he at once discerned the tendency of their doctrines, and his intense attachment to Evangelical truth rendered him immediately and deeply sensitive to the evil influences they were calculated to exert upon the rising ministry of the Church. From the first, therefore, he lifted up a standard against them; and whilst so many prelates at home hesitated, temporized, and tampered with the growing evil, his voice was raised in clear tones of warning; while his advocacy and exposition of the great doctrine of justification by faith alone, in opposition to all ceremonial acceptance, became only the more decided,

rnest, and more prominent. All his influence was exerted Tractarianism throughout his diocese; he made special e to Evangelical views in his examination of candidates for and subjected them to special tests. He watched the con- his chaplains also, and put a summary stop to all re from the ordinary rubrical observances of the present Though there are many chaplains in India lifeless and in their work—many who stickle for the rubric and care r saving truth—during all the bishop's life there were ibitions in India like those in St. Barnabas; and vest- altar-cloths, and candles were never allowed to trouble the f the Church under his rule. That the English community ndian empire is so Evangelical in its faith, and therefore so n supporting missionary work, is largely due, under God's ; to the earnest and uncompromising defence of that faith ned during a long series of years by the bishop's example, , and instructions.

object, long contemplated with intense desire, was the ı of a new Cathedral. It was to be his own special seat as olitan of the Church of England in India; it was to have a , consisting of a dean and twelve canons, half of whom) be missionaries, European or native; and it was to be ad-quarters of a great mission among the natives of a. To the complete scheme he attached an inordinate of importance. He imagined that for the first time unity would be presented with due form and weight to us eyes; for though no Puseyite, the bishop was by no dverse to a considerable amount of Episcopal show. He the scheme forward with great earnestness, devoted to it than £25,000 from his own purse, and received immense ns in aid of it from officials and societies in England. In spects, the plan succeeded; in others it totally failed. The of England in India being merely connected with the ment, and intended for the English community of Govern- rvants, has, strictly speaking, no local establishment in the ; the Court of Directors therefore refused to sanction the on of the cathedral chapter. The cathedral mission also ough, and the funds that had been collected for endow- nave been given to the Church Missionary and Propagation s. The cathedral itself was built, and the Court granted district church, the services of two extra chaplains. Though nly of brick, it is a handsome building, with a lofty spire, nave forms a most capacious church. The bishop lived it, and beneath the communion-table his body now rests ast sleep.

Our sketch is too brief to allow any description of his visit to England in 1845, or of the special labours of his last few years. In the year of mutiny, his voice was heard in distinct tones, calling on the Government to wash its hands of all evil, the Church to sacrifice more for the salvation of the heathen, and all classes to humble themselves beneath the mighty hand of God in true and heartfelt penitence. In the height of the crisis, he invited the clergy, ministers, and missionaries of all denominations to his palace, and, though very feeble himself, presided at one of the most solemn of the many prayer-meetings held at that season in India. Shortly after, he enjoyed the deep satisfaction of joining the Bishops of Madras and Victoria (in China) in consecrating the newly-appointed Bishop of Labuan.

But the time drew near that he should die. Towards the close of 1857, his strength began visibly and rapidly to decay. "Within the chambers of his heart life's fire was burning low." He suffered from little disease and little pain; he knew he was passing away, and clung with simpler faith and love than ever to the Saviour, to whom he had consecrated his numerous years; he was nearly eighty; and at length, just as the new year dawned, at early morning he was found, seated on his couch, dead. The news of his actual death created a great sensation in the city: and two days after, the largest congregation that had ever been gathered in the Cathedral met to commit him to the tomb.

The great excellencies of this venerable servant of Christ are too prominent to need more than mention. The Church in India owes him a deep debt of gratitude and honour. He found few churches, few chaplains, few missionaries, and a worldly English society ill supplied with the means of grace. With great energy and large-hearted liberality, he endeavoured to stir up all in supplying the want, and he left the Church strong, consolidated, well-instructed, and, as a whole, well supplied with ordinances and zealously attached to the Gospel. His personal labours were immense; his gifts very large. He was the best preacher in his diocese; and during his Indian career he preached 2,300 sermons.

A great reader, his conversations were always interesting and instructive, full of racy, sententious utterances; and his extensive travels and intercourse with distinguished men of all ranks imparted a freshness to his views exceedingly agreeable to all who heard them. As his life grew on, he became more liberal in respect to denominations different from his own, and his Christianity and Catholicity assumed a broader character.

But he had great faults which, in spite of his rare excellence, gave pain to his best friends, and were a scandal to the world at large. He had rather a hard nature; he could be very brusque

id rude; in speech he often lacked discretion, and at times he parted greatly from the truth. In especially his later years, he as accustomed to interject extempore remarks into his written rmons very racy, very pointed indeed, but at times very rsonal. From the pulpit, he would commend or denounce by me individuals, newspapers, or passing events. He could ore everything which told against his own side in a discus-on. As a specimen of his imprudence in speech, it may be ntioned that on one occasion, when addressing the Church of gland misssionaries in Tanjore, he spoke in the following nner:—"Perhaps *not one in twenty* of those who come out m Europe in all the Protestant Societies persevere in the interestedness of the true missionary!" It was a monstrous lumny, utterly untrue; but the bishop, when taken to task, clined to retract it, though he sought to explain it away. It is agreeable to mention these things: they are the human and eak side of a great character—of a man distinguished for long nd prominent usefulness in great spheres of labour. It is for his od works that Bishop Wilson will long be honoured. For his eat services to the Church of Christ, especially in India, his me will be held in everlasting remembrance.

III.

ON OUR ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

By George Cupples.

Book-illustration having now reached the importance of a special rt and craft, a separate guild of illustrators has been produced, whose members, passing through their various grades, ascend at length o mastership, and must have employment. The same hands that ave decorated the early horn-book, the once dry almanack, or arith-netic-book, tedious of yore—that have shed expression into groups of he monthly fashions, imparting a vivid freshness to advertising itself, r a touch of nature to the very headings of shop-circulars and Christ-mas bills,—these same are now applying their skill, as the taste of the ublisher may assign, to elucidate the novelist or to supplement the ditorial labour. Further still, with a versatility of execution and a atholicity of aim, which must be admired, the same pencils that com-memorate openings of new railways, recent public dinners, and layings

of foundation stones will, panoramic breadth of effect in the illustrated newspaper, can be found at the same time to depict epic scenes in the pictorial history, and delineate how the most solemn events took place, in the illuminated Bible: while the identical artists who enter weekly into the spirit of Mr. Reynolds, or Mr. J. F. Smith's fictitious conceptions, are also graphic commentators on Longfellow or James Montgomery, and infuse life, meaning, colour, effect into the representations of Wordsworth, or raise the curtain upon the reveries of Shakspeare. There is about their style, in fact, more and more as they gain scope and material, the distinctive character of a school; nor is it wanting in the peculiarities which characterize all its followers, whether they append their individual signs or hide them. In the mass, we might say, these consist in a largeness of treatment, a boldness of effect, a forcible contrast of light and shade; with that prevalent tendency to generalize, not debarred by frequent brotherly use of the same stock of symbols and artistic conventions, which conduces to varied applicability. Yet none the likelier to be confounded, for all that, are the particular mannerisms of each: wherein constant practice at every opportunity for their respective gifts, cultivating a facility beyond attainment otherwise, has made any charge of imitation impossible against these illustrative masters. They seem, if possible, *too* original. They evince but little, it might be fancied, of the assimilating, adapting, copying habit, which used to carry the aspirant abroad, that he might imitate in Rome or under the ruined Parthenon. Their avoidance of servility and repetition, so far as regards *others*, at any rate, has almost a painful effect in the redoubled genuineness, the intensified novelty, that only repeats or imitates *itself*. For the celebrated "three trees" of Rembrandt, they too carefully substitute one or two of their own, or avoid "Claude's sky" by means of another private firmament, still easier recognized. There is a certain chiaro-scuro known to us, and a particular manner of sunset, an originality of moon-rise, which, if we must have anything of the kind repeated, is far from preferable to Correggio's, to Turnerishness, or to Horatio Maculloch. And there are historical forms of procession, dramatic groupings, tragic attitudes, expressive glances, and sentimental or comic noses; there are large-headed children, venerable parents, as well as tall-bodied heroes in flowing under-garb of a special texture, manipulated and scumbled with a peculiar touch, which can no longer deceive us into the impersonal feeling that they illustrate any author or era whatever—illustrating, alas, nothing but the pantomimic fact, the confidential Christmas reminder, that "here we are again!"

Hitherto, in short, fortunately or unfortunately, what is called "High Art" has seldom condescended to embellish books. Very few, indeed, have been the great masters who, intentionally or knowingly, have consented to become decorators; scarce ever have they compromised the matter to the less derogatory extent, of so much as illustrating in the strict sense of that word. There is a certain boundary between

the plastic arts and the directly intellectual, which has been long preserved by logic as well as by rivalry and *esprit-de-corps*. It is worth noting, that when pictures of the illustrative kind have been painted apart, on whatever scale, their success has not tended to lead the artist further in such a direction. Historical pieces which require a small history of their own in the Academy's catalogue, are somehow not famous; works of *genre*, representing scenes from novels, with the dialogue and situation extracted for reference in the same manual, are grown obsolete; and if Turner's landscapes had depended for celebrity on that descriptive poem, the "Pleasures of Idleness," whose higher passages they used to embody, it is questionable whether the Oxford Graduate or they themselves would have remained the obscurer of his interpreters. With what belongs to books, indeed, Art has nothing to do. Its own function is neither to decorate nor illustrate; but out of those materials which already have come out from amongst intellectual knowledge, and are already virtually understood and patent to the mass of men, to create some recreative embodiment of them, great or small, whose very sight shall so approve itself before the commonest intelligence. Hence the great era of the Old Masters; not because Raphael and Angelo, Correggio or the Caracci, painted like the older monkish illuminators, to adorn or shed light upon a book, but boldly took up the vulgar fable, the outer unclerical legend; and in their strength, as in their weakness, were not so confident as to think they enriched the book, or that they made it plainer. They were but Italian men, alas, of the corruptest age—the age ready to burn and ban reformers. There were knights of chivalry before, that had been purer; hermits more devout, and Augustines more zealous: the poet Dante had been a loftier and more fervid man, more blameless by far, more prophetic and inspired; nay, the very stone and lime of the dark ages, raised above their heads in domed hall and spired cathedral, immeasurably transcended the pitch of their most rapturous feeling or holiest belief. Yet if their instinct had been only followed, without their method, by such modern successors as Haydon, Martin, and the lofty-minded David Scott, men of imagination as powerful, and culture at least equal with theirs, in an age of far superior privilege, how often might that "thin partition" have been kept up, which divides the narrow "cell of madness" from "great genius" with its ample scope. Since there is one resort of "unappreciated high art," more demeaning still than its concession to popular fashions, and than the call to illustrate books, it is when art retreats offended into the man's concentrated individuality, his originality of idiosyncratic fancies and visions, to illustrate nothing but his own incommunicable uninterpretable self, for whose finest dreams and most wistful longings the world does not care.

Between these two latter extremes, as we judge, recent British art has been for some time vacillating capriciously. The regular school of artists has disdainfully kept off from the one, while a new race has arisen to take up the neglected opening; though on the walls of

exhibitions it is manifest how the academician, alike with the associate and the extra-mural aspirant, cannot avoid symptoms of a hankering after the benefit foregone. When not too dangerously near the other, he steers a course of mediocre dulness between Scylla and Charybdis, or is obscurely brilliant in an amphibious fashion upon some incident half-Shakspearian, half-classic. Hybrids between Sir Walter Scott and the cosmopolitan manner are unsatisfactory. Leviathan-like approaches to the rural idyll, or elaborate treatment of street-trifles, are vain. For already they have been done better upon weekly wood-blocks, or etched by the facile graver of the monthly serialist; and if anything were forgotten, to-morrow it will be done in Punch with a *savoir-faire* which Mr. Frith himself, *facile princeps* of the right method, can only surpass by slow development of our contemporary mythology.

We have before us, now, however, in two of the latest and best specimens of book-illustration, a very striking manifestation of the way in which British art is condescending to occupy this humbler, but perhaps more lucrative sphere of wood and ink, as its very epicures of colour and texture have boldly ventured into the inhospitable region of mere black and white. And so anomalous are the circumstances of high art at present, in this our transition-period, that it can scarce be counselled better than to follow the example—nay, surpass it, by embarking resolutely for the shore of literature itself; not necessarily to become colonists there, but, at all events, to help the scanty band of civilized settlers in their strife with the rude aborigines, the savages of steel, lithograph, colour-printing, and wood block; possibly to return all the richer, from an Eldorado in course of discovery there, to the proper country of old time-honoured painting. It is strange enough in itself, certainly, and deserves special comment, to find no less than "Tennyson Illustrated." Nor only so; but by hands so unlikely at first sight as Millais, Hunt, Rossetti, and Maclise; add to whom, in most incongruous union, Mulready, Creswick, Stanfield, and Horsley.

Of writers who need no illustration, because self-illustrated beforehand to a seeming excess, Alfred Tennyson is the chief. To adorn him with outer azure and gold, with crimson device and shining symbol—internally to add pictures to his pictures, figures to his metaphor, fulness and vividness and form to his expressions—appears, on a first view, the very mania of decoration; "to throw a perfume o'er the violet, to gild refined gold, and paint the lily." Beside this flush of hues and warmth of flesh, surely even Mulready, stripped of his Giorgione's palette, would inscribe mere spectral shapes upon the wall; and Creswick's foliage, without its verdure, would cease to look crisp and fresh, his rural distance become bleak, compared with the witchery of the Idyll-scenes; while no pre-Raphaelite, how quaint or spiritual soever, could be thought even equal to the reaches of him who sang St. Simeon Stylites, and meditated "In Memoriam." We own that such, to a degree beyond these guesses, was our pre-conceived idea; but it has now, in a certain measure, to be retracted. This, too, even setting aside

ssion that must be made for the poet-laureate, with regard to olumes which alone as yet have been undertaken by this band guished auxiliaries from the sister art, and of sympathetic s in outline and perspective. Not that he is obscure in or sentiment, as the indolent reader will have it; yet the glish for his earlier lyrics, or the mature splendours of "The ' finds in both of them when thus tested and returned to gments of un-Tennysonian dimness or confusion, slips of symbolism; as well as those languid youthful reveries, with from nature, that serve only to mark his after progress.

characteristic peculiarities of the pre-Raphaelite school, enough, there is something that happens to hang well crevices or juttings on the rounded structure of the ian imagination; and their work is like the unexpected nt of a full cyclopædia, rather than the obvious com- required by any suggestive work. As with a tune too ly perfect, flowing without fault or impediment, perhaps ictive impression craves a discord for this music; we like t and cloud dashed over the landscape,—of Tennyson's ere rudeness and delicacy are alike converted to ideal use, and r ugliness is not forgotten, it is marvellously softened and to the general tone;—we want some Gothic to roughen this ing classicism of pure English verse, that makes romance itself ral, turning old mediæval monuments into marble sculpture; ilding up the shadowy mysteries of sternest religion into a Greek temple, despite our northern weather. Now with monastic manner, our younger division of the British painting enter in upon the scene; and willingly put off their s of colour, gilding, space, and broad effect, nay, sedulously selves of choice and freedom, to perform this necessary work. bout Millais, we must own, as proved by his share in the of it, a close human sympathy and a loving-kindness for the t bring emotion home to us, a direct force, a sparing simpli- practised ease of expression, which seldom fails, seldomer ricates in accessaries, or beats about the bush with details ures; and under his realistic hand the creatures of the poet, lorn or ecstatic state was but an ideal luxury to him, ana in the *Moated Grange*, or St. Agnes' breathing her rd heaven, now appear as beings of the earth indeed, e actual burden of their pain or longing. The Mariana bowed eath her sorrow in the illustration, hiding her face, a mere heap of misery in Rembrandtish light and shade, is however sion of the poet's thought. Far better was an early exhibition the same hand, at which the surprised critics shrugged their There the deserted mistress stood in her long velvet bower- rgeous blue, too gorgeous to be her dress for show, indeed, l been required; but there was no guest nor company, for ot, she said, and it was the lonely Grange. Lonely, though

with luxury beside her, so rich the carved cabinets, so sumptuous the toilet cloth, on either side; from whence she turned to the splendid oriel of the casement of stained glass, through which the glory of the sunset poured, throwing armorial device and noble cipher on her, eliciting a gaudier semblance of beauty from the velvet folds, the fringed and tasselled edges of embroidery. But still she turned her face away in the utter weariness, and wearily stretched herself, while very human and touching was that familiar attitude, that familiar auburnness of hair, ceasing at that moment to be dressed any longer for no purpose, —even that too familiar complexion of healthful colour over all the neck and rounding of the cheek, with that living, listening, blood-warm ear, which must have heard at last the mouse behind the wainscot, must too vividly have taken in the "singing of the blue fly on the pane"—whereat, no doubt, the connoisseur shrugged himself, pitying. So should he have shrugged at Tennyson, however; so should he have pitied Mariana. There are instances throughout the woodcuts of the first volume under notice, where simple light and shade have enabled the pre-Raphaelite brethren to illustrate Tennyson at least equally well. Nothing in this range of art could be finer, though it had Correggio's tints to help it, than Millais's "St. Agnes;" the simple figure on the cold convent stair, in its long night-dress, candle in hand, young, girlish, sweet, but nun-like in its saintly purity, gazing through the open window-arch into the winter midnight, lit by snow and moon; while, like her heavenly spirit before her, goes forth that frost-discovered vapour of her small, gentle breath, toward the stars.

Then, by the strange dark beauty of his "Cleopatra," in the Dream of Fair Women, Millais shows that his hand is freer than was supposed to touch the sensuous without detriment to his knightly vow before the shrine of "whatsoever things are fair, lovely and of good report," to represent safely what Etty would have timidly indulged in, and to traverse his pagan sphere, even more boldly, because he rules it with a spirit unknown to the classic school. It is possible, indeed, that the illustrated and illustrious poet may himself profit by these definite comments, seizures, and inferences upon his brief allusions or less deliberate meanings; from the designs, especially, of Millais, who goes beyond the letter, to add a legitimate corollary that seems unintended before, or to throw out a loophole of new significance for the reader. This is a function, surely, incumbent at times on the higher form of illustration; nor is Millais a candidate for the office, who is likely to tread the usual round: while certain it seems that his own fingers have been gaining nerve, and his pencil fresh resource through his voluntary deference to a foreign master, his superior in those very qualities of tone and perspective, grace and grouping, but not that sincerity, expression, and purpose, or local truth, which the pre-Raphaelite needs.

It is well for the success of the volumes before us, that Maclise has taken up that wondrous fragment, the "Morte D'Arthur," in his best epic style; from end to end, also, lighting up this wise

Landscape to be illustrated by writers, and 'cooked' by en-
ers for popularity, and bought and sold, is a sordid thing at best.
ught Turner to be hasty, conventional, tricky, greedy, knowing,
f the *bravura*-style which ruined him—in short, an illustrator.
e no personal feeling against him, never having seen the gentle-
; and seeing a man always softens you, somehow. I only consider
a strong illustration of the fact that Art without soul is a monster
h destroys its maker, for neither bestowing that, nor knocking it
e empty head. It was perhaps like the prophet who was persuaded
lge with his friend, and go back, and a lion met him and slew him,
ng the beast he rode on: though what sort of beast, or who the
prophet that coolly came to perform his rites, you must only
. He was unhumanized for want of the great aim, forced on the
nasters. The pity is, that the new ones have no such compulsion.
was a sort of Goethe without Goethe's better habit, pray what
we come to, without Turner's wonderful instinct!"

is is evidently far over-strained. It is too vilely platitudinous to
of the present age, that it is the "age of illustration:" besides
sadly the reverse of original. It is as much the age of anything
since its character simply rises from the fact, that everything is
conscious possession; everything, therefore, begins to be realized
used. The realization comes first, the use afterwards. A ten-
y works in it, doubtless, with accumulative force of all joined
toward some great good. To the pre-illustration epoch, how-
there still belonged a cloistral quiet, an academic abstraction;
ady grove of retreat, under an atmosphere of repose. The
-dazzling sunshine, unsuggestive of photographic triumphs, did
at times still let down, through whatever cloud, its ladders
ght; by which the mind rose to great thoughts, or saw angels
ding and descending. There were works born of it, which,
ll events, though the unknown age may equal them other-
, had more of an inspired air than *it* is likely to desire; they
tted the neophyte less easily than it may do, *arcebant profanum*
us, also were more congenial to *us*, who half claim the said period.
st of all, the works which the present day is illustrating, for want
w creations, were bred from our older soil and air; showing the very
: of a time without pictures in books as yet, fossil eyes of an age when
ight was still not rainbow-like, nor prismatic with falling colours
images of all nature. There is nothing now to be left in sugges-
there is nothing to be credible on mere authority, pictured from
narticulate glance to the secret sense, veiled and left so for the
ent fancy.

t it is not a want of faith, after all, like that which marked the
ctorial, picturesque, secular past, when it used to grovel before its
uth shapes, to disbelieve fiercely, or to scoff with hate, or to sneer,
wrap itself in callous indifference. It only demands to have
s made manifest. Its unmiraculous, unmarvelling manner may
for all we know, from the same bold heart that disdained testi-

illustrated. Turner's pictures are simply hung there in his volume, as they would have hung in the private residence of Mr. Rogers: it is the yet more fortunate possession of Stothard's initial-cuts and tail-pieces, exhaustless in their charm to the most æsthetic sense, that constitutes the illustrative matchlessness of "The Pleasures of Memory," and "Italy." To the *virtuoso* of imaginative productions, the literary *connoisseur*, the poet or novelist, *blazé* with description, scene, and effect, tired of photographic accuracy or pre-Raphaelite realization,—how still magical the innocent grace of these little airy fancies, those wilful glosses on the too-unsuggestive text, those sweet perversions and capricious illapses in of a happy inuendo, an elfin archness, and childlike delight, and paradisaical primitiveness, upon the formal page! How they glorify the author! as if the transparent Rogers were an allegoric man, a twiner of arabesque, a teller of fairy tales and fables, out of a many-sided mind, full to overflowing. There is at hand an early edition of his minor poems, before the "Italy" showed how much can be done for a slender faculty by travel and art-refinement; the steel-engraved glories of Turner are not yet let-in on the leaves, which no hot-pressure has polished to receive such an addition; and Stothard alone sustains the charge, only using Bewick's homely medium, with less technical skill to help him. The lines are blunt, the strokes rude, nay, if he had attempted Bewick's shrewd local characterization, he must have failed as totally as if the finished textures of our day had been tried, or its *difficiles nugæ* of gradation, its *coups audaces* of light and shade. Something there must have been in the very limitation of the author, his gentlemanly Horatian economy of effort and image; in such neatness and well-bred enjoyment, appreciating much of outer existence for his own temperate domestic use, as ornamental; viewing the rest as terrace-prospect, balcony-glimpses under the shading of venetians, garden-alley, and fountain, round a villa in some cloudless region, hollowed in the blue air. Something that awoke, as it were, the artist's contrasted temperament, and made him put life and power, and a rich fulness of expression into his illustration, which mock the quiet classic manner of the author. He puts on every pedestal some sculpture-like shape, indeed, but with life, breath, and sight, issuing from it—in every niche a group, naked or in clinging drapery with fluent folds, but clothed in children's purity, or that of saints—over the porticoes, friezes of colourless bas-relief; under the fountain, images unconscious of blame or trouble; and throughout the garden, statues of serenity beyond human power, above nature; but all with a pre-Phidian, ante-diluvian *naïveté* of expression to contradict the classic manner.

Surely it is not on account of this appeal to our weak side alone, our Utopian golden-age prejudices, pleasing only in youth, that these simple-seeming cuts of Stothard's again appear still to surpass in fulness, not his other works merely, but the clothed grace of Canova or even Flaxman's expressive ease, as figured utterances of what articu-

late poetry itself cannot speak. What is in them, of genius past definition, is the added sweetness never known to the antique, nor ever approached by his poet, and not yet elaborated on wood block or steel-plate; that with a few lines and curves, eked out so briefly, could compress all the seven ages back into that golden one; bringing its whole universality close into the heart, so near, so dear, so full even of tears and thought, by help of a single touch that is Stothard's above all.

A lingering favour for the old system, doubtless, possesses the pedantic side of our hearts. As Wordsworth would have kept his beloved Lakes from railways and excursion-trains, so would some of us fain reserve the library, in its choicest nook, from still more ominous invasion by fashionable circles; whose proper sphere has been supposed to lie in the Academy's galleries and Institution rooms, when tedium oppresses the drawing-room, club, and picture-dealer's establishment. It might be enough that literature and the plastic arts have each their special orbit round the intellectual centre; implying something like return of chaos, should they try to coincide longer than the moment, which their common law enforces periodically. Things will fall again into their proper channels, of course. Books, instead of failing to be written any more, except for illustration, may cease to seize the function of pictures, so as to challenge their rivalry; and may thus rise to higher purposes, far above it. Pictures, relinquishing the expository office, may go forth instructed once more, to an ambition much wider, if not so exalted; rather than sink more and more to the level of continual satellites about the planetary lights, minor poems bound up with the great. It may be desirable to practise conventual self-denial awhile, for the benefit to graphic precision, force, and compendiousness; doing penance for past excess, as it were, and gathering future fortitude, in monastic shades that look out to the very radiance of the south; with flowers and fruit close by, vine-leaves and grape-bunches clustering outside, butterflies and doves and birds of the tropics all flitting near; as yet every temptation resisted. But the sight of so arduous a discipline will not always please. The fresco-style in miniature hovers dangerously, in black and white, on the verge of that extreme, the modern illuminated missal.

In *Once a Week*, apparently, we were destined to see the illustrators of high-poetry again, in the style of high-art realism as before. The Laureate himself joined with Millais to signalize its well-aimed outset, and the continued drawings of the latter are still among its features of varied attraction. Here, it strikes one, is the suitable sphere of illustration in its best sense, as the occasional practice and test of art applied to present circumstances, from the point of view assigned to it by contemporary literature; the age self-photographed as it rises to sight; the instrument by turns in the artist's hand or the writer's; neither the one nor the other too long choosing the main object, or always setting the focus. Weak verses may be hung, instead of Tennyson's, above the sketches of the pre-Raphaelite; he draws, how-

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process: and like W. C. Bennett, giving his whole heart manfully to old John Bunyan's "Pilgrim," though with the localizing, limiting, closely-approximating principle expressed before us there, however novel or forcible, our old dreams in favour of allegory may not coincide.

A new path may be considered to open in the plan taken this season, by a very elegant edition of Keats. No less than a "hundred and twenty designs, original and from the antique," have here been "drawn on the wood by George Scharf, jun., F.S.A., F.R.S.L." The volume is not only a marvel of wood-engraving, while it exhibits qualities entitled to high praise, from the artistic point of view; it also rests more stress than usual on the safe system of copying from standard models. Here Mr. Scharf, whose own designs are sometimes excellent, stands yet higher in care for correct transference to the block, with a minuteness not to be surpassed: preserving himself from monotony or servility alike, by this judicious resort to specimens of Pompeian painting, to works of Titian and *chef d'œuvres* of Flaxman, that the reader may be enabled to compare the spirit of classicism and romance in Keats, with the very letter of them, in which he was far less learned. Initials and tailpieces there are, too, of the happiest possible novelty; consisting as they do of exquisite outlines from nature, accurate to a scientific degree, chiefly "wild-flowers, suggested by the poet's delight in them," which was a special trait of Keats.

Other examples are at hand, beyond enumeration, to denote a satisfactory turn in the late fashion. It is, at all events, impossible to go the full length of our bookish friend who thus strangely writes in private. "This is the age of illustration. In many worse senses, I tell you, than as books display it. It will not stop till the name of illustration sickens us. We shall shrink soon from illustrated transcendental metaphysics, from illustrated religion, morals, life, and death, back into select esoteric relish for Egyptian darkness. The spirit-rapping illustration makes rapid progress. It has convinced some of the most cultivated people I know, of the truth of things I shall not mention. What are the mobs at St. George's-in-the-East, who seem to protest against it? They are merely on the *Punch* side, or stand up for the Reynolds's illustrations. I lately was intimate with a person, an editor, a connoisseur, a Turner admirer, whom I am intimate with no more. He held up his hands one evening, the last time I walked with him, exclaiming at sight of a glorious sunset over Kensington, that it was so truly like Turner! I always doubted Turner. After the Oxford Graduate, I began to hate him. I now think he began the mania. The illustration principle was a caterpillar eating the heart out of his rich genius, which once had a soul, as you may perceive in the *Liber Studiorum*, especially that most human epic of 'Rizpah the daughter of Aiah' watching her dead—that neither the beasts of the field by night, nor the fowls of the air by day, might come near them on the hills of Judæa. In those few touches of sepia, you saw her. You saw the stealing lion kept away; you saw and felt the hovering vulture. Landscape is a pagan thing, after all, without

n. Looking at some triumphs of the art, we absolutely forget that our is absent; they have so much the effect of its most brilliant plays. Indeed, there is a flesh tone, or a cream tint, literally before in many of them; in the most gorgeous we positively see colour alf, various to all appearance as nature gives it, introduced within printed page; nay, what eclipses both nature and art, the final tallic glory of gold, the glare of brass, the gleam of silver, or onzy burnishings and tarnishings between, that, in their strong rpose to realize, delight us by the reverse impression. Our nursery lings are recalled, and amongst modern English landscape or *genre* ces, we enjoy the spell of Arabian Nights, Aladdin, and Sindbad. this beautiful edition of Goldsmith, illustrated by Birket Foster and el Humphreys, one must confess to a pleasure above what is ildish. For Goldsmith is but too simply natural; also, he himf would personally have been transported with this amount of xury, as when he rejoiced to be clothed with a plum-coloured coat, d a vest of peach-bloom satin; while in the profusion of heraldic bhers round his plain minor pieces and slight impromptu versicles, would have beheld such decorative significance and lustrous signs of alth, as fully to make up for the actual past. Besides, it is freshing to meet again with the undeniable talent of Birket Foster, longer tried too severely by an ordeal which would have broken wn Claude or Poussin. Not only does he possess a genuine landape vein, but his *forte* is not confined to this; he can put spirit d variety into figure groups, although publishers seem to ignore e fact with a strange preference for John Gilbert: and if Mr. ster would but manage to rusticate for a while, offering a few orks only to the stern though propitiable judgment of the conisseurs in June, from pamphlet or journal, he might return to us ke Antæus at last. It is chiefly John Gilbert, whom the friend of ok-illustration would entreat to retire altogether; knowing that he really a painter, a colourist of no ordinary excellence, able to *present* some Shakspearian scenes as the national feeling implies em, to create a thorough English enjoyment of passages in Cervantes, ven perhaps to avail himself of hints from Longfellow or Wordsworth, ut not to illustrate their books. The lover of unmolested obscurity, ndeed, the Quaker of literature, who would save his library from the low of the illuminator's pencil, will not fear the lay figures and blocks f Gilbert. *His* most dangerous assailants are of another stamp. They re like Kenny Meadows, whose Shakspeare we see here; a world of true nagery and fancy, such as would equally have surprised the poet and is commentators; startling to Ulrici and Charles Knight themselves, erhaps; not the theatrical-revival version, but the domestic closet ne. They are like Miss Jane Hays, who, in this *first* picturing of ongfellow's beauties, enters like a sister into the delicate meaning: ke Tony Johannot, wellnigh ceasing to be French with Don Quixote nd Gil Blas; or Grandville, translating Robinson Crusoe into niversal language, with none of the delight of boyhood lost in the

mony of old, because the matter in question was too great for second-hand. The miraculous may be yet so plainly set before it, so vividly presented, that from every aspect of nature, humanity, and the imagination which passes beyond, it may gather at last a single impression, as it were, a palpable sense of taste and touch and sight together, that shall raise it to the wondering recognition of a form and face. When the last style of evidence has been vouchsafed, when the bluntest fashion of imagination has been sharpened, then may we be left to spiritual culture only. Civilization may go forth to all the world to testify, each member of it for himself, that the Form and the Face were real indeed, but greater than human or natural. And illustration will be gone in that sense, because it is then risen and transfigured.

IV.

HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

Last year, when at this season the gorgeous ceremonials of the Romish Church took place in her regal temple of St. Peter's—there were many lookers-on who speculated whether the pomp of the Papacy was likely to assert itself for many more years in that place, and under those auspices. How many more times would the Pope assume his imperial robes, his triple tiara, and mount that unsteady throne, to be borne on the shoulders of certain of his faithful sons, in majestic insecurity, up and down the grand length of that stupendous aisle, between close-packed lines of French soldiers, crowds of curious heretic gazers, and scattered kneeling worshippers?

How much longer can Rome, that is, ecclesiastical Rome, stand? is a question that thoughtful men had pondered in their minds long before recent events made it general. How much longer can that system survive—a great stagnant morass on the fair highway of civilization — breeding pestilence and obstructing progress? Thoughts and speculations like these could but obtrude as the strange pageants and solemn observances, which heralded the great festival of Easter Day, went on in Rome this time twelve months ago; the principal actor in them all being the Pontiff. It was strange to see that feeble representative of what claims to be ultra-human power—to know him upheld in his tottering dignity by legions of foreign troops —a dweller upon sufferance in his own "capital of Christendom," an incarnation of impotent arrogance, of helpless assumption, and beneath all the state and the mockery, nothing but a good-natured-looking old man, who would be harmless enough in any other place perhaps, and whose white hairs and kindly, somewhat nervous aspect

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dotted with people and vehicles, and the cool, grey buildings well made out against the blue sky.

Occasionally our ranks were ploughed through by a detachment of Swiss guards or French soldiers, who, by an admirably convenient arrangement, rather typical of all the rest, had thus to enter on their appointed stations. There was one gentleman too, who, with shame be it spoken, wore an English militia uniform, forced his way through under pretence of belonging to the guard, dragging a lady with him, and thus gaining nearly the foremost rank of the crowd before he was stopped by an undeceived and indignant public. The observations made in divers languages on this un-soldierlike manœuvre, he must have heard; let us hope he will profit by them. In strong contrast to this, it must be owned, appeared the behaviour of a very large and very French Frenchman, who almost wept, because in ascending the staircase, he was pushed against a lady, who remonstrated. His earnest declaration that it was impossible to help it,—his pathetic and heartfelt—"Mille pardons, madame," and the struggles and contortions he went through, in order to raise his hat a quarter of an inch in final apologetic homage—will long live in our memories. He was a worthy representative of a polished nation; even the exigencies and selfishnesses of a crowd could not put out *his* politeness!

After slowly and toilsomely ascending the first flight of stairs, it was excessively funny, the guard once passed, to see every one scudding up the other stairs as fast as they could tear,—some of them with grave, earnest faces, others laughing at the absurdity of the thing at the same time. Tickets being delivered to the waiting officials, we found ourselves in the Sala Regia, the large frescoed hall leading to the Sistine Chapel, the red-curtained entrance to which was defended by a crescent of Swiss guards, who were trying with all their small science to perform the difficult feat of admitting only a few people at a time, in an orderly manner. A couple of English policemen would have achieved the thing without much visible effort, but there were no English policemen present, unhappily, and presently a really alarming scene commenced. It was a regular "charge"—the people forcing their way through the guard, and knocking those imposing looking warriors about like so many little boys. The unhappy Swiss, in their flaming liveries, swayed backwards and forwards quite helplessly, evidently not having the least idea what to do, and distressed by their tall staves, which hindered them from using their hands. Of course, screams from a chorus of ladies were not wanting, nor the excitement of one or two carried off fainting, which latter circumstance, as usual, drew away a large portion of the feminine throng, a whole troop following in the wake of a poor fainting lady, with a temporary abnegation of their chance of getting into the chapel, highly creditable to their warmth of sympathy.

After this revolutionary scene, it was a strange contrast to find ourselves at last within the chapel; every available inch of which, on the public side, was filled. It is not a large building, and the windows

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hushed harmony with its burning crescendo, breaks on the stillness, it causes a thrill, as if a spiral steel lance were ploughing through the very marrow of one's bones. Very likely, nothing in our lives before ever gave us exactly such a sensation; but it is one that scarcely seems to come within the natural and appointed province of *music* to inspire. More elevating, surely, if less exciting, is the influence of one of Beethoven's symphonies, or Handel's choruses.

Every now and then the marvellous swell of the marvellous voices ceased, and alternated with a verse harshly intoned in unison. Then again, after a brief pause, came the rush of unearthly sound, the faint wail gradually bursting into the full chorus, with isolated voices ascending and descending, crowning the anguish of the strange discords with tones unlike those of human voices. Slowly the harmonies and discords gave place to one another. Apparently they were bound by no rhythmic law. They melted into one another, diverged—met again on the sharp point, as it were, of some excruciating chord, so that one almost writhed as with physical pain, to hear it, and then blended again in a diapason, that by comparison was soft, and sweet, and painless.

So it went on for about half-an-hour by the clock, though so strange and unearthly was it all, that arbitrary divisions of time seemed to have nothing in connection with it. It was a scene to forget:—the dim chapel—the faint light shining from the open choir—the black-clad crowd all round, its darkness only illumined by the occasional glare of uniform, and flash of epaulettes—the eternal-looking Prophets and Sybils still discernible from over the windows, and the Last Judgment at the far end of the chapel almost lost in the gloom, besides being partially concealed, as it now is, by the altar, but the one principal figure, with outstretched hand, eloquently prominent still.

At the last there was another silence, fiercely disturbed by the rude noises made to represent the "rending of the vail of the temple." And then it was all over for that day, and, half dead, we managed to stagger down to a carriage, and go home to revive at leisure.

The "Tenebræ," as this particular service is called, takes place three times on successive days; but one describes the salient features of all. On the Thursday there are other ceremonies. The Pope washes the feet of thirteen priests, and waits upon them at table afterwards. On Friday, after the Miserere, his Holiness goes with procession to pray at the tomb of St. Peter, and later, there are certain holy relics, fragments of the cross, &c., exhibited at St. Peter's. There could not fail to be much that was most picturesque in this scene. The dimly-lit vastness of the Basilica—the glare of light here and there, and the crowds of people, which in the immensity looked only scattered groups, gave perhaps more impressiveness to this than to most of the solemnities we have witnessed.

But the climax of all this pomp and magnificence is reserved for Easter Day. Then, the ceaseless stream of people, soldiers, priests, men and women of all ranks, which pour into St. Peter's, is so great

that it seems as if, at last, even *it* must look "crowded." But no. Its stupendous proportions assert themselves still more triumphantly the more they are tested. The thousands of moving creatures collected or scattered about in various directions, look, in the immense space, innumerable, but insignificant, like a nation of ants when, suddenly surprised in their pursuits, we behold them from the height of our humanity.

It was a glorious day; and the great, solid, slanting ray of light which stretched, like the divine spear of some invisible angel, from one of the high windows, down the enriched and sculptured wall, to the marble floor of the vast aisle, all waved with human life, was indeed something never to forget. We would have been content to have gone through much to see *that;* but for the actual solemnities—was the fault in us or in them, that we could not feel awed or impressed; prepared, even wishful as we were to be so? For it is not a happy thing to feel completely unable to share a solemn influence with our fellow-creatures; and we had always understood and believed that these grandest celebrations of the Romish Church could not be witnessed without some degree of emotion.

But the magnificent procession—the red and the purple, the gold, and the peacock's plumes—the throned, uncomfortable-looking Pope, his white robe, his glittering tiara, his crimson-clad bearers, and the sumptuous throng which accompanied him, when they all passed under that wonderful radiance, they looked so forlornly incongruous, unsubstantial, and out of harmony with what was real, eternal, and divine. The glorious spear seemed to pass through all the show, as a sword might cleave a white mist—the only reality of all. Then, the various ceremonies can scarcely be called interesting to us, who see no inner significance in them. The homage paid to the wearied-looking old man is something almost horrible to English eyes; while the putting on and taking off of his different robes and crowns, is surely nothing but tedious and absurd to those of our heretical way of thinking.

There was fine singing. Before the great service commenced, we heard the distant chanting coming from one of the side-chapels, the voices flowing, now like a full tide into the great space of the aisle, and now receding with a rush, and then a murmur of lovely sound. And the first blast of the far-famed silver trumpets, shivering the silence that precedes it, is something to make the heart beat quicker for the moment. But the next minute—dare it be confessed?—we were forced to recognise the human nature of the performers, whom, though we could not see, we could *hear* puffing uncelestial cheeks, and making strenuous efforts to avoid false notes, like any player upon mere brass. Perhaps this prosaic idea would hardly have obtruded itself if the actual music had been of a higher character. We naturally expected something appropriate—sacred, if not grand—but, instead, our ears were outraged by the notes of a melodramatic quick "march" out of some second-rate opera. To some such music had we seen a regiment progress through the High-street of a country town. Not even trumpets of silver resounding

man life began tossing and swaying again. We waited on the ps of St. Peter's, and watched the greater part of the throng ar off. Cardinals with their trains swept down to their carriages, king the eyes ache with intensity of scarletness. How is it pos-le to make the uninitiated understand what *colour* is, in this Italy? mist, light and impalpable, but still an existence, comes between r eyes and the red and blue, and green and golden. And those eutral tints" that we are hardly aware of at home, strike us here th the force of new discoveries. Enough for a picture, *here*, only see the house-roofs described against the blue of a morning sky; or e grey corner of a building abutting on a background of ilex—that st solemn, severe, and unfathomable of greens; or the dome of a rch; or the indescribable richness of colour of obelisk or pillar, t we should be content, anywhere else, to describe as stone lour. In this land, one should as soon hope to give a graphic idea the hue of an object by saying it was "flower colour."

Imagine, therefore, the effect of this immense throng in the St. ter's Piazza, certainly one of the grandest of all public squares, th its noble crescent of colonnades, its fountains, obelisk, and, far ay, the vista of many grey-coloured buildings, terminated by the perial purple of one of the Alban hills rising up clear and stately m its twelve miles' distance. Then, the moving multitude that over-wed the Piazza—the people's faces making a great flash of colour low the steps; and the shining of steel, and glitter of accoutre-ents, and glowing of scarlet—and the sky like one great hollowed pphire over it all! That was such a picture as might last a life-ne. It was the climax of all the "Easter sights" which Rome d shown us, or was yet to show.

And this we decided deliberately, after having witnessed the illu-ination of St. Peter's that same evening—in itself a most beautiful d unique spectacle. There was an enchanted, Arabian Nights-like fect in the first, or silver illumination; when pearl-like lamps scribed the architectural forms of the façade, the dome, and the o cupolas, besides the twin sweeps of colonnade, with the stone gures standing erectly along them. After an hour, and when entire rkness was in the sky, came the sudden, marvellous change; and one moment each pearl leapt into a large living flame, and the hole building was alive with fire, that, nevertheless, knew its unds, and kept duly within its symmetrical apportioned limits. ght, generous enough to satisfy the requirements of a moderate y, was regnant in the Piazza, and appeared, indeed, to be shed all er Rome. It was glorious to gaze up to the great blazing dome, oking like some strange fiery planet set in the sky; glorious, too, look on it from the bridge of St. Angelo, with the castle frowning side it, as if determined to act the part of night with extra grim-ss and blackness in the face of this unorthodox and unaccustomed y. But most beautiful of all, perhaps, it was from the Pincian ill; with the dark city lying like a gulf at its feet, and this won-ous blaze throbbing and radiating in the midst of the darkness.

As we were watching it from this height, thinking, too, as it was impossible *not* to think, of the news which had arrived that morning, of the actual commencement of the war;—down in the Piazza, with the illuminated Basilica flaming on the scene, the first "demonstration" was taking place that poor, fettered Rome has dared to make for many a year. It is pitifully suggestive to know that it was unlawful for these people simply to express a spontaneous emotion by cheering the French general, and oh, most rash and unpardonable of all—daring to shout "Viva Italia!" But the Roman air is not used to that natural cry—*yet*.

Several arrests were made, in consequence, though not so many as the "Paternal Government" might have wished, probably. For it is wisely diffident of touching people who are not helpless; and this was no mere "mob" cry. The demonstration was almost entirely among gentlemen of fortune and position, many of whom had fought in the terrible siege of ten years ago, and who, conquered, beaten back, crushed by irresistible force, have endured to remain in their captive city, waiting with a dreadful patience which has left its sign on many a dark, worn countenance, for that regeneration which, it may be, is drawing near, even *now*.

Most strange—most anomalous, that these men should on this evening, out of the irrepressible fulness of their hearts, have cheered the representative of that French power with which, ten years since, they were grappling, struggling, with all the desperate energy of desperate men! Such changes does time bring round. We, who amid our love for Italy, bear a special and peculiar love for this enslaved and darkened, but ever beautiful and glorious Rome, may well hope that other changes, brighter, of better omen, and more lasting, may be near at hand. It has been night with her, spiritually, politically, socially, for so long. Surely, surely, the dawn will come soon?

V.

TO EDGEWORTH-TOWN AND BACK.

I.

You must suppose us, gentle reader, seated in our four-wheel behind our little grey pony, Titania, one of the best little tits of her inches in Ireland. It sports a mane nearly two feet long, as large as that of any brewer's mammoth in London, and its tail almost sweeps the ground behind it. We bought it for its mane and tail, which are so characteristic and flowing, and which we would not

willingly see docked of a hair; and though we were destitute of all skill in horse-flesh when we risked the purchase, our venture has not disappointed us. We have prosecuted our journey without accident all day, and now late in the afternoon are two miles distant from our destination. About this spot and hour we encountered on the road a decently-dressed, tall peasant, driving a picturesque little cow, rough, black, symmetrical, a perfect beauty of its kind. It was a real mountaineer, less than half the size of any ordinary milch cow, not much larger, in fact, than a good-sized Newfoundland dog. Its eye gleamed like fire from out the frizzled locks of its shaggy brow, and the little brute looked fierce, though it was the very soul of gentleness. Its vizard was wild and rugged as that of bison or buffalo, yet there could not possibly be in any creature of its kind a better disposition than it displays; for now we are its owner and it calls our lawn its home—a wonderful change for a vaccine waif, from the bogs and boundless mountain range of Kerry, to a close confine of three well-trimmed acres. We must say for our *Drimmindhu*, nevertheless, that she repays our kindness with gratitude, and seems as happy as any well-bred little cow ought to be when in comfortable quarters.

"The top o' the mornin' to your honour," said the peasant to ourselves, as we were about to pass him in our pony phaeton; "the top of the mornin' to you."

"Well," we replied, "it happens to be about five o'clock in the evening, but that, we suppose, is no matter to an Irishman. We wish you a good evening."

"No matter in life, your honour; sure it all comes in the day;" *Factusque est vesperi et mane dies unus*: "And there was evening and morning, *one day*. Good *day* to yer 'anner. Will yer 'anner buy a good cow?"

Now a good Kerry cow was the very thing we were wanting, and though we had not the most remote idea when leaving home, that we should buy one ere our return, we had no objection to getting one at any time on reasonable conditions.

"Is this for sale?" we asked.

"What should I be driving her on the road for, but for sale?" replied my interlocutor; "she's good, and you shall have her cheap."

"Very well," said we; "but we don't want her *cheap;* we want her at a fair price, both for seller and buyer. Why do you part with her?"

"Agh! your honour," said the poor fellow, "I cannot bear the looks of her at all, at all. Sure when my Bridgid and me was married two years ago come next Easter Tuesday, didn't I buy her at the fair of K'larney (Killarney) for *ma vourneen* girl, and didn't I say to her, Biddy, my darlint, here's *Drimmindhu* for you, and she's to be yours entirely, out-and-out, and over-and-over, calf and beestins, and milk and butter, and everything; I'll never make or meddle with her ever again; do with her just whatever you will: and she took her, *astore* that she was, an' she fondled her, an' she petted her, an' she trated her more like a Christian than a poor dumb crayture,

[illegible]

[illegible] by designing men, for crafty and selfish purposes. Their very priests do them

r they hold them in salutary awe; although much of hows itself in the political action of the peasantry is the priests. We must, nevertheless, give the poor ıome their due: that for patience, humbleness, perse- y (without over-much cleanliness or thrift), for the r of God, for clinging to the faith of their ancestors, ıty of their women, and the inoffensiveness of their ı no peasantry superior to them. We say this, know- ıll their character abroad; nevertheless, we cannot but g their character at home, and that what we say are ls of truth and soberness." Their priests, it must be work of policemen to some purpose: although they garded as preachers of any kind of religious truth. commonly preach at all; and, when they do, it being ıe saint's day, or other set occasion, their sermons are d to exhibiting the merits of the saintly personage, y controversial. They are not a loveable or estimable and they are very arbitrary with their flocks, as they fer under the most grinding despotism of their bishops. ed in a terrible school. The Protestant clergy of all ı are the real Evangelists of Ireland.

II.

comes it," said we, resuming the conversation with ıa, "that you are now so far from Cahirciveen?"

honour," said he, "I am not so well off now as when trade of a travelling tutor!"

of a travelling tutor!" said we, and we pricked up 'e thought possibly we had fallen in with one of those Kerry who are said to speak Latin as naturally as

"And where was that, Tim?"

out home, sir. Never far from sweet Kerry, and the her's chimney."

now do you call yourself *travelling* tutor, if you stayed ome?"

yer 'anner, 'tis true for you, for all that: and, tare- my chaps was an unruly handful to manage. They go the way I wanted them, and they nivver wouldn't didn't want 'em, bad luck to them! My heart was l 'em."

se them, Tim; for though curses travel as far as ever ı your tutoring, they often come home at last. Per- 't use them kindly, and that made them so perverse."

use treating them kindly. Ould Nick himself was contrairy. Sure if your honour met me now at the ın' axed me where was I going wid 'em, I'd have to ıg to Mullingar if I wanted to go to Galway, or as soon the true word out of my mouth, they'd curl their tail,

and cock their ear, and look as wicked as Judas Iscariot, and off, like the Blazers (a well-known pack of hounds), to Galway. By dis and by dat, that was tutoring, as ye call it, with a vengeance."

"That must have been provoking, Tim. But I hope some of them turned out well, for all that."

"Well, your honour, that was a dust of consolation, anyhow. Some of them, ye see, did turn out well; the most of them run about twenty or twenty-five stone, and the prime ones went up to thirty, offal not included."

"Why, Tim, what do you mean? I'm afraid we don't exactly understand each other. You didn't murder your pupils. That's not common in Kerry, is it?"

"God help your ignorance"—(*aside*, "you Saxon ignoramus an' bosthoon!")—"saving your honour's favour—we always do *murdher* 'em, as ye call it, in this part of the world; but we *call* it *sticking* 'em. We do it quietly and genteelly—just one prod with a sharp knife, right through the windpipe and into the heart, and it's all over in less than no time."

"Tim, I'm shocked to hear it; I fear there's blood upon your hands. This is a horrid country of yours."

"Oh, not a drop, your honour; I never killed dem myself, it was always done by the regular hands, when the eddication of my pupils was done, and their travels over. The butchers in Cork always did it."

"Did what? What on earth are you talking about? Who were your pupils? What did you teach them? Where did you go?

"*Swine!* your honour, when I had the luck to be *Travelling Tutor to the pigs*, for many's the long mile I've follied them on the road -I spint many a year as *a pig-driver* to the great victuallers of Cork. Ah, your honour, thim war the times! plinty of mate, *lashins* of loaf, and whisky *galore*. Taching the cross-grained brutes to keep the road from Carrigaline to Cork, from Ballinavogue to Bantry is mighty onaisy occypation entirely; but it is grand pay, and the keep was like the fare of an Irish king. Bad manners to me, but I think it was as good as Bryne Boroo's, or may be the Holy Fader's—God bless the Pope—himself! Are ye sure, sir, his Holiness ivver gets a dish of smilin' pittayties, and a bit o' butter fresh from the churn, and the tail of a salt herrin', and a dandy of screechin'-hot punch when that's over, and sits forgettin' hisself over the hob as the smoke streels out of his *dhudheen* under his nose by the hour together. Ah, by dad, if he doesn't, I pity him."

"I don't know, Tim, whether the old gentleman ever tasted such luxuries as these, but I'm sure he is pretty well off, notwithstanding."

"Well, perhaps he is. Sure, I'm but a poor foolish man to be stoppin' your honour this a-way on your journey, but I'll leave *Drimmindhu* at the big house, and then I'll go back to the darlint that's lookin' for me with longin' eyes out of the door at Cahirciveen. I'm poorly clad, your honour, and poorly fed, and poor Norah's no better; but I'm all the world to her, and she's all the world to me."

III.

felt very much interested in the poor fellow, for every word
l was evidently as true as the Gospel, so that we remained
ıg with him a few minutes longer. We then cracked our
for the pony to proceed, when Tim stopped us, whereupon
the following dialogue. At its strain, so different from what
ed it, let no one wonder, for in Ireland it was in entire logical
ce to it. The Irish character is a psychological punch, a
dé contradiction, a social puzzle and conundrum, a paradox that
reconciliation—a parable that will not run on all fours. We
r soften the expletives wherewith Tim garnished his conver-
—a failing that prevails to a curious and almost exclusive ex-
mongst every Popish population. Protestant peoples are at no
r imprecations, but momentary appeals to heaven and the saints,
certain picturesqueness in their profanity, is almost peculiarly
h. I had scarcely ever spoken to a Kerry man before; and
an's "yer 'anner," for "your honour," amused me.
re a good many miles to go to yer 'anner's house, an' may be
lind me a black bird to help me on my way."
black bird, Tim; where should we get a black bird, and what
you do with it?"
cro would do, yer 'anner, and its a *cro* I mean, for sure a *cro*
ack bird. Why, you see, I'll want a bit and a sup before I get
and back, and the *cro* will get it for me."
ou surely don't expect it will bring you food as the ravens did
in the Bible; and you can't mean to kill and pluck it. What
ı mean!"
mean *c-r-o*, CRO, the half of a *cro-un*, or two-and-sixpence, your
r."
ou speak conundrums, Tim; besides, *c-r-o* is more than half-a-
, for it is three-fifths of it—it is three letters, and leaves only
ehind."
rrah, what does your honour call the letter before N?"
ouble u, Tim, and no mistake; UUN, I see, you are right, and I
ive you a whole crown for your sharpness, or a brace of black
And, now, be off with you, for you've a long way to go."
od bless your honour, and may you never want money galore
ow in your byre, and a pig in your sty! May the fire never go
n your hearth, and may your heart never grow could within
or the want of thim that loves you! Musha, may the wee
cow thrive wid you, and become a score! The more, the
it will please Tim Doherty!"
d so Tim departed, and left his charge safely where he engaged
so; and I only saw this eccentric travelling tutor to the pigs
afterwards. He was evidently a character, full of feeling, not
ute of fun, and as honest as steel. I could have d him
uncounted money as readily as with the price of i , i
the same satisfactory result. Wherever he is, I i i e

he is faithful to his Norah, faithful according to his light to his religion, and faithful to society. And such is, we are proud to say, the prevailing character of the Irish peasantry, with all the exception implied, if not expressed, on the score of occasional outrage and resistance to the powers that be.

IV.

"Now, Tim," said we, tearing a leaf out of our pocket-book, and scribbling thereon a few cabalistic signs, "Tim, will you give that to the mistress, and it will serve you?"

"Och, 'anner bright!" replied the poor fellow, "but hadn't your 'anner better *take* it, for sure it's myself can make out every word of it entirely."

Now, as we had written a short Latin message, having, of course, no envelope or sealing apparatus in our pocket, we had been pretty certain that Mr Doherty had no notion of the contents of the slip; his remark therefore astonished us.

"Why, you surprise us, Mr. Doherty!" said we. "Do you know what's there?"

"Arrah," replied Tim, "do I know my own mother?"

"Well, then, what did we say to the mistress in that note?" asked we.

"Why, you see, yer 'anner, it wud be asy enough to tell you, if it would be right in me to read what yer 'anner wrote to the gracious lady. But the likes o' me would nivver demane myself to do that. Not an eye shall see it but her ladyship's ladyship herself."

"There's not a particle of harm in your reading it," said we, "so pray, Tim, let us hear you give the sense of it."

"Well, your 'anner, the *words* is *if it is not difficult, if the inside's worth the trouble*—savin' your favour—as the aigle said when he cracked the rotten egg. *Ad Dominam semper amabilem*, omnia, &c. *To mistress* E. G. Pobbus."

"That, your 'anner, is the mistress without doubt. By that same token, I shall find her readily enough. I am sure she's got a face like the dawning, and that she's a rale gintlewoman."

"No doubt of that, Tim. Now go on."

"Here's at it, yer 'anner, for the dear life. *Panem*, that's bread; *caseum*, that's cheese; *cervisiam*, that's beer; *Timothæus Inspector*, that's myself; *largitor* is *he*, that's give him plinty—and that same *plinty* is the jewel of the world. *Thrina*, there's no saycret in that, anyways; *sine mulieribus*, more power to your 'anner! *ut mihi*, &c., that's me and *pro* [illegible]—P. P. Ah! your 'anner, I understand it well; and 'tis, I thinks, that same *tay* and *tibbacca*, two trees of life to the world since the fall; *tay* for the women, and *tibbacca* for the min."

"Both very good, Tim, no doubt in their place, when not used extravagantly by poor persons. I'm afraid, however, more money is spent by them on smoking, for instance than they can well afford."

"Ah, your 'anner, don't be after blasphaymin' the darlin' *dhudeen*. Sure, next to Norah and wee Bridgid my little black pipe is the comfort of my heart. Many's the time when I was could, and hungry, and sorrowful I just lighted my pipe, and took a pull or two, and it lifted the load off my sperrits in no time."

"I don't smoke myself, Tim, but I never quarrel with those who do. But how came you to know Latin? *Heus, amice, Latiné intelligis, loqueris Latiné?*"

"*Bene sane, Domine*, right well, yer 'anner, *a puerulo usque ad hodiernum diem*, from I was a gossoon till now."

"*Quot annos habes?* How old are you, Tim?"

"*Quadraginta*, just forty last birthday, thank God!"

"*Optime quidem, amice;* but let me hear a little more of your Latin—*hujus specimen rei, nempe locutionis Latinæ, edere tu vis honoris causâ tuæ terræ natalis*—for the honour of your native Kerry?"

"*Libenter id faciam, Domine, si quæris, sed tuâ gratiâ, non gloriâ meâ. Canes etiam nos alloquuntur Latine nostro sub cœlo; unde vox Kerryana derivatur*—Dog-Latin. "Why shouldn't I be proud and willing to do it, your 'anner, for don't the very dogs talk Latin in our country?"

"Ha! ha! ha! *Latratus iste classicus! Bow-wow-wow Ciceronianus!* Capital," cried we, roaring with laughter, "*O Lepidum negotium*—a classic growl and Ciceronian bow-wow-wow!"

"*Mirum, Domine, sed est verum, ut vulgo fertur*,—'tis as true, Sir, as there's a nose on your face."

"*Nugæ! insulsa! mendacia!* Fudge, nonsense, stuff!"

"*Quæso, vir optime, ne irascaris.* Don't be vexed, yer 'anner, with poor Tim, for I only say the common report."

"*Non irascor—miror magis*—I'm not angry, only amazed, at your credulity."

"But if your 'anner's not angry, why do you shout so mighty sharp? *Cur ergo sic exclamas?*"

"I don't blame you so much, Tim, as I blame the popular superstition—*Accuso stultitiam vulgarem.*"

"*Ignosce mihi culpam si culpa tibi videatur quæ vera sunt efferre.* Your 'anner will excuse a poor fellow saying what every one believes to be true. But I'll hould my tongue sooner nor vex you; *An loquacior sum, Domine! Abire malim quam tibi molestiam facessere.* I wouldn't bother your worship for the world."

"*Minime molestus es, te abire nolo.* You don't annoy me at all, you needn't go; I'm satisfied you're a worthy fellow, Tim. *Congressus hic noster hodie omni mihi ratione arridet.* I'm delighted to have met you and your Drimmindhu. But when do you go home again? *Quando domum profecturus es?*"

"*Saturni die, si Deo placeat, cum primum vaccam hancce subnigram Drimmindhuam apud te reddidero.* On Saturday next I'll cut my stick, please God—as soon as ivver little blackie gets to your 'anner's house."

"*Recte*—That will do; but, Tim, I want to try your hand at trans-

lation before you go. What do you make of this that a friend of mine composed the other day about a memorable black personage?"

"ORCUS quum fuit æger, tunc monachum esse volebat,
Quum fuit ipse valens, tummodo non monachus."

"That, yer 'anner's as aisy as going to bed; what is id but this?"

"Whin the faver was hard on the Father of Evil,
He put on the angel—a pinnitint Divvel;
But when he shuck off the remains of the faver,
He put off the angel—th' impinnitint shaver."

"'Tis too often so, yer 'anner's reverence. I disremimber just now any Latin verses to cap yours with, but per'aps you would like to hear a POME made on myself in English by a Kerry poet. His name was Billy the Fool, but we generally called him Tom Moore, and sure 'twas much the same thing. It was when I was going from home once, yer reverence, and it was a comfort to the colleen I left behind me:—

"O ye winds and mountain zephyrs!
That blow on bulls, and cows and heifers,
Don't bestow your gifts by halves,
But bless our Tim's *bonneens** and calves;
And, O thou great she-god Aurora!
Shine every night on gentle Norah!"

"It was well meant at least, and amusing," said I, "*faceté et jucundum.*"

"Pleasant enough, your 'anner, no doubt, but not aiqual to the divine Flaccus, yet."

"Far enough from that," I replied; "but really, Tim, we must both be proceeding on our way, for the pony is growing cold with standing so long, and you have a tedious journey before you. Besides, I see Edgeworth-Town close by, and I am anxious to get there. Here, Tim," I added, "here's cash for you—*scutum*, *scudo*, a crown-piece—to bear your expences—*pro viatico tuo. Et uxor mea maxime colenda opsonium apponere curabit, quodcunque tibi opus sit:* the missis will get you all you want besides."

"*Maximas tibi gratias ago, Domine*—a hundred thousand thanks, your 'anner."

"Farewell, Tim; a pleasant journey to you. All that Horace wishes his Virgil, we wish you: *Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida Sidera!*"

V.

Approaching Edgeworth-Town by the Dublin-road, the country,

* *Bonneen*—a little pig.

elsewhere bare of trees, exhibits a park on the right-hand side, with clumps or single boles here and there of good growth, and somewhat further on a grove, forth of which peers a very large and handsome ochrey-coloured mansion. The house in its main extent ranges but two storeys high, yet rises in the centre of the front into a gable, showing three storeys, as it does also in its western region, which is hidden by trees from the spectator. The building is long, presenting a series of nine windows in extent on its southern frontage. The demesne is separated from the road by a dwarf wall, within which appears a well-clipped hedge and a sunk fence. The ground rises toward the house, which stands on a slight elevation, but commands no view, as there is really no view worth seeing. The elevation of the ground at the southern side of the valley is too slight to deserve mention. The flat champaign in front of the mansion is barely hidden from the windows by two or three ragged plantations of fir at the distance of a few hundred yards—a most "beggarly account" of the genus *pinus*—such as awakened the scorn of Samuel Johnson when he made the grand tour of the Hebrides last century. The rookery of crows finds its habitat in the handsome elms around the house, not in the outlying sparse and starveling family of the larches. At a late period of his life, the ingenious proprietor regretted that he had not planted his estate largely with forest trees, as his shrewd and eccentric friend, Thomas Day, had had the forethought to do with his property in England. The farming soil is productive in the Edgeworth region, the tenants more than solvent we presume, and the property good; but a more unpicturesque and uninviting neighbourhood, "weary, stale, *flat*," we will quote no further—is not to be found outside the fens of Lincolnshire. Let no lover of the picturesque pilgrim hitherwards. Bog and swamp, swamp and bog, we had on every side of us for miles together. Never was a country so apt for a railway. Engineering skill is at a discount here. The word *gradient* is not understood by the natives—with them it is simply *vox et præterea nihil*. They never heard of a *hill*; a *mountain* is as much beyond their conception as St. George's Channel to a man who has never seen the ocean. Nowhere are men to whom the mediæval geography were more intelligible from their life-long experience—*a great plain indefinitely extended, with small heights and hollows here and there*. So flat geographically—so flat metaphorically (in the sense of decærated champagne) is the country in which, in obedience to duty and every highest consideration, Maria Edgeworth spent her life.

VI.

Let no one anticipate, when he goes into Edgeworth-Town, that he will encounter an Arcadian village, all whitewash and Bath-brick, geraniums and roses—whose confines border on Paradise, and whose inhabitants are strayed angels, hiding, out of pure condescension to those with whom they sojourn, their wings for a season. We are

almost ashamed to say how much our own expectations were of this applepie and frosted-sugar order, and then to have to confess how rudely the richly-crusted edifice of our fancy was crunched under the stern teeth of unpalatable fact.

Here we are for the first time in our lives, and expressly for her memory's sake, on the threshold of the village which MARIA EDGEWORTH has haloed by her genius, and our disenchantment is so thorough that it could breathe its wish for the submersion of all before us to no depth less profound than that of the leadsman's cry—"By the deep nine!" If the place were made the home of frolicsome mermaids at the bottom of the Atlantic for a few hours, it might the less need the use of mop and slop-pail by the housemaids of the upper world than at present. No Meillerie is it with its purple charm, no Mentone with its Mediterranean outlook, and (to come nearer home) no Lynton, Clovelly, or Babbicombe with their romantic seclusion and almost Italian softness, far less a Dutch Broek with its quaker-like precision and neatness—that dressed-doll of a town—rather a mean, dull Irish village. No name could be more inappropriate than that of *Town*, but this has simply been given in compliance with the usage of the English settlers, who called their every station *a town*. Edgeworth-Town consists mainly of one street, from a hundred to a hundred and fifty yards in length, and one end of the street is appropriately ornamented with a clock with one hand, which does not go! We arrive at 5 p.m., and the widowed or bachelor hand points rigidly to 10. In the main street no two houses resemble each other; no broom sweeps the soil—no lamp lights the way. We calculated on an inn of respectable dimensions catering for our comfort—some *Edgeworth Arms*, or *Longford Lion*—carpeted, clean, inviting; but the only caravanserais of the place were rooms above two grocers'-shops, the owners of which, for economy or some other sake, weighed out their wares over their counters, but to their hostel "gave no sign." A stranger might visit the street more than once and yet scarcely recognise their modest invitation, "entertainment for man and horse." These very inferior hostels we except, nevertheless, from our anathema upon the place, because, though lacking many things, they abounded in the will to oblige—a quality rarely wanting in poor Paddy. In this respect, both Payne and Duffy are uncensurable, and he must be an ungracious curmudgeon who does not acknowledge with courtesy his host's efforts to please.

The West End, for it has a "West End"—a literal one—is also most deplorable. Visions of Belgravia and May-fair, Piccadilly and Hyde Park, do not intrude here to make the nakedness of the land more palpable by contrast. The cabins are small, dirty, uncomfortable, and ill-thatched: very inferior specimens of that article which is rarely of high quality anywhere—the cottage of a poor Irishman. We saw more shoeless women and children there in one day than in other places in Ireland in seven years. The miserable meanness of their habitations must be the fault of the owner, whosoever he be;

their dirt is to be laid at the door of the wretched tenants themselves, who, like their kindred Scotch of a past generation, "wadna be fash'd" to keep things tidy about them. To see this West End is to put the top-stone to our censure of the place. We were there on a sludgy, slushy day, and could recommend it as a good investment for liquid manure to the owner of Tiptree farm. The unshorn men, and unkempt women, too, are such as would never acquiesce in the new reading of the old fable—"there's nothing like *lather*." Most things, we suppose, could be found in the town, but we are dubious about soap. The quest for the philosopher's stone might seem less hopeless here than for a cake of Brown Windsor. As for ourselves, with whom a daily bath is almost a religious institution, the sordid wretchedness of the scene was intolerable. Oh! for a modern Hercules, cried we, to turn some wholesome stream along the noisome by-ways of this unsavoury spot! Oh! for a second deluge, rather, to sweep away the dens and scour the inhabitants together!

The late Miss Edgeworth, having no family cares, bestowed some pains upon visiting and improving the habits of the poor, doubtless with some effect. When we asked one poor person did he remember her, the answer was, "Oh! yes, your reverence, right well."

"Well, what kind of a lady was she?"

"Just a donnie wee thing—no higher than that!" pointing to the back of a chair. "She was jist like a bantam's egg, little and good."

It was satisfactory to find the little lady of great gifts pleasingly remembered.

VII.

There, in this unfashionable West End, Goldsmith studied; and, on the spot where we stand, stood the parsonage-house of his tutor, the Rev. Patrick Hughes. The aspect of affairs improves as we advance northward up Church Lane. All that surrounds the parish church, all that savours of Protestantism, all that the Edgeworth name consecrates, is sweet and wholesome, and clean. The well-preserved old church crowns the highest portion of the town, and is pleasantly approached through the lawn attached to the glebe-house. The tall grey spire, raised by the engineering skill of Mr. Edgeworth, is a commanding object to a great distance—not more commanding than the influence for the highest good of the excellent clergy. Evangelical, earnest, devoted, their schools, lectures, prayer meetings, orphan charities, flourish. Gothic churches, gorgeous music, picturesque worships—not these are the glory of a land, but a ministry of truth, bold, uncompromising, yet most charitable and loving—such as we witnessed here.

The interior of the church is neatly furnished with oak panelling, and with honest old puritan pewage. No cold, comfortless, open stalls or benches for us, in which one can never feel the sense of

home—an imitation, as far as English customs would allow it, of the open area of a popish church! Give us the dear family pew, wherein our fathers worshipped before us, and which we should as soon think of forsaking, as of forsaking our home. There can be no strong attachment formed, we fancy, toward a new-fangled open bench; no wrenching of the heart-strings when compelled to leave it. If we are not totally mistaken in our interpretation of the signs of the times, our vaticination will yet prove itself true—that this same style of inner architecture which is now the rage, will issue in making it easier for restless spirits to wander about from church to church than before; there will be one tie the less to bind them to their ancestral place of worship, and ministers with shifty congregations may be led to mourn the demolition of the old convenient pew, and with it much of the local attraction to the house of God.

In this particular, at least, the parish church of Edgeworth-Town is irreproachable. The aisle is spacious—one-third of the width—the pews at each side filling up the remainder. The dark polished oak of the whole interior, and the crimson hangings of the desk and pulpit have quite a rich and substantial look. The squire's pew—that of the Edgeworth's, of course—occupies a position which French politicians might describe as *the left centre;* it is handsome, capacious, adapted, from its size, for a patriarchal family. The whole church wears the look of a kind of household chapel attached to "the big house," as they call it here, for, within, the walls are decorated with marble memorials of that family alone, and, without, their tombs and inscriptions are equally numerous. Inside, for instance, amid others are two on the right of the communion-table, commemorating the best-known Mr. Edgeworth, and his gifted daughter. The former reads in an oval tablet:—

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH,

BORN

31ST MAY, 1744,

DIED

13TH JUNE, 1817.

On a square slab, directly under this, is expressed in terms equally simple and concise—

MARIA EDGEWORTH,

BORN

THE 1ST OF JANUARY, 1767,

DIED

THE 22ND OF MAY, 1849.

st wall of t o , is an inscription in com-
of a clerical son of tha geworth whom Charles II.
t reads to the following t :—

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF THE

REV. MR. ESSEX EDGEWORTH,

SON OF THE HON. SIR JOHN EDGEWORTH, KNIGHT.

AT MY
IVETH,
SHALL
LATTER
EARTH:
AFTER
MS DE-
DY, YET
SHALL I
HOM I
OR MY-
E EYES
D, AND
HER;
INS BE
WITHIN
ix. 25,

By his express directions, the adjoining verses out of the Book of Job are the only ornaments of his tomb. His memory needs no marker to make it perpetual, as his virtues are fresh in the minds of those who knew him; and his lasting charity will record his name when other monuments shall submit to time.

He departed this life the 3rd day of June, in the year of our Lord 1737, and in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

THERE THE WICKED CEASE FROM TROUBLING; AND THERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST. THERE THE PRISONERS REST TOGETHER; THEY HEAR NOT THE VOICE OF THE OPPRESSOR. THE SMALL AND GREAT ARE THERE; AND THE SERVANT IS FREE FROM HIS MASTER. — Job iii. 17, 18, 19.

entrance, extends a deep and noble gallery, free of
1 for ever, as an old inscription on the front of it
lace which the poor can call their own. The chancel
urch—which, to the horror of all ecclesiastical martinets,
port is *not the east end*—terminates in a blind apse,
: reading-desk and pulpit—a very pretty finish to the
aisle, but utterly at odds with the rigid uniformity of a
:ed ecclesiology. The communion-table stands in front
t, as in nearly every Nonconformist church in Great
the large low font before that again. The whole circle
estants seems never to have got fairly into the ecclesias-
for their churches everywhere seem built with a mar-
gard of the points of the compass. Whether this be a
or no, we shall not take upon us to decide; merely
iat had it possessed any marked enormity, some means
bly have been adopted during the last two hundred
medying the evil. To our certain knowledge, new
:e been raised in Ireland within the last six years which
and south where they would be expected to stand east
Yet the detection of such laxity as this has never robbed
ir of our repose.

A few cottages up Granard-street, in decent repair, and an orphan school bespeak the good taste and benevolence of the Edgeworth family. The handsome, but unpretending glebe house, with its magnificent elms and beeches is an appropriate finish to the scene on this side.

VIII.

On the eastern end of the Edgeworth family residence is the entrance hall, flanked by two enormous bow windows, a very wilderness of glass resembling the stern of a three-decker more than anything else. Oriels, Lancets, and Wyatts, hide your diminished heads! These are meant to give light, and, strange to say, although constructed by a mere blundering Irishman, answered their purpose passably well—to the disgust of your Ruskins and Scotts, and Barrys and Tites—the advocates of picturesque Gothicism, Tudorism, or Classicism—in whose favourite styles the useful succumbs to the beautiful, and windows exclude the luminary element, instead of admitting it. The hall within is spacious, covered with excellent family portraits, and surrounded by the doors which lead to the various apartments of the house. In the vestibule salutes us on the left that portrait of Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," which has been so admirably rendered by the burin of Henry Meyer, for the autobiography of Edgeworth. Sir Salathiel Lovell Edgeworth's grandfather, figures there in all the splendour of official costume; but there, above all, that dainty lady, the Lady Edgeworth, *née Bridgman*, in all the Elizabethan stateliness of her court attire—the lady whose appearance at St. James's so struck the profligate Charles II., that she dared not and would not go within reach of the royal wanton again—that high-minded lady smiles her everlasting smile down on the spectator from the canvas overhead. She wears her brilliant ring upon her thumb, a usage carefully displayed in her portrait. The famous Edgeworth knew this lady, his great grandmother, who lived in the family mansion, on the property attached to which she retained a jointure till she was ninety years of age; and he himself only died in 1817, so that persons knowing him would also know one who was connected by a single ancestral link (not of descent of course, but of acquaintance), with the court of the so-called "Merry Monarch"—Lady Edgeworth being in her early prime in the time of the second and least worthy Charles. To the left a handsome library expands, occupying the south-eastern corner of the house—large, cheerful, and stocked with a well-chosen assortment of books, intermixed with golden specimens of the pictorial skill of the ladies of the family. Amongst others, a colossal St. Peter, after one of the early Italian painters, arrested our attention; while a characteristic portrait of one of the Misses Sneyd, an unmarried sister-in-law of the quondam proprietor, in the costume of the day a century ago, was lovely and fascinating. The dining-room follows *en suite*, occupying the centre of the front—three windows opening on a veranda. This room is also garnished with portraiture, chief amongst which is the

handsome likeness of the late owner, the ingenious and memorable Richard Lovell Edgeworth. The courteous hospitalities of that apartment forbid further detail. Next follows the handsome drawing-room, the veranda in its front being enclosed with glass, and thus made a fitting receptacle and nursery for what Young calls "the painted populace of flowers." Wealth, comfort, intelligence, and well-bred ease have made that mansion their home. If the Muses dwell here no longer, it has only been to give place to the Graces, who shed their charm upon the daily life of the inmates.

A gate in front near the village, and one in the rear on the Granard-road are connected by a short carriage drive that embraces the house, leading through a luxuriant laurel shrubbery, wherein these evergreens and others of unchecked growth attain the unusual height of twenty or thirty feet. A by-path behind the house, sacred to domestic seclusion, conducts to a most touching monument of buried love. It opens towards its further end on a tree, beneath which stands a Roman altar in stone, about two feet high, standing on two stone slaps, a sepulchral urn gracing its top, with the inscription carved on the front of the altar:—

TO
HONORA,
1780.

This was that second wife of Edgeworth, of whom in his personal memoirs, during the life of his last, and still surviving lady, he wrote "Honora Edgeworth—the most beloved as a wife, a sister, and a friend, of any person I have ever known." All testimony is unanimous as to the loveliness of this excellent lady, and equally unanimous on the other point that never was mortal wight more lucky than Mr. Edgeworth in the good qualities of every successive match. Horace must have had such a halcyon sailor in view when he wrote of connubial ventures thus: "Felices ter, et *amplius*." More than *thrice*. *Four* times did R. L. E. tempt the dangerous sea of matrimony, and four times return with something better in his hand than *Algæ marinæ*—"wrecks and the salt surf-weeds of bitterness." However often the diver plunged beneath the wave, he never returned without his store of pearls.

IX.

Our heroine, Miss Edgeworth, belonged to that family of Edgeworths who settled in Ireland in Queen Elizabeth's time, somewhere about the year 1583, where, ten years afterwards, we find an Edgeworth, Bishop of Down and Connor, and his brother who survived him Clerk of the Hanaper. The names of Essex and Cecil, retained in the family ever since, connect them clearly enough with the worthies of that time. A son of the layman, a Captain Edgeworth, a widower with one son, married a sister-in-law of Sir Orlando Bridg-

man, the Lord Keeper, who had one daughter; and these two young people, by right of Irish precedent, took it into their heads to marry when they were not fifteen years each; and, with Irish ingenuity in evasion of law, to prevent the Lord Chancellor from making inquisition of the gentleman for running away with an heiress, the young lady took her lover behind her on horseback to church. The first-born son of this precious union saw the light when the combined ages of his parents summed up just that venerable number of thirty years. This son was knighted by Charles the Second. Of the extravagance of himself and his lady, the report remains that on one occasion they sold a handsome estate in Lancashire, and repaired to London carrying the proceeds with them in a stocking, which they kept on the top of the bed, and to which they both had free access till the contents disappeared. This purse must have borne the nearest resemblance of anything in modern times to the sieve of the Danaïdes. But Sir John developed into a very thrifty and prosperous man in after days.

Colonel Frank Edgeworth, their son, a gentleman of property, but fond of play, after staking his wife's diamonds on one occasion, without losing them, vowed to his wife, in a fit of penitence, that he would never handle a card again; nor did he. But not long afterwards, he was found in a farm-yard, pulling straws out of a rick, and betting with a crony on which should be the longest. This was "the ruling passion strong in life."

His son was a lawyer and country gentleman, well married and prosperous, living on the family property of Edgeworth-Town. His son, again, was Richard Lovell Edgeworth, father of Miss Edgeworth, a man of extraordinary talent, marked by a restless eccentricity that bordered on methodical madness. With Adam Clarke, he evidently believed that no man could have too many irons in the fire—hence he plied tongs, poker, and shovel with fidgetty assiduity. Lovell had a delightful mother, who, though paralysed from the hour of his birth, gave herself up with cheerful alacrity to superintending the growth of her son's mind. A mere casualty called his attention to mechanics and natural philosophy when he was only seven years old, and this determined the character of his life. His Latin and Greek were derived from the same scholastic fountain at which Oliver Goldsmith had sipped some years before—the Rev. Mr. Hughes, already named, having been the instructor of both. But ere the youngster, more craftsman than Grecian, had completed his ninth year, he witnessed a miracle of mechanical contrivance in England, whither his father had taken him, that awoke his wonder in no slight degree.

We shall allow him to describe it in his own words: "When we came on the high road to Cirencester, I saw a man carrying a machine five or six feet in diameter, of an oval form, and composed of slender ribs of steel. I begged my father to inquire what it was. We were told that it was the skeleton of a lady's hoop. It was furnished with hinges, which permitted it to fold together in a small

ass, so that more than two persons might sit on one seat of a
h, a feat not easily performed when ladies were encompassed
whalebone hoops of six feet extent. My curiosity was excited
he first sight of this machine, probably more than another child's
it have been, because previous agreeable associations had given
ome taste for mechanism, which was still further increased by
leasure I took in examining this glittering contrivance." This
omenon was observed in 1753, confirming, when we look at the
le fashions of 1860, the *dictum* of Solomon: "The thing which
been, is that which shall be; and there is nothing new under
un."

precocious as some of his ancestors, Lovell Edgeworth was mar-
in a frolic before he was sixteen, but his father very sensibly had
divorced by process of law, before the frolic became painful earnest.
ntered Dublin University, but graduated at Corpus College, Ox-
; yet here, with the fatal facility of marrying proverbial with his
trymen, he was a sire before he was twenty, Maria being one of
hildren of this union, and born in 1767. Fixing his abode in
land, and keeping terms at the Temple, the greater part of
ime was passed in study and in mechanical inventions. Many
hese last were extremely ingenious and quite in advance of his
; several such as promised the utmost usefulness—as for in-
ce, his system of telegraphs, but this relates to a later period.
r. Edgeworth became, by his scientific pursuits, intimate with
Darwin, Miss Seward, and the whole Lichfield circle. On the
ase of his first lady, he found there a most loved and congenial
in Honora Sneyd, the same to whom he raised the altar tomb,
was called away from him, however, some seven years after-
ls, leaving two surviving children.

Christmas, 1780, he married Elizabeth, the sister of his de-
ed wife. She was a lady of great beauty, ability, and polished
ners; and died in 1797, after a happy union of seventeen years.
1798, Mr. Edgeworth united his fate with that of the Miss
ifort, daughter of a dignitary of the Irish Church, who still sur-
s him in venerable years, surrounded by children and grand-
lren, but in possession of every faculty. The Edgeworths have
uth proved a fruitful tree; but they have recently grafted with
iest effect a genuine Spanish scion on the parent stock, and this
ises a renewal of strength, and a fairer florage and fuller fruit-
than ever before. *Faxit* D. O. M.

X.

o the oldest of these families belonged Maria, the author. Her
published venture in literature was in conjunction with her
er, "Essays on Practical Education," all the methods of which
been tried at home, before divulged for the benefit of others. It
y be stated here, that what is called the Look-and-Say system of
rning to read is theirs, and that sundry rational modes of teaching

now prevailing in every family and every school in Great Britain are unconsciously adopted from the writings of these gifted persons. Almost all the novels which proceeded from this centre, are the creation of the eldest daughter, the father being too practical to enter the region of the ideal; but even the purest fictions of Maria are pervaded by the father's spirit, and are professedly didactic. They abound in the teaching of common sense, of every-day morality, that kind of Gospel which expounds "How to make the best of both worlds." Their pictures of Irish character are singularly true; they are copied from life; and in scarcely one instance are fictitious. Not merely in these, but in all her productions, those who were familiar with the circle and traditions of the Edgeworth-Town family a century ago, would trace the reproduction of familiar incidents and traits, as in "Belinda," they would recognise the project of the eccentric and to our minds, disagreeable and exacting Thomas Day to procure a wife for himself. As Miss Edgeworth in fact proclaims, the most improbable of her sketches were often the most real transcripts of facts which the critics pronounced incredible flights of imagination: "the very circumstances that were taken from real life are those that have been objected to as improbable or impossible." Her Essay on Irish Bulls" is the most entertaining of the whole series, and is a joint publication. It appeared first in 1802. Our readers will remember the anecdote of the Scottish Agricultural Society, that in its wisdom deeming it an essay on the manufacture of Hibernian *Irish Bulls*, ordered ten copies with a view to improving the native breed of oxen. It is an extremely pleasant and amusing publication; vindicating the eloquence, wit, and humour of the lower classes in Ireland. Papa Edgeworth collected, collected, and reported, and Miss E. recorded, with all the tact of original authorship, her father's facts and fancies.

It may not be out of harmony with the general strain of this article, if we quote the oft-quoted but still inimitable instance of ready wit on the part of an Irish beggarwoman, who had for a day after day a certain general and his lady with all her importunities and pleas, till their patience and charity were fairly exhausted. But the beggarwoman's resources were as inexhaustible as ever. One morning at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began: "Ah! my lady, success to your ladyship, and success to your honour's honour, this night of all days in the year; for sure, didn't I dream last night that your ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and that your honour gave me a pound of tobacco?"

"'But, my good woman,' said the general, 'don't you know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?'

"'Do they so, please your honour? Then I'll be bound for it, then it must be your honour that will give me the tea, and my lady ladyship that will give me the tobacco.' The general, being of Sterne's opinion, that a woman always will have more than a pinch of snuff, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream.

This we can with an instance of assurance of very recent date, somewhat like it. An acquaintance of ours—we may call her Lady Boteler—was once asked by a poor person for some tea, with which request she complied. But when she appeared with the parcel in her hand, her appliant at once insinuated her further request in the shape of disappointment that it had not been forestalled or understood:—"Ah, sure your ladyship has forgot the sugar!"—a way of "putting it" that proved irresistible with my kind-hearted friend.

It would be entirely out of place to enter here upon a general criticism of Miss Edgeworth's works, which are all pervaded by the same spirit of utility which governed the multifarious projects of her father. But we can earnestly recommend them. The author must not be supposed to have confined her works to sketches of Irish life alone, as those unacquainted with her writings might surmise, from the greater celebrity of her essay on "Irish Bulls," her "Castle Rackrent," and her tale of the "Absentee." The larger part of her productions are as English in their scenery as admirably English in their style. Her "Belinda," "Leonora," "Modern Griselda," "Popular Tales," "Two Series of Tales of Fashionable Life," "Patronage," and "Harrington and Ormond," might have been written by any Englishwoman for any circle of purely English readers.

XI.

Those of our readers who are acquainted with "Castle Rackrent" will excuse our reproduction of an amusing sketch of the scenery of that novel, which might have been taken from the lawn of Edgeworth House, and which singularly verifies our own not flattering personal observation. Sir Christopher has just brought home his English bride, whom he did *not* marry for love, and she displays a supercilious ignorance of her surroundings, which her liege lord does not regard as flattering to his pretensions. The recorder of the scene is their Irish steward, one Thady Quirk:—

"'And what is a barrack-room, pray, my dear?' were the first words I ever heard out of my lady's lips.

"'No matter, my dear,' said he, and went on talking to me, ashamed-like I should witness her ignorance. To be sure, to hear her talk, one might have taken her for an innocent, for it was—'What's this, Sir Kit?' and 'What's that, Sir Kit?' all the way we went. To be sure, Sir Kit had enough to do to answer her. 'And what do you call that, Sir Kit?' said she, 'that that looks like a pile of black bricks, pray, Sir Kit?' 'My turf-stack, my dear,' said my master, and bit his lip. 'Where have you lived, my lady, all your life, not to know a turf-stack when you see it?' thought I, but said nothing. Then, by-and-bye, she takes out her glass, and begins spying over the country. 'And what's all that black swamp out yonder, Sir Kit?' says she. 'My bog, my dear,' says he, and went

on whistling. 'It's a very ugly prospect, my dear,' says she. 'You don't see it, my dear,' says he, 'for we've planted it out when the trees grow up in summer time,' says he. 'Where are the trees?' says she, 'my dear,' still looking through her glass. 'You are blind, my dear,' says he; 'what are these under your eyes?' 'These shrubs?' says she. 'Trees,' said he. 'May be they are what you call trees in Ireland,' says she, 'but they are not a yard high, are they?' 'They were planted out last year, my lady,' says I, to soften matters between them, for I saw she was going the way to make his honour mad with her; 'they are very well grown for their age, and you'll not see the bog of Allyballycarrick o' Shaughlin at-all-at-all through the skreen when once the leaves come out. But, my lady, you must not quarrel with any part or parcel of Allyballycarrick o' Shaughlin, for you don't know how many hundred years that same bit of bog has been in the family. We would not part with the bog of Allyballycarrick o' Shaughlin upon no account at all. It cost the late Sir Murtagh two hundred good pounds to defend his title to it and boundaries, against the O'Learys, who cut a road through it.' Now, one would have thought this would have been hint enough for my lady; but she fell to laughing like one out of their right mind, and made me say the name of the bog over for her to get it by heart a dozen times. Then she must ask me to spell it, and what was the meaning of it in English—Sir Kit standing by and whistling all the while. I verily believed she laid the corner-stone of all her future misfortunes at that very instant; but I said no more—only looked at Sir Kit."

Miss Edgeworth wrote much in this style, full of humour, full of patriotism, full of grace. The greater part of her life was passed in the country of her sires; but she also visited her native England, and France, in both of which countries, from the common celebrity of her own name and her father's, the best circles were open to her. It is pleasant to note how—upon the occasion of a trip to France, in 1803, with Mr. Edgeworth and other members of his family—the father, who was entitled to be present as a Fellow of the Royal Society of Great Britain at the *seances* of the French Academy, preferred his claim to that distinction on the ground of being a Member of the Royal Irish Academy. The celebrity of the older institution would have proved a passport to privilege anywhere; but Mr. E., with all an Irishman's love for his country, rather assigned as his title to the honour the obscure and infant institution of which he was one of the foundation members. The achievements of this Society were in that day rather in a state of promise than of performance. Their very modest motto—"WE WILL ENDEAVOUR"—has since redeemed its earnest significance by achievements in the fields of science, and antiquarian and elegant literature, which have challenged the admiration of the world.

Miss Edgeworth, after a life of few vicissitudes, died, useful, honoured, and cherished, in the midst of an admiring and loving

family, made up of many families, in the year 1849, at the mature age of eighty-two years—in her own person a proof that time and intimacy do not diminish respect, and that literature is by no means unfriendly to length of life.

XII.

Leaving Edgeworth-Town unregretting on our return to "Home, sweet home," whom should we encounter on the way but our friend Tim in veritable presence, and in great glee on his road back He had been gratified with his reception at the "big house," and was further delighted that he was getting onward to his Norah.

"Ah! Tim," said we, "is that you? *Quomodo vales?*—How do you do?"

"*Recte admodum*, never better," replied he with the utmost promptitude.

"When did you get there?" we asked, curious to know his movements, and hear his report. "*Quotâ horâ illic adfuisti?*"

"*Octavâ, Domine, pomeridianâ*—eight o'clock, yer 'anner, and no mistake."

"*Cœnam edisti?* Did they give you anything to eat?"

"*I mo, fortissimam cœnam*, a first-rate supper."

"*Quis tibi ministrabat—puer ne ancilla?* Was it Owen or Matilda that gave you it?"

"Nayther, yer 'anner, *neque puer, neque ancilla, sed domina ipsa gratiosissima, piissima, et re mirifice eâ gavisus sum*—it warmed the cockles of my heart."

"What did they give you to refresh you, Tim? *Quœnam edenda?*"

"All sorts, yer 'anner—*varia cœna*—the best of everything; it could not be beat."

"Well, Tim, I am glad you were satisfied; but the missis couldn't treat anyone badly."

"'Tis herself's the good warrant for that, any how," replied our grateful peasant."

I may here explain what I learned on my return home, that when Tim presented himself in the evening with his little cow, he was shivering with cold, and took his seat by the kitchen fire; but to every offer of more generous provision he returned a modest refusal, and only asked for a glass of mulled porter and a few cold potatoes warmed on the gridiron. This struck me, amongst other things, as characteristic of our poor Kerry man and Dog-Latinist.

After a few more sentences had passed between us, especially about his priest and the Bible, Tim told us of his strange frolic with an antiquary, which we recount in his own wild, unsophisticated style.

"Did yer 'anner ever hear how I circumvinted one of the Dublin *savvongs?*"

"No, indeed, Tim, never; and I am very curious to hear it?"

"Then you won't have to wait long for it," said my hearty, and smiled such a rich, meaning, self-complacent smile, as lit up his whole nature, and made him rock with scarcely suppressed merriment. He fairly chuckled at the recollection of his fun, and excited my curiosity to hear his story.

XIII.

"Well, you see, Sir, last May, two gintlemen and a lot of others, and no end of ladies came down to our country to hunt up the antiquities; they b'longed to the *British Ass*—something—myself thinks it's *Assoshiashun*. These two was, what they called theirselves, *savvongs*, whatever that means; but I knew their own honest names were Dr. Tame and Dr. Tombs, and very decent fellows they were, though I knocked the consate out of Mr. Tame. They went here, and they poked there; and they dug this place, and they trenched that; and they upset, and turned upside down, and turned in and out everything: 'help me, if a pebble-stone or a sod of grass escaped their prying notice; the gintlemen sticking their shillelahs, and the *colleen dhasses*—the pretty girls — their parrysoles everywhere.

"Well, Sir, when I couldn't make out their business, I made bould to ax Mr. Tame;" and, says I, "May I ax what's your name?" says I.

"Dr. Tame, of Dublin," says he, mighty consequential-like, as if every one knew who Dr. Tame was, an' I never heerd of him before —*Nunquam de illius famâ audivi.*

"But what may you be?" says I, not a bit put out by his consequence, "and what are you doing here?" said I.

"I'm a *savvong*," says he, as cool as salt cod, "I'm a *savvong*."

"And what in the name of goodness is that," said I; "is it a monkey or a Frinchman?"

"Well," says he, "a *savvong*," says he, "is a wise man."

With that I began to twig him, and guess'd that *savvong* was just what Shemus Connell, the schoolmaster, used to tache me out of *Horris: sapiens, a wise man.* "It would be hard, yer 'anner, to find any one that ever stepp'd in breeches a bigger born fool than the same Mr. Tame, although he called himself a wise man."

"I'm a philosopher, Mr. Doherty," said he, after he had inquired my name, "I'm a philosopher, and am kem all the way from Dublin to settle some knotty points about the early inhabitants of this place. Can you give me any information?"

"Indeed and indeed," I replied, "it would be presumption in me to tache a philosopher. Sure, I'm but a frieze-coated countryman." says I, "and how could I tache the likes of you? A love-letter from the Pope to his wife and children wouldn't be half so quare or impossible, as for me to be taching philosophers."

"But local knowledge, Mr. O'Doherty," and there, your 'anner, he had me by the grip, for ye see, if I've a weakness, it is to be called

O; "local knowledge you may have, although but a feeble glimmering of general philosophy."

"Nivver a farthing candle's worth of philosophy at all," said I, "I jist know I've got a nose on my face, and I follow my nose, that's my philosophy."

"There might be worse, there might be worse," said the Dublin *savvong*.

"I hope *savvong* is nothing bad, yer 'anner," continued Tim, addressing ourselves, "for myself doesn't know rightly what it means, except that the *savvong* showed himself a fool. And there I think Horris slumbers, as he says Homer sometimes does: for he says the wise man is *everything*—a rich man, a good cobbler, a beauty, and a king:—*Dives, qui sapiens est, et sutor bonus, et solus formosus, et est rex.* But he left out one thing: he should have said—'*he was also a fool.*' Now, our philosopher was a fool, your 'anner; Tim Doherty says it, and will prove it."

"Well, Tim, go on."

"You see, Sir, he went on about forts, and raths, and cromlechs, and duns, and Cyclopean buildings, and Collineations, and Firbolgs, and Tuath de Danaans, and Celts and Phœnicians, and Milesians, and ethnology, and geology, and flint tools, and stone chips in the drift, and pre-Adamite men, and torques and brooches, and primitive fortifications, and Ophite temples, and Ogham stones, till I was fairly dinned and deav'd with him."

"But what did he say about pre-Adamites, Tim?"

"Why, yer 'anner, he would make out that we mortal min of our distric' belonged to a race that lived long before Adam—that we were a peculiar race of min—that he had dissected several of us, and found that we had two additional *vertebræ* in our *os coccygis* (I remimber his Latin names for the parts right well) more than other people—the remnant of a tail—a bony appendage behind to sit upon. What do you think of that now?"

"I think it was a very unwarranted speculation."

"Arrah, yer 'anner, I wish my Norah had heard him spekkylating upon her Tim having a tail: I think she'd have astonished the *savvong* with a clout of the potstick on his *caubeen*, if he didn't get a pail of dirty water about his ears. 'Twould make a saint mad to hear the fool. 'Here, my dear friends,' shouted he to the listening throng, 'we are repaid for our journey: here is proof positive that I am right. I cannot resist evidence before my eyes, while I am honest sceptic enough to avow that *I never believe what I never saw.*'"

"If that be the case," said I, aloud, "you won't believe much. Did you ever see the back of your head? Did you ever see your great-great-grandmother? Did you ever see the inside of a drum?"

"Now look at this building," continued he; "this accords with my theory, that this island was inhabited prior to the creation of Adam, by a less highly developed race of mankind. Mark these stones, how rudely laid, how coarsely cemented. Observe their size, cyclopean, as well as their irregular masonry. See how

the walls rise without any distinction of tier, and bear no indication of shingle, or other roof. How utterly unlike this is to anything ever seen before! Ladies and gentlemen, such architecture as this is demonstrative of our problem. Seeing is believing: no argument is required. The very lowest computation we can assign for such buildings as this is twenty thousand years! The chronology of the Bible is wrong, and we are right."

"That may be as you *savrongs* say," said I, "but I know to my own certain knowledge that one stone was not there last Midsummer; and that this very winter I helped Paddy Murphy to build it for shelter to his wee ould grey jackass. Isn't it so, Paddy Murphy?" said I.

"True for you, Tim," said he; "God's truth, and there's no use denying it."

"Och, your 'anner, you should a-seen the *savrong;* he looked like a stuck pig; he stared around him to see who sided with him; but when, partly at Paddy Murphy's remarks and mine, and partly at his own scared look, the gintlemen fell into a roar of laughing, you'd a-thought he'd been bit by a mad dog, for Dr. Tame became wild, and foam'd at the mouth, and gnashed his teeth at them all, and curs'd them, bell, book, and candle, and look'd as if he could throw all the world into the say close by, and himself after it. To make a long story short, he tuk to his heels, and, they say, never stopped running for two hundred miles, till he got into Dublin, and buried his head in his pillows to shut out the laughing. I never think, yer 'anner, of these men that would be wiser than God Almighty himself—*savrongs*—men that would send frogs to the blacksmith to get shod—*that I don't think of the shed of Paddy Murphy's ass.*"

"More power to you, Tim," said we, in the idiom of his country, "in confounding those bat-like philosophers who are purblind in the light, and see clearly in the dark what no one else can descry; who dishonour God's word, and exalt poor staggering human reason above it. You served the *savant* right. *Sic semper pereant!* *Sed quando huc reversarus es?*—Shall we ever see you here again, Tim?"

"*Proximum annum*—next year, please God."

"Farewell, Tim; safe home to you, and a pleasant meeting with Norah!"

"*Omnia bona tibi atque toti domo tuæ, exacerrei pater Omnipotens!* God bless you, master! May you and the mistress sit upon a golden chair in heaven: and drink the Falernian of immortality in *secula sæculorum!*"

"*Ita Deus faxit!*—*Vale, vale.* Good-bye, Tim, till we meet again.

P. P.

VI.

A CHANCE WORLD.

PERHAPS there are not many [illegible] the world was produced by [illegible] who maintained that the e[illegible] in space from a casual conc[illegible] too, who did not disdain to [illegible] conclusion. For cosmical [illegible] particular, the worst fate [illegible] months' banishment to a [illegible] principles.

Sceptics, however, still exist. Even in this famous nineteenth century of ours—certainly the busiest and most cultivated which has yet been recorded in the book of Time—there are some who think it good philosophy to exclude an intelligent cause from the universe. Tearing the heart out of creation they regard it as a species of automaton, and resolve all its phenomena into pure dry mechanism. Now, as we are so much accustomed to count upon the regularity of all natural processes—and what a splendid tribute is this to their perfection, since it is a tribute paid by the Atheist and the Christian alike!—it may not be misspent time to consider what sort of a world we should have if Chance, or any other non-intelligent power were really at the head of affairs. And lest the inquiry should seem to refer to a mere phantom of Pagan cosmology alone, let it be remarked that by a slight change in the conditions of the question, the inferences are equally applicable to every form of modern unbelief.

I ask the sceptic's company, therefore, whilst we glance for a few moments at a planet which has been shaped out of atoms fortuitously assembled. Eschewing the haughty, contemptuous tone which is sometimes adopted in dealing with subjects of this character, and which necessarily frustrates its purpose by closing the avenues of approach to an incredulous intellect, I will venture to discuss the topic in a free and familiar manner.

The leading law of such an orb, if anything like law can be said to exist, must of course be this—that in a Chance world you can only expect Chance results. First of all, then, as respiration is the Alpha and Omega of existence to creatures constituted like ourselves, we must be furnished with an appropriate atmosphere. Now, seeing that the number of gases with which we are acquainted, both simple and compound, is considerable, you, my

sceptical friend, shall write down the names of each on separate slips of paper, then put them in a bag, and afterwards draw out the first which comes to hand.

If you happen to hit upon a peculiar mixture consisting of nitrogen, oxygen, and a little carbonic acid, I will frankly admit that the admirable composition which envelopes our earth may be a purely accidental production. But how is this? You dip in your fingers and bring out a slip labelled chlorine. Why, chlorine is a deadly poison! It will never answer for your Chance world. A few whiffs would exterminate the entire population. So unfit, indeed, is this gas for pulmonary purposes, that it occasions fearful spasms in the windpipe, and the entrance to the chest is instantly closed against the intruder. But as Chance has thus failed, egregiously failed, be it observed, it may be reasonable to give her another opportunity, that we may see if she will retrieve her character. You shall, therefore, draw again. What now? Sulphuretted hydrogen, I perceive. Alas, my good friend, this is worse still, if possible! Imagine that all the poultry in creation had been laying eggs—that all these eggs had become intensely putrid—and that all these intensely putrid eggs had been broken at your feet—and you may form some notion of the detestable gas with which your goddess might have encircled the globe. And could you expect any respectable beings to reside in such an unsavoury planet? I say, no! But, indeed, existence would be impossible, either for man or beast. Thénard found that when this substance was inhaled without dilution by an animal, the wretched creature fell down dead as if pierced by a bullet. Mixed with common air in so small a proportion as one part in a thousand it has proved fatal to a large dog, and even when the leg alone of a horse was inserted in a receiver filled with sulphuretted hydrogen the quadruped was summarily destroyed.

These two essays at an atmosphere, therefore, having led to nothing but poisonous results, how long would it be, think you, before Chance contrived to hit upon a gas which could be breathed with perfect safety? There is only one such aërial fluid in fact. All others are either entirely irrespirable, or if they admit of inhalation for a time, like pure oxygen or nitrous oxide (laughing-gas), they are unfitted for regular service on other grounds. Nor is this solitary air, strictly speaking, a chemical compound; it is a mechanical mixture, whose constituents might have been adjusted in any conceivable proportions had they been determined by Chance instead of design. I might, therefore, fairly request you to draw again in order to settle those proportions (that is to say): we will number 100 slips of paper with successive figures to represent the nitrogen, 100 to represent the oxygen, and an

equal number to represent the carbonic acid; and if on dipping your hand into the bag, you should happen to bring out at once the three inscribed 79 nitrogen, 21 oxygen, and $\frac{1}{10}\frac{1}{00}$ carbonic acid, then I will cheerfully admit that the atmosphere may have been casually compounded. But as I see you don't like the proposal, I will not insist upon the trial.

Perhaps, however, you suggest that in the countless ages which preceded the occupation of the globe, Chance went on experimenting at random until she hit upon the present happy arrangement of elements? Pardon me if I say that the proposition is somewhat monstrous, but, for the sake of argument, it shall be granted. Then comes the question, Pray how are the proportions of the several atmospheric constituents to be maintained from century to century without the slightest perceptible disturbance? Alter their ratio to any notable extent, and it would soon be all over with mankind. Now, as everything which breathes is constantly drawing upon this aërial treasury for the vital element, and constantly restoring it in the shape of a deadly poison; as every lamp which burns, and every furnace which glows is pilfering the atmosphere of its oxygen, and polluting it in return with mephitic fumes; as thousands of noxious exhalations are incessantly arising from stagnant marshes, decaying forests, decomposing ordure, chemical manufactories, human hospitals, and other fountains of pestilence, we might naturally expect that the atmosphere would be thoroughly disorganized in a single generation. There are counter-processes, it is true. Most vegetables, for example, give out oxygen in the sunlight during a certain portion of the year, and appropriate carbon. But if the drain upon the air in one way is to be redressed by supplies poured in from independent sources, surely it would be a very marvellous thing to find that these exactly balanced each other, and yet that the result was due to simple Chance! You, my sceptical friend, we will say, are a partner in a bank. Yesterday morning, on commencing business, you had a certain quantity of capital consisting of gold, silver, and notes in your desks and drawers. All day long customers were streaming in and streaming out, some paying, some receiving, and yet at night you discovered that you had precisely the same amount of cash in your coffers; and not only so, but the relative proportions of your gold, silver, and notes continued wholly unchanged. Now Chance might perhaps accomplish this for once in her life. Let us say twice, if you like. I am even willing to go as far as three times; but it would be absurd to tell me that it could happen for a whole month, or still more for a whole year. And is it likelier to occur, think you, in the great atmospheric bank? There, certain agencies are ever

drawing upon, or adding to, its gaseous funds; but lo! when the books are balanced from generation to generation, we cannot ascertain that it has either gained or lost a single farthing by its multitudinous transactions. I can hardly believe that if lawyer Tomkins comes to you for £55 3s. 6d. in the morning, grazier Thompson will accidentally walk in in the afternoon, and hand over an equal amount just to keep things square. If we were to allow that the atmosphere might hold out for a few years—a long lease of order in an element which is exposed to such incessant perturbations—who could reasonably expect that its proportions would remain unaffected for centuries?

Next let us consider what would be the state of the human body in a Chance world. Of course we must conclude that it would be most irregularly developed. Its growth, as we know, is not accomplished by adding layer to layer, but by the dexterous deposition of small particles within the various tissues of the structure. If a house is to be enlarged, rateably in all its departments, there is nothing for it but to take the whole building down. In the corporeal fabric, however—that is to say, as it exists in a world under intelligent management—the bricks are inserted in such a way that all the different portions increase *pari passu*. But, in a planet ruled by Chance, should we have any right to calculate upon the symmetrical expansion of the frame? Decidedly not. If I am not much mistaken, my sceptical friend, I think I perceive some very fantastic forms in that casually-created globe of ours. Yonder is a boy—whose right arm is growing with double speed, whilst the left has suspended all progress—by the time he reaches manhood, one hand will be strong enough to fell an ox, the other only fit to flourish an infant's rattle. Nor is there anything surprising in this discrepancy; for is it not extremely improbable that just the same quantity of material should be accidentally conveyed to two separate branches of the body, so as to produce precisely the same degree of enlargement? There, too, are scores of individuals whose legs differ in extension, and who are consequently compelled to employ crutches to compensate for the brevity of their limbs. Don't blame nature. How could she help it, if all her proceedings are dictated by Chance?

But, granting that the business of growth were conducted with due regularity during youth, and that on arriving at maturity, I found myself in a state of unobjectionable development, how do I know that I shall preserve my proportions for a single week? The atoms of the body are perpetually changing. Next year, perhaps, or it may be in a much shorter period of time, I may have parted with my present stock of molecules and acquired a

new set entirely. But, in order to maintain my shape, it is necessary that the processes of nutrition and decay should be adjusted with the most exquisite nicety. Of course I cannot expect this in a Chance planet, and accordingly I soon discover that the assimilating powers of my body are overmatching the disintegrating forces. The consequence? I go on expanding in bulk from year to year. I attain the most preposterous dimensions. I lose all comeliness of person, and become an unwieldy monster. Such an amorphous mass of humanity was never yet seen upon any well-regulated globe. To stand erect is difficult; to walk, excessively painful; to run, utterly impossible. Showmen, who deal in giants and extremely stout personages, would make me tempting offers were it not that the frequency of the phenomenon in a Chance world excludes me from the only occupation which extravagant corpulence can command—not that I should feel proud to enter the profession, even if I could turn my magnitude to lucrative account, for it would not be very pleasant to be carried about in a caravan and exhibited to gaping bumpkins at the low charge of a penny a head.

Further, if Chance preside over these corporeal imitations, the peculiarities of form and face by which we now recognise each other could no longer serve as tests of our identity. Although your nose may be of Roman build this year, is it not quite probable (as you will have a new one next year) that it may then degenerate into a disreputable pug? In a world where all is of fortuitous origin, I can give no guarantee that your handsome visage will not be succeeded in a few months by a countenance which would have served for a fabled Caliban, or for a veritable Heidegger.* I need scarcely say that such a state of things would be productive of immense inconvenience, for the rapid changes occurring in our features would occasion innumerable mistakes, and at times render it difficult to establish our individuality. A dear friend from a distance comes to visit you; you pass him in the street as if he were a perfect stranger, and when he walks into your room it is necessary to compare notes at length before you can shake hands with proper ardour, and admit him to his rightful place in your affections. A rich acquaintance leaves me a pretty little legacy (very kind of him—that is the way for a man to get his memory cherished) but the heir-at-law, who does not approve of the transaction, makes all sorts of difficulties about my identity, until at last, finding that the mere presentation of my person is

* An opera manager in London (in the time of George II.) who was so renowned for ugliness that, though the Earl of Chesterfield wagered a large sum he would find a match in personal hideousness, his lordship was compelled to confess himself vanquished.

of no avail, I am compelled to ask people to swear to me as if I were an impostor, and even then the sordid fellow (I mean the heir) has the bad taste and effrontery to intimate that my sponsors ought to be attested themselves. In short, if the changes in the human body were not conducted with matchless skill, society would be thrown into confusion, and uncertainties like those which attend a masquerade would continually arise, unless each individual fastened a card to his coat as he does a brass plate to his door.'

Then what sort of animals should we have in our Chance planet? Glance at yonder poor horse. Its four feet happen to be all of different lengths. The creature is perfectly useless; for though it can hop along, the performance is varied by many a ludicrous tumble. No child's wooden charger with its legs all shattered could exhibit a more dilapidated look. I observe, too, an ox which has no joints in its knees, and in consequence the brute must always remain erect, or, if it falls, must continue prostrate till relieved by death. Nor is it uncommon, I am told, for an elephant to be born with a solid instead of a tubular trunk, so that the sagacious animal can neither refresh itself by sucking up water, nor revenge itself by squirting mud over frolicsome tailors at Delhi. It appears, also, that the pinions of birds are of unequal power—it would be a marvel indeed were it otherwise—hence you may see eagles, when desirous of making for their eyries, twisting round and round in the air like a steamboat which has lost the paddlewheel from one of its sides.

Fishes are subject to a similar infirmity, though occasionally it turns out that their fins are inflexible and won't work at all. Beavers now and then find themselves unprovided with cutting teeth to get timber for their dams; and instead of the broad trowel-tails required for their plastering operations they are overwhelmed with indignation on discovering that their appendages are too slender and wire-drawn to be of the slightest service. And there, too, are birds which don't know how to build a nest; wasps which cannot draw their stings; beetles which cannot get their wings from under their cases; oysters which cannot close their valves when once opened, insects without antennæ to feel their way, and polyps without tentacles to seize their food. In fact, matters so frequently go wrong that it is only here and there —just by chance, you know—that a creature is found to be perfect in all its parts and functions. Ought we to feel surprised? Certainly not. If all things were made at haphazard, I can scarcely suppose that our stock of animals would be superior to the wooden zoology of a child's Noah's ark, and yet you would laugh incredulously were you told that the contents of such a toy had been produced without skill or even design.

Still more egregious, however, would be the blunders which Chance would commit when she came to deal with the cravings and instincts of the brute creation. If the longings of an animal are not in strict harmony with its organism, it must either live a miserable life or die a premature death. Your fortuitous goddess, we will say, makes a slight mistake in an herbivorous creature, and inspires it with a passion for flesh. She transfers to the sheep the carnivorous appetite of the wolf. What is the fleecy quadruped to do? Grass it declines, and from turnips it turns away in disgust. Pressed by hunger, it makes a dart at a hare, but soon perceives that its feet are totally unfitted for the chase. The want of appropriate teeth, the feebleness of the paws, the absence of all strategetic arts, clearly show that the creature has not been aggressively constructed, whilst the length of the intestines (short in the carnivorous, extensive in the herbivorous tribes) proves that the sheep would fare but ill if it attempted to earn its livelihood as a predatory beast. Or suppose, again, that the building instincts of certain animals were misplaced. Bees, for example, are impressed with the notion that they ought to form webs like those of the spider. Their efforts, of course, are utterly vain. They have no glands capable of secreting liquid silk, no spinnerets with which to twist it into a fine gossamer cord, nor is their geometry, however marvellous in itself, at all applicable to the formation of clever snares, such as are woven by the devourers of flies. On the other hand, spiders are of opinion that their vocation is to fashion hexagonal cells, and to live in waxen cities, like the producers of honey. But they soon discover that they can neither manufacture the necessary material nor shape it into a proper comb even if provided; and that unless they act in direct hostility to their impulses they can never hope to suck the juices of a single fly. I know that these cases must sound absurd. But why? Simply because the instincts of animals are so happily and so uniformly adapted to their organization—their mental nature, if I may so speak, tallies so wonderfully with their physical constitution—that no defect or discord can be said to exist. Chance might possibly have hit upon the right arrangement in one or two instances, but could she in fifty—a hundred—a thousand—ten thousand?

In the next place, I might dwell upon the mistakes which would occur in the Vegetable World. Plants would labour under various imperfections, and exhibit many grotesque departures from natural truth. We should have leaves which would not perform the functions of lungs, roots which imbibed noxious instead of nutritious material, anthers which could not shed their pollen, flowers which made their appearance at the wrong season,

only to suffer an immediate blight, fruits which had no sweetness and roses which had no smell—in fact, heresies in vegetation would become so frequent, that if they happened in a real world, we should say its Flora had run perfectly crazed.

Let us, however, inquire in what way Chance would deal with another vital question, namely, the numerical adjustment of the sexes. The separation of the human race into two sections, considered in its social results, is perhaps the master-stroke of Creation, for doubtless in a monacious planet mortals would become so excessively disagreeable that nobody would voluntarily select it as a place of residence. Fortunately for us, the ratio of the masculine to the feminine element appears to be scrupulously maintained, births in the former department being slightly in excess of those in the latter,* so that making allowance for the several terrible larger perils which spring from war, navigation, and other manly pursuits, the two divisions may be said to match each other with marvellous nicety. Now, if Chance could be supposed to preside over any question, it is surely this. Nothing can be more uncertain than the sex of the infant which will be born to-morrow. Not the faintest prediction can be hazarded on the point. No principle of rotation can be detected, but the event appears to be as fortuitous as if it were determined by the toss of a halfpenny or the twirl of a teetotum. And, if such be the case in individual instances, is it likely, when the sum total of births is concerned, that the two elements will always correspond in a certain exact and definite proportion? We should express considerable surprise if we discovered a borough in England where the rival candidates polled nearly the same number of votes at every election, and that in spite of all the disturbing forces (pecuniary or intoxicating) which mar the integrity of people on such occasions, we should be able to say with confidence what would be the result of every contest for generations to come.

In our Chance World, however, this admirable adjustment of the sexes would speedily be destroyed. There may be a race of males perhaps for a few centuries, and then a profusion of females, as if Nature were playing at cross purposes with the human race. In one country, you might have a large majority of spinsters, in another, a large majority of bachelors; and though the two might certainly come to terms, and make a match of it, yet it would scarcely be convenient for a kingdom in Europe to carry on a courtship with another in Asia, or to contract matrimony in such a wholesale way as might be necessary to redress the inequality. And what, may I ask, would become of society, if the ladies got

* The average numbers are from 1,000 to 1,040 boys, and 1,000 girls.

› rare, that they only numbered (say) one in twenty? Judge
' the competition which would ensue for the hand of every eligible
aiden. What offers she would receive by each post and at each
irty. What jealousies would be excited whenever she appeared.
/hat quarrels would inevitably arise. What duels would be
ught. Verily, I am inclined to believe, that if Helen really
st the Greeks a ten years' siege, a planet in which the rougher
ement so fearfully preponderated, would have to exist in a state
' chronic warfare. On the other hand, shall we suppose that the
ir sex had acquired a similar numerical ascendancy? This,
›wever, is an aspect of the question on which it might be unwise
speculate. Be it enough to observe that for six thousand years
ıe human race appears to have run its course in double file, and
ıis happy equality between the sexes has been invariably main-
ined.

Illustrations like these might be multiplied indefinitely.
ıfficient, however, has been said to show that in a world placed
ıtirely under the jurisdiction of Chance, uncertainty must attach
every physical proceeding. Matters could not be kept right for
single day, much less for sixty centuries in succession.

But perhaps you tell me that you are a sceptic of a higher
ass. You believe in some principle of regularity, though you
ın't know what to call it exactly. You cannot deny that the
ıenomena of nature operate with wonderful precision, and there-
re you are willing to admit that there is some virtue inherent in
atter—some suffusing influence, perhaps, which works what you
e pleased to term the machinery of creation with all the
rtainty of law. Such a theory, however, will be of little avail.
ranting the existence of this anonymous principle, you forget
at it might have been exercised wrongly instead of rightly,
olishly instead of wisely, malignantly instead of benevolently.
is clear that the arrangements of nature might have been
st the reverse of what they really are. The blunders and
fects I have ascribed to Chance might have been standard
atures in the economy of our globe, and not mere occasional
ıomalies. A clock may be made to go erroneously as well as
rrectly; the hour hand may travel backwards instead of
rwards; the minute pointer may require half-a-day to move
und the dial; the hammer may strike six when the sun tells us
is exactly noon. Just as it might have been arranged that the
ound should only produce weed or noxious plants. For the
›ol of the sheep, the spines of the hedgehog might be substi-
ted, and the horse might be as tardy in its movements as the
›th. Children might be born without the sense of hearing, and
e tongues of the human race might all be soldered to their

jaws. Our teeth might ache from morning till night, and our toes be covered with corns and bunions from our very birth. Our joints might occasion us as much torture whenever they were employed as a creaking door with rusty hinges would feel were it endowed with sensation. Our eyes might be fixed in our heads without power to roll them in their orbits, or to adapt the vision to near or distant objects. Every odour might be intolerably disgusting, and even roses and violets might compel us to faint. Each article of diet might disagree with us, so that the poor stomach should be kept in a state of perpetual insurrection. Why, in short, should not evil and error be the fundamental laws of creation, if the universe is nothing more than a species of uninspired machine? It is easier, indeed, to make a clock which shall go wrong all day, than one which shall neither gain nor lose a single second in a year. And, certainly, it must have been much easier to frame a world which should be a profound bungle, than one which should be a perfect success. I don't wonder that a poor pagan deity like Jupiter (according to the old satirist) should have to examine the heavens from time to time, to see whether the firmament had not fallen out of repair.

Lastly, however, the sceptic should remember that every theory of creation, which excludes the idea of a wise and independent Ruler, demands a greater amount of credulity than any of the recognised creeds he professes to despise. If Chance, for example, really governs the universe, we must hold that she is capable of performing a host of miracles every minute. The atheist is, in fact, the most superstitious of men. He rejects a competent Creation in order to believe that a verbal figment or a positive nonentity can accomplish the highest marvels of intelligence. He is like a person who denies that a flourishing and well-ordered country is managed by a rational sovereign, but asserts that it is swayed by an ouran-outang or a wooden figure, which rolls its head and lifts its hands by machinery. He forgets that the wonder is only increased by such a supposition, and that if he were a subject of that state he would be just as much bound to pay his taxes, and to show his loyalty to the animal or the automaton, as he would to a real flesh-and-blood monarch. Indeed, all talk about Chance, plastic forces, pantheistic powers, and other infidel agencies resolves itself into a lamentable juggle of words which can only dupe and beguile those who are bent on being deceived. If atheists are compelled to admit, like La Grange, that Theism is *une belle hypothèse* [illegible] —a pretty theory which explains many things—it is clear on the other hand that scepticism is a system which explains nothing.

And what a cheerless system, too! To think that the universe

. . .

is a huge machine, working by rote, and grinding out its results like some monster mill, is surely a melancholy creed. But how much drearier to believe that nature has no God, and that all her phenomena are at the mercy of mere Chance! We are surrounded by colossal agencies, and if these were released from control we could not count upon our safety for a single instant. Around us is an atmosphere which might be lashed into daily tempest, so that nothing could withstand its fury, or corrupted into a noxious compound, so that no organized thing could breathe it without injury. Beneath us are lakes of molten matter into which whole cities might occasionally sink; and earthquakes, now chained in their subterranean lair, might rend the ground or keep it in a state of perpetual palsy. Above us the lightnings lie sleeping in the clouds or hidden in the soft bosom of the mists; and yet, if suddenly unloosed, their stroke would destroy every living thing within their range. The sea itself is but a magazine of inflammable matter, for if its constituent gases were temporarily divorced, a single spark might set the world in a blaze. The elements of pestilence are flitting about us in every direction, and, if left to gather strength, both man and beast would soon succumb to their subtle poison. Locusts and other insect nuisances might multiply in such prodigious profusion that the world would constantly labour under plagues as terrible as those of Egypt. But these gigantic powers are all kept in check. We know that there are reins to the hurricane, and laws for the volcano. The only thing, in fact, which can comfort the student of nature when he glances at the stupendous forces which are ever busy around him, and which a single day's Chance government might hurl into hopeless anarchy, is that there is a strong arm at the helm of the universe, and a mind of Unsearchable Wisdom to regulate all its affairs.

VII.

CONGREGATIONAL PRINCIPLES.

A HUNDRED years ago Bolingbroke wrote the lamentation, "The grief of my soul is this—I see that the Tory party is gone," and the lapse of another century indicates that the days of all party are numbered. Mr. Disraeli may assure the citizens of London that "it is quite impossible a vigorous and direct policy can be maintained in this country unless the principles of party are recognised as one of the first bonds of public life," and his genius may irradiate the moribund theme with a momentary lustre; but the spirit of the times will not care to reanimate the languishing vitality. The reason is obvious. If a great social problem be submitted to the adjudication of a man or a multitude with common sense, their natural impulse is to deal with it, not according to the ancient tenets of their creed, but with their common sense—a procedure which, we submit, is diametrically opposed to the perpetuation of mere partisanship. And this principle is as true of religious as of political action. Christian men of all denominations are caring less for the formulæ of their sect, and looking more to the harmony of their lives and acts with the simple genius of the gospel. Hence the present has become an age, not of sceptical but thoughtful transition in ecclesiastical matters; and the growing spiritual energies of the Christian church are seen chafing against many a barrier of technicality and traditionalism, abandoning the shibboleths of denominationalism, and struggling for free and generous action.

There are, however, many even pious men who may be altogether unaware of these facts, or who may fail to recognise the momentous results which are already arising, and which are destined mightily to affect the future of the Christian church in England and her dependencies. The careless, who scarcely ever look beyond the confines of their own community, and the narrow-minded, who conceive that their own denomination is alone endowed with immaculate perfection, and that all others are essentially corrupt—these are not likely to understand the signs of the times. But the thoughtful, as they stand upon the watch-towers of the Christian church, will descry beneath the flux and reflux of the wavelets that ripple the surface of events, the flow of mighty currents of influence which are destined to sweep away many an ancient bulwark of ecclesiasticism, and to pour their healthful tide over the cultured plains and neglected wilds of Christendom.

Hence the question naturally presents itself, what are these tendencies, and whence do they arise? Are they towards ritualism or rationalism, traditionalism or empiricism, prelacy or latitudinarianism? Our present design is to address ourselves to these inquiries. In doing so, we wish first to remove any suspicion of the impartiality of our tribunal. It is, we are aware, easy to reason towards a foregone

conclusion, and to see events through the medium of our own predilections. In illustrating therefore the principles to which we have to call attention, we shall chiefly concern ourselves with summoning witnesses of unquestionable competence and impartiality, who will thus have an opportunity of giving expression to facts and opinions, on which the reader will be able to form his own judgment.

But before proceeding, we may premise one or two facts which no one will controvert. Several denominations have inculcated and practised the principle of Voluntaryism, but it has been the lot of Congregationalism to advocate—in more thorough unison than any other body—the two principles of self-support and self-government. That the Christian church may not look for patronage or control to the smiles or the sceptres of kings, and that each Christian society is a spiritual republic, containing within itself all the powers necessary for its own discipline, these are the essential principles of the polity of Congregationalism—principles which, it is believed, are ancient as apostolic days, and are transcribed from the apostolic rubric. We now venture to our assertion that these two truths are daily acquiring fresh prominence and power, far beyond the confines of the community with which they are identified.

The first of these principles is, that the Christian church should be self-supporting—that it is dishonoured by the patronage of the world, and that it is wronged by compulsory exactions of the worldly. "Christianity," said Paley, "is not a code of civil law. It can only reach public institutions through private character. A religious Establishment is no part of Christianity." Hence it will be better to gather our illustrations of the spread of this principle of self-support from that denomination, which, by its alliance with the State, naturally looks to the State at once for patronage and control.

The mere recognition of the principle of Voluntaryism by an Establishment dates a new epoch in its history, since the two ideas are virtually irreconcileable. The existence of a State Church is a declaration that it is the duty of the Government to provide the ordinances of religion for the people, while the adoption of Voluntaryism is a confession that the State is unable to discharge this real or supposed duty; it is also the introduction of a principle which will undermine and eventually supersede the system it at first was only designed to supplement.

It must, therefore, be a hard lesson for one who has been reared in the bosom of an Establishment to learn, that religious institutions ought to be produced and sustained by the spiritual life of the Christian church. It must be still more difficult to carry out this principle in a denomination which in all its details is interwoven with an intricate State system, in which private legal rights are bound up with those which are public and national; where the extremes of want and wealth are in immediate juxtaposition; where precedent cannot be changed without innovation; where alteration cannot be made without confiscation; where ancient legal bulwarks have served more to embarrass the friend

that to enfeeble the enemy: where the free agency of spiritual life has to act, as best it may, through an elaborate and rigid apparatus of mechanism and law.

Meanwhile, the Establishment — conscious of the irreconcileable relation of these two principles and aware that every success of Voluntaryism is a practical disparagement of the State-church principle — directs best to impair the energies of its young rival. But on this point let Episcopalians themselves bear witness. "No principle," said the *Times*, when adverting to this very subject—"no principle has fair play while it is only half appealed to: but throw yourself entirely upon it, and it will respond generously. Its effectiveness lies in this reliance upon it, and in this reliance being unreserved. If you have a reserve in the background—an aid from the State or some society—you make people suppose that you are dependent at the bottom upon them, and the force of your appeal to them is gone. They do not feel that the responsibility of the Church's support lies upon them. But make them feel their responsibility, and you have a hold upon them which they cannot escape. Any appeal to the Voluntary principle on behalf of the Church of this country .... would probably be a great failure, because the principle of an Establishment occupies the ground: and people do not understand being called on to pay for their clergy, when there is an Establishment in the country." Yet that journal allows that Methodism has "got the secret of the appeal to the purse," since its leaders are "always bleeding their congregations, and their congregations seem rather to like it than not." The *Guardian* newspaper, the organ of the High Church party, discussing this subject, gives expression to the same opinion. "We all know," it says, "how independent exertion and enterprise are stifled by the feeling that a great power is behind us, ready to do our work, and push us through our difficulties. .... It is not merely that the Church loses self-reliance while she rests on the things of earth—she loses reliance in what is higher than self. It is not merely that she becomes content with things as they are, and forgets to meditate, to plan, to venture, to struggle—she entangles herself in a thousand embarrassing relations; for every favour which she receives from the powers that be, she is led to contract, or is boldly assumed to have contracted, a fresh obligation towards them, interfering, sometimes more fatally, with a single-eyed devotion to that one cause which should be her all-in-all. And at last, with her devotion and independence, she loses the practical usefulness for which alone she is valued by statesmen and philosophers, and becomes, first, a mass of endowments, to be devoured by patrons and ministers; and, next, an abuse, to be abandoned to the vengeance of reformers. ..... There is an evil inherent in the very nature of endowments, whether Roman, Anglican, or Presbyterian. They tend—and they are often advocated by irreligious men, because they tend—to secularize the priesthood, to overlay it with those ideas of professional advancement, those aspirations after comfortable com-

petence, which so often in all callings, and so banefully in the most holy ones, smooth the descent to worldliness. The creatures of human law endowments form around themselves an atmosphere of law and custom, and oppress with a weight of established precedent whatever is bold, or novel, or distasteful to the world. They engender a habit of relying on secular alliances, secular reasonings, secular devices, rather than those nobler aims which, if we can trust them, become, when we least expect it, and as we least expect it, mighty to the pulling down of strongholds."

Twenty years ago the English Government resolved to apply the "fixed" principle to the Colonies, and laboured so strenuously for this purpose, and to stifle all Voluntary action, that loyal men were driven almost to the verge of insurrection. But the Colonies rejected the incubus, and at length a better spirit is arising among men in high places at home. Thus, for instance, Mr. W. E. Gladstone expressed himself when speaking on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. He urged that the liberal assistance of the society should meet the special difficulties of the first stage of colonial life; but that "for *their own* sakes," they should as early as possible be taught to take the entire burden of their own Christian institutions upon themselves, lest dependence should induce weakness and pauperism. "It is the characteristic," he says, "of human nature, that if other people are ever ready to do something for us, we feel no anxiety to do it for ourselves. Not only that, but the habit so formed acquires such a command and a dominion over us as at length to induce us gradually into the belief that what we have not been accustomed to do we are not able to do." Thus it was, he informs us, with the Colonial church, which had "almost arrived at the comfortable belief that it was dependent on the nursing hand of this society, and that the nursing was to be perpetual. It had condemned itself to perpetual childhood, in the belief that it was impossible to move without aid in the support of its own bishops and clergy."

Mr. Gladstone indicated precisely the same truth, when referring to the withdrawal from the Propagation Society of the assistance formerly obtained for it from the "Queen's Letter," and which amounted to about £10,000 a year. Thinking of it as a State Churchman, he deplored the loss; but soon his Christianity turned the lamentation into a pæan, and he expressed the assurance that the very withdrawal of these "artificial props" would be beneficial, since the Church would thus be led to "fall back more unreservedly upon her faith, her zeal, her prayers—her appeals to the faith, the love, the zeal, the prayers, the alms, the service of Christian people; and for every pound that she amassed through the machinery of which she now loses the use, she will obtain many pounds without being indebted for them to anything, only excepting the love of the members of the Church of England."

How pleasant is it thus to see the cold sneer of the politician's unbelief in anything but State patronage and endowment relax in

the sunlight of a generous and lofty reliance upon Christ and his Church! Sweetly and innocently oblivious of the State system, with which Mr. Gladstone is in this country identified, he gives expression to opinions in regard to the Christian church in the colonies, which the most ardent admirer of Voluntaryism may endorse. He argues that civil freedom is closely allied to ecclesiastical, and shows how the "introduction of the principle of self-reliance in the management of their temporal affairs" had, "by the force of irresistible analogy," taught the colonists to "introduce the same principle of self-reliance into the management of their spiritual concerns." Again, he instances the case of the Canadian bishoprics and clergy. The Parliamentary grant of £16,000 a year, which had been administered to them by the agency of the Propagation Society, was withdrawn. Deep was the lamentation pronounced by the friends of Establishments. They affirmed that the cause of Christ in that colony would grievously suffer. But did Episcopacy collapse? Did the society die? No. When the people found that the State would not do the work, they did it themselves. They rallied round the society and the institutions of their Church; and what was the consequence? When the grant was withdrawn the income of the society was £5,000 or £6,000, which, with the grant of £16,000, made some £21,000 altogether. "At the period of which I now speak," said Mr. Gladstone, in 1856, "the income has passed £60,000 a year, amounting to ten times the free and independent income which it possessed at the time when it was accustomed to lean upon Parliament." Meanwhile, funds had been collected for the endowment of the Canadian bishoprics. Two had been provided for without the aid of a shilling from home, and the arrangements for a third were then nearly completed. And what was the moral with which Mr. Gladstone adorned this tale? "It shows," he said, "that the Colonial church has emerged from a state of childhood to a state of manhood. It shows that in the future the energies which have raised it up to that point will, with the blessing of God, carry it a great deal further—that it will itself become a centre of missionary labour for other lands; and, reproducing a fair likeness of the Church of England in the distant parts of North America, not only emulate the parent Church, but provoke that Church to an emulation of zeal and progress."

These principles have long been uttered by the avowed advocates of Voluntaryism, but they derive new significance when falling from the lips of State Churchmen; and their results will be far wider than is contemplated by those who thus adopt them. The Earl of Shaftesbury may think of Voluntaryism as an auxiliary to an Establishment, "without which an Established Church would be dead and lifeless;" he may "maintain, that if the Church is to have full effect, full vigour and vitality of action, it must be constantly refreshed and sustained by the full development of the Voluntary principle," and that without it, "the fixed principle becomes a mere skeleton—a *caput mortuum*—a dead thing without a reality;" but the

matter will not end here. Every effort to create or sustain free institutions will give zeal and strength for fresh action, and will also inspire a consciousness that the secular appliances on which they before relied are incongruous and embarrassing; and that the true power of the Christian Church is to be found in the exercise of those great spiritual forces which are not carnal but mighty. To employ worldly apparatus for the support of spiritual institutions is to exhibit the anomaly which has been well characterised as "Faith on crutches."

But despite the indifference, if not contempt, with which the Episcopal Church long regarded Voluntaryism, the spiritual life of that body is breaking through the bonds of precedent, formalism, and worldliness, and adopting various methods of free action. Indeed, it is confessed that these resources are the only ones now available for the support of the great aggressive efforts necessary to meet the spiritual wants of an increasing population. The Bishop of London recently warned a thousand of his clergy against cherishing the hope of any augmentation of State assistance. "To my mind," he said, "the one great lesson which all these inquiries into secular matters connected with our Church force upon us is this—that the days are gone by when the Church of England can look to be propped up by the adventitious aid of secular authority, if it be not true to itself, and to its heavenly Master, and to the souls He has committed to it; and yet that it is not therefore less prosperous and strong." The Bishop of Oxford has deprecated any application of the public resources to the purposes of Church extension, since this might repress the spirit of liberality now called forth, "by pointing the minds of men to the wrong quarter to which to look for relief." "If the Church of England is to stand," says the *Spectator*, "sooner or later we must come to a general voluntary contribution for its partial support; and sooner is better than later—indeed, postponement may be irremediable." "Now, my plan," says the Rev. James Skinner, of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, "is to restore the maintenance of the Church to that original dignity to which we owe all our endowments—to let it rest upon the piety of her ministers. I am not romancing. I am speaking with more than five years' experience of what I am advising; and I contend that by leaving people to follow the inspiration of God's good Spirit in the matter of giving money just as they must be left to follow it in the exercise of prayer, and faith, and love, and holiness, you will sooner solve the difficulty of Church endowments and Church-rates than all the wise statesmen of the world, whom it will perplex to the end of time."

It is the glowing recognition of the power of the Voluntary principle which has so greatly affected public opinion on the question of Church-rates. Not many years ago, their abolition was the forlorn hope of a few, now it is only a question of time. Nor is this result attributable only to the antagonism of Nonconformists, but to the conviction that is deepening in the public mind, that the day of

compulsion in matters of religion has gone, and that the voluntary sacrifices of the lovers of religion are adequate to its support. "I wish," said the Rector of St. Martin's, Birmingham, in January, 1853, "to see every Nonconformist in the kingdom fully and finally exempt from payment of Church-rates." In the recent debates, Sir John Pakington defended their maintenance on the ground that they were the oldest impost upon land in the country; but Sir Richard Bethell replied, first, that "they were not an impost upon land at all;" and next, that he objected to them because they were imposed 1,400 years ago, "because they were the legitimate offspring, the direct progeny of that old wicked principle of intolerance which compelled men in ancient times to adopt one mode of faith, one belief, one form of worship, and condemned them, if they resisted, to burning and torture. At this very moment," he said, "the common law professed to treat the whole nation as if it were of the same faith, and bound to resort to the same parish churches for the purpose of worship. In fact, it was this presumption which formed the foundation on which Church-rates rested. The Dissenter would not thank them for toleration, nor would he think the principle of religious equality completely established until he was relieved from every rag and vestige of the old system. He trusted that no Dissenter would accept this miserable compromise—this attempt to create harmony between two things that were utterly irreconcilable."

The entire sufficiency of Voluntaryism to meet the necessities of the case, is gradually being admitted by those who are the warmest friends of the Church of England. "If," said the *Times*, "the rest of those who profess allegiance to the Church, who adhere to her communion, and enjoy her ministrations, is so very slack and lukewarm that they will not join voluntarily to maintain the fabric in which they meet, we should all be glad to see some organization which would awaken their zeal and enliven them to their duties. We believe, however, this unwillingness to have been very much overstated. When we see landed proprietors in every part of the kingdom building churches of extravagantly expensive architecture out of their own funds—when we find proprietary chapels arising always upon the edge of the wave of advancing population, and built, not only as a religious work, but also as a good money speculation, we are inclined to doubt whether there is not something of the love of persecution lurking in the declaration that churchmen are unwilling or unable to sustain their own churches. It certainly is not so with those sectarians into whose pockets the pro-Church-rate churchmen find a pleasure, more than commensurate with the sum obtained, in dipping their hands."

Again, the same journal asserts that "not a church in the land will be the worse off for the extinction of Church-rates. Be it town or country, a trading or a farming population, rich or poor, in a gay watering-place frequented by tens of thousands, or in some hamlet deep in mountains, wolds, or on Salisbury

Plain, every church will find a patron and a friend ready to pend time, labour, and money in preserving it from further decay, nd rendering it more worthy of Him whose house we believe t to be. There will be more liberality than now, inasmuch as now ll feel that there is a compulsory provision obliging upon all, and hat this must be made to do all its work before an appeal is made to he people. So we give up this appeal."

We may now give some of the results which, despite all disdvantages, have been secured by the efforts of Voluntaryism. For nstance, we may point to the town of Liverpool, where may be witnessed side by side the total inadequacy of a State system, and ow Voluntaryism has had to meet the growing exigencies of the people. Two parish churches, containing some 2,600 sittings, and educating some 450 children in the schools, form the whole State provision for the religious education of 400,000 souls! Voluntaryism has done the rest, by the erection of nearly sixty Episcopal churches, with accommodation for 60,000 attendants, and instructing 26,000 children in the day and Sunday schools, and some 100 Nonconformist and Roman Catholic churches, with sittings for more than 100,000 people, and educating altogether 55,000 scholars.

The principle of Voluntaryism has received general and marked illustration during the last fifty years, in the way of church building, both in and out of the Establishment. Mr. Horace Mann, in the Census Report of 1851, alludes to the fact, that latterly a conviction had become prevalent in the minds of Episcopalians that "the relief of spiritual destitution must not be exclusively devolved upon the State," and that it is the duty of Christians, individually, as well as in their organised capacity, to minister to the religious necessities of the land. "Accordingly," he remarks, "a spirit of benevolence has been increasingly diffused, and private liberality is now displaying fruits, in daily rising churches, almost as abundant as in ancient times—distinguished, also, advantageously from earlier charity by being, it may fairly be assumed, the offspring of a more enlightened zeal, proceeding from a wider circle of contributors."

This statement is substantiated by the following table:—

	Churches built.	Cost.	Contributed by Public funds.	Voluntaryism.
1801 to 1831	500	£3,000,000	£1,152,044	£1,847,956
1831 to 1851	2,029	6,087,000	511,385	5,575,615
Total 1801 to 1851	2,529	£9,087,000	£1,663,429	£7,423,571

Thus we see that when the Establishment relied upon the State for the erection of new churches only 500 were provided, much more than half the outlay of which Voluntaryism supplied; but that no sooner did Episcopalians look to the piety and fidelity of their own members for aid, than their resources were found sufficient to enable them to erect an average of *two churches every week*, for twenty years, or 2,029 in all, at a cost of more than £6,000,000 sterling, a rate which has, we believe, rather increased than diminished since;

besides very large sums which have been contributed for the rebuilding, restoration, or improvement of ancient buildings. Nor let it be forgotten, that in these efforts at self-expansion, Episcopalians have had to contend with some difficulties unknown to other bodies. "Canonical and customary regulations" have hampered them. "Among the many excellencies of the Church of England," says the *Quarterly Review*, "that of elasticity cannot be reckoned, and unless she were prepared to sacrifice the character of her system, there would always be some limit where concession must cease, and enthusiasm would fret." "The Church Building Acts are in the most deplorable confusion," wrote Viscount Downe to Archdeacon Allen, "and the Church Building Commission gives as much trouble as it can, and as much expense. Instead of facilities being given to church builders, every obstacle is placed now by law and by the Commission in one's way." And doubtless Dr. Hook, then vicar of Leeds, entertained a similar opinion, when he found that, though willing to divest himself of half his income in order to create and endow new parishes in that town, he had to obtain an Act of Parliament for the purpose, at a cost of no less than £1,400, notwithstanding that the House of Lords remitted half its fees.

In various other ways, also, Voluntaryism has been made available to supply the deficiencies of the State-church system, and its resources manifest an expansiveness which appears very much to have astonished those who thus appealed to them. "Is the House aware," said Mr. Walpole, then Home Secretary, in February 1859, when introducing his bill for the alteration of the Church-rate law, and in which he intended partly to rely upon Voluntaryism: "Is the House aware that every year £10,000 is applied from the Queen Anne's Bounty for the benefit of the Church, and that the benefactions which are made to meet it are four times the amount, or £40,000 a-year. In the diocese of Winchester alone £200,000 has been contributed by the Church for Church purposes, and it has been met by benefactions voluntarily offered to the extent of £1,500,000. When the right hon. gentleman the member for Carlisle and myself sat in the Ecclesiastical Commission, it was proposed that we should give £37,000 for erecting parsonage houses, and for other Church purposes. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners applied that sum in the manner stated, but at the same time resolved to ask for benefactions to meet their contribution; and the result was that Voluntary efforts were made to the extent of four times the original grant. Again, when the Ecclesiastical Commissioners found themselves with a surplus, they took advantage of the experience they had acquired in the matter of the parsonage houses, and determined upon applying their surplus only in consideration of Voluntary benefactions being made to meet it. What was the result? In 1857 their surplus was £5,000, and they were enabled to contribute towards the augmentation of small livings to the extent of £12,000. In 1858 their surplus was £18,000, and I believe that I do not overstate the fact when I say they were able to contribute £50,000. In the present year their

urplus amounts to £50,000, and I am credibly informed that it is ikely to be increased to the extent of 75 per cent. by Voluntary ontributions, the whole being expended on the augmentation of oor benefices. I say, then, you have everything to encourage you n seeking to apply the Voluntary principle in aid of the Establishnent." He subsequently expressed his conviction that Church-rates ould be abandoned, "because by the Voluntary efforts of those who elonged to the Church it would be found possible to maintain the acred fabric."

While these facts are full of encouragement to those who prefer oluntary to compulsory effort for the support and extension of the ingdom of Christ, how far larger might not be the results attained y the exercise of a more entire faith in these spiritual resources. "Long before now," says Mr. Miall, "the work of evangelization, ven in our large cities, would have overtaken the need, if, instead of epreciating the resources of spiritual earnestness and a loving faith, he leaders of the English Establishment had stirred up their own lergy, and enforced their admonition by their own example, to seek irst the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and to believe that ll other things would be added unto them. This they have almost ıvariably denounced as enthusiasm. Yet, in spite of their unbeeving pertinacity, in spite of their avowed desire to walk by sight ather than by faith, the liberality of the Church has burst its erements, and the spirit of godliness has emerged from the epulchre over which man's wisdom had rolled a stone, and has alked into the darkest places of our country, to diffuse through hem the health-giving light of God's gospel. And but that the hurch, even now, walks timidly, and has more reliance on endowıents than on zeal and love, and trust and devotedness, and but that he is supposed to be the wealthiest Church in all Christendom, she ould be able to command tenfold the means which now flow in pon her."

But if Voluntaryism within the Establishment has done much, oluntaryism outside the Establishment has accomplished far more, nd without this the provision for religious worship would be nournfully deficient. In the year 1801 the number of sittings proided by Episcopalians was 4,069,281, and in 1851 there were ,317,915; but while all other denominations had in 1801 only 63,169 sittings, these had augmented in fifty years to 4,890,482 ittings. So that, if we take the proportion of sittings as repreenting the denominational strength of the Conformist and Nononformist bodies, we discover that in 1801 the former comprised our-fifths of the whole population, and that now it includes only a ittle more than one-half. During this period the following was the elative increase of each body :—

	Per Cent.
Episcopal Church	30.6
Society of Friends	42
Unitarians	46.5

	Per Cent.
Moravians	61
Presbyterians	166
Roman Catholics	240
Independents	249
Baptists	315
Calvinistic Methodists	334
All others	432
Methodists—Old Connexion	759
„ New „	808
All Methodists	930

The increase of the population during this period was 101 per cent., so that we find there were four denominations which had fallen below the ratio of the augmentation of the population, and nine that had exceeded it. The actual number of sittings furnished during the half century by each body was as follows :—

Moravians	3,516
Unitarians	21,596
Friends	27,086
Presbyterians	54,538
Roman Catholics	129,490
All others	151,902
Baptists	571,054
Independents	761,663
Episcopalians	1,248,634
All Methodists	2,206,468
Total	5,175,947

But while a proportion of the increased accommodation which had been provided by Episcopalians was the product of Voluntaryism, it must be remembered that the entire outlay by Nonconformists was supplied from this resource alone. If, therefore, we assume, on the data of Mr. Edward Baines, M.P., that of the 16,689 places of worship thus provided, only 10,000 are separate buildings, and that each of them has cost only £1,500, the total amount is not less than £15,000,000. Hence, if we add together the church building expenditure of Conformists and Nonconformists the result is as follows :—

	Contributed by Government.	By Voluntaryism.
Episcopalian Churches	£1,663,429	£7,423,571
Nonconformist „	Nil.	15,000,000
	£1,663,429	£22,423,571

Thus there has been about a million and a-half of State money expended in church erection, but no less than twenty-two millions sterling of Voluntary contribution! Had we the means of ascertaining what were the amounts given during this period to all other purposes—to the repair, enlargement, and decoration of churches and chapels—to the support of the clergy in the district churches of the Establishment, and in all other denominations—to the sustentation of the various religious and benevolent institutions which have sprung into existence during the last sixty years, and which are the glory of the Christian Church—we believe the total would form an amount which would surpass the anticipations of the most sanguine, and astound even those who are most sceptical of the capabilities of the Voluntary principle.

We need scarcely point to the Principality as a decisive indication of the power of Voluntaryism. When its opponents have been compelled to admit its sufficiency in large towns, they have averred that it would inevitably fail among thinly-peopled districts. But Wales refutes the allegation. There, amid a poor and scattered population, the required amount of religious accommodation has been provided, and this only part of the kingdom of which this can be said, and nearly all the work of Voluntaryism. "But for the efforts of Dissenters," says an Episcopalian, "Wales would have been a colony of the devil."* The increase of sittings from 1801 to 1851 was as follows:—

Episcopalians	31,818
Other denominations	498,438
Total	520,256

Or, again, we might advert to the working of this principle in Scotland. There the Free Church alone obtains by Voluntary contribution an annual revenue of £300,000, from a population of about 1,000,000 who are in connection with that body. Well may Dr. Guthrie say, in reference to these facts, "If we, in a poor country—poor as compared with England—raise such a sum as that from our share of the population, amounting to about 1,000,000, what might the Church of England do, did she put forth her vast resources? . . . . Were Voluntary offerings universal in your English churches, as they should be, you could raise an immense revenue for the glory of God and the service of the Church."

Such are some of the results of the principle of self-support, even amid circumstances in which it cannot be said ever to have had a fair trial, since it has always had to contend against the rivalry of an Establishment that has both sapped its strength and frowned upon its exertions. But if it has secured these successes amid discouragement, it will win still richer triumphs when altogether

* Rev. William Howels.

unfettered. Nor should this be matter of astonishment. "On the contrary," as the leading journal remarked, when recounting the achievements of Voluntaryism in Victoria, "we ought to be very much surprised if it were not so. Here is a religion which professes to supply an actual want in human nature, so that man feels himself destitute and forlorn without it. Its hopes are his appointed solace under the difficulties of life and the fear of death, and yet we are to suppose that the very persons who believe in this religion will not give what is simply necessary for the external fabric of it, and the decent support of its ministers! This is the extreme anti-voluntary view, which, as we say, is refuted by facts. It is too shrewd, suspicious, and mercantile a theory; it has too little reliance upon the strength of the religious principle in man, too little faith in the force of truth. It wants confidence and moral courage."

We have thus endeavoured to establish our first proposition, namely, that there is a growing conviction in the heart of the Christian church in this country that the kingdom of Christ is not of this world, that its revenues should be drawn from the free offerings of its spiritual subjects, that

> "Our voluntary service He requires,
> Not one necessitated,"

and that, as Milton elsewhere says, "forced consecrations, out of another man's estate are no better than forced vows, hateful to God, 'who loves a cheerful giver.'" Or, as Archbishop Whately declares, that in proportion as any man has a right understanding of the Gospel, "will he perceive that the employment of secular coercion in the cause of the Gospel is at variance with the true spirit of the Gospel." In other words, the mighty and increasing tide of Christian activity is pouring forth through the channel of Voluntaryism,—one of the twin principles which constitute the polity of Congregationalism.

But self-support necessarily involves the second principle to which we have referred—self-government; and while Voluntaryism is recognised by other denominations, self-control pre-eminently characterises Congregationalism. We accept the definition given in the nineteenth Article of the Established Church, which declares that "the visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in the which the pure Word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly ministered:" not several congregations, but one; not of mere attendants upon public ordinances, but of "faithful," that is godly men; not united by legal enactments or ceremonial rites, but voluntarily associated together for Christian communion and action, invested with all the prerogatives of discipline, and refusing all authoritative interference by other bodies, secular or sacred. We adopt the statement of Archbishop Whately, that in the constitution of the primitive churches each was "a distinct, independent community on earth, united by the common principles on which they

were founded, and by their mutual agreement, affection, and respect, but not having any recognised head on earth; and as for so-called general councils, we find not even any mention of them, or allusion to any such expedient." We endorse the view of Dr. Isaac Barrow, that "each church did separately order its own affairs, without recourse to others;" and that the apostolic writings assume individual churches to be "able to exercise spiritual power for establishing decency, removing disorders, correcting offences, deciding cases, &c." We have now to show how this principle of self-government is exercising an increasing power far beyond the immediate confines of Congregationalism, and especially in that denomination, which, by its alliance with the State, has less of self-support, and therefore of self-control, than any other section of the Christian church in this country.

Pecuniary obligation involves personal dependence. The least obedient creature will fawn upon the hand that brings its daily meat, and the most tameless nature will grow compliant to an authority which so nurtures it as to render its own labour needless. But the very act which lifts the pauper from the dust makes him conscious of the indignity of the abjectness to which he had submitted, and inspires him with a love of self-government. The self-supported must eventually become the self-controlled. We shall find that in the three great bodies who in this country recognise the principle of a centralised authority, there have been within the past few years changes which illustrate this fact.

It is shown in the Presbyterian body. Frequent have been the divisions in that church, each of which have in a greater or less degree been the product of this principle of self-control, and the last of which displayed to the view of Christendom a large number of their most learned and venerable men leaving the Hall of Session of the Annual Assembly of the Scottish Establishment in the assertion of the principle that the authority hitherto exercised over them was intolerable, that they held themselves free to manage their own affairs. But though this was only a step in the direction of Independency, it logically involved the whole question of the right of self-administration. "It was a manifestation of a desire and a want which another set of circumstances might call forth in reference to other things. It avowed a principle which would have been equally valid in the mouth of a single congregation against the decree of the Synod, as it was in the mouth of the Synod against the decree of the Crown. It was in our eyes the symptom that the religious mind of Scotland was ripening for a truer estimate of the Church's proper relation to secular power, and possibly for a truer idea as to the management of their own internal affairs."*

Thus, too, it has been with Methodism. In this instance it has not been the authority of the State that has been questioned; but the validity of central boards who exercised an irresponsible control

* Rev. G. W. Conder.

over the affairs of each individual pastor and church—whose power has been regarded as despotic, and whose authority has been in consequence renounced. This has resulted in a series of divisions in which claim has been laid to an increasing power of self-administration.

But the best illustrations of the growth of this principle may be found in the English Establishment. Incongruities must inevitably arise when a religious institution looks for patronage and control to a secular power. For the spiritual energies of Christian men to be hampered by worldly appliances which have nothing to commend them but the hoar of ages—for the headship of the Church to be delegated to a sovereign who may be a Henry VIII. or a George IV.—for religious questions to be submitted to the adjudication of worldly and often unsympathising tribunals—and for Christianity to be maintained by the pains and penalties of secular law—these are anomalies too painful to be ignored. No wonder that John Locke affirmed that "the Church itself is a thing absolutely separate and distinct from the commonwealth. The boundaries on both sides are fixed and immoveable. He jumbles Heaven and earth together, the things most remote and opposite, who mixes these societies, which are, in their origin, end, business, and in everything perfectly distinct and infinitely different from each other." "No civil power or legislation," said Bishop Warburton, "can be admitted into Christ's Church without making it a worldly kingdom." "Parliament," says the Archbishop of Dublin, "should have none other than civil functions. The Church of Christ should be legislated for none but its own members." Hence the energetic efforts made by an influential section of the Episcopal church to re-invest Convocation with real legislative and executive powers; and if this is opposed by the Evangelical party, it is not so much on constitutional as from fear of a preponderance of High Church influence in its councils.

But the principle of self-support must eventually involve the practice of self-government. So long as men are dependent on the bounty of others, they may be content to obey; but no sooner do they labour for and contribute to the maintenance and extension of their own institutions, than they will desire some authority in the direction of their enterprises and the administration of their finances. Let colonial Episcopalians erect their own edifices, and maintain their own ministers, and they will naturally stipulate that they shall have the election of their own bishops from their own clergy. No wonder that Mr. Gladstone, as he watched the progress of Voluntaryism in the colonial churches, detected also the correlative truth. "I don't know," he said, "any single portion of the Church, widely extended as it is, and containing so many varieties of race, language, climate, and character. I don't believe there is a single portion of the Church in which great progress has not been made towards *the establishment of the principles of self-government and self-support*."

Nor is this all. The connection of these two principles of self-support and self-control suggested to the mind of Mr. Gladstone a subject which, he says, "may be considered still higher—the question of what may be termed Church discipline," and the application of which to individual congregations is a matter awakening widespread attention. "I have been thinking," said an intelligent Episcopal clergyman, not long ago, to a Congregational minister, "that the discipline of our Church is not so real as it ought to be. It is too vague and lax, and I have been endeavouring to rectify these evils in my own Church. I am becoming more discriminating in the admission of candidates to confirmation and communion, and I refuse to receive those who do not give me satisfactory testimony of their conversion of heart and consistency of life. And I find this very healthful in its influence upon us all as a Christian community, and fits us better for mutual association and action. We are thus not only formally, but really a Christian church." "Why, my dear Sir," was the answer, "you are turning Congregationalist. Your ingenious theory, which you have been constructing on *à priori* principles, is the old method on which we have always been acting. I would not advise you to take out a patent for your invention, because it will only be believed to be a glaring plagiarism on ourselves."

To this topic Mr. Gladstone refers, drawing his illustrations from those fields of Christian enterprise in the colonies, where many an ecclesiastical problem is likely to be solved, and many a "pattern" found for the guidance of the Church at home. "I confess," he says, "I see with great pleasure and satisfaction a tendency in some of these colonies for the introduction of a *real system of discipline* among the members of the Church, not founded upon the action of secular power, but representing the free inclination of the Christian minds of the people themselves. In point of fact, it seems to be a characteristic of those whom we call the savages of New Zealand, and of those converted from heathenism in India, that they do not understand belonging to a society in which there are no laws, no obligations, no means of preventing discontent, or repressing error. If in their own free will, therefore, they have established for themselves these rules—have placed upon themselves this yoke, not of arbitrary law, but of the law of Christian improvement, is there not in the fact something like *a pattern for us at home?*"

In drawing this paper to a conclusion we would remind the reader that though its theme may be of especial interest to the Congregationalist, the questions we have treated are not sectarian. All denominations, willingly or unwillingly, are dealing with them. Thoughtful men of all ecclesiastical and political parties confess their growing importance. Scarcely a week passes during the Session but Parliament is reluctantly compelled to pass judgment upon some aspect of them. All intelligent Nonconformity is based upon them; all enlightened Episcopalianism is preparing for them, and in the degree in which it does so, ceases to fear the future. Meanwhile

events are tending towards a crisis, and one which involves the very existence of Establishments. The *Saturday Review*, which expresses the opinions of the Broad Church party, claims the verdict as already given, and asserts that "the theory of a Christian state has been long since abandoned." "No State-aid to religion," says the *Times*, "is the watchword everywhere except at home. . . We cheerfully accept our position. Our Church is Voluntary, and we beg to congratulate it on its newly-acquired freedom."

The *Literary Churchman*, speaking for the High Church party, and alluding to the Divorce Bill, says, "The *animus* of the majority in both Houses of Parliament during the discussion on this bill shows, in no uncertain way, how little good the Church has to expect from the State, and gives a note of warning which we cannot heed too soon, that she must turn in upon herself and her God; realizing more than ever the integrity of her union with her Lord, the loftiness of her mission, and the meekness, and yet the independence, of the attitude she ought to assume, and the courage and fortitude with which she should work and endure in this time of severe trial. Everything foreshadows that at some day, perhaps not distant, the State and the Church will occupy very different relations towards each other than they now do. . . . . We do not say that any great disruption is likely to ensue, least of all in our own day; but we think that little by little the links that bind the two will be broken, until thorough independence becomes the ultimate result."

"There is one question," said the *Press*,* "a large and vitally important question, which is more than 'looming in the distance.' Statesmen do not like to talk of it, or to think of it; for it is a hard and thorny question. But, whether they shrink from it or not, the controversy draws nearer and nearer; and it will hardly be possible for the most cautious politicians to avert an open struggle for many years longer. That question is the continuance of the union of Church and State. . . . . This, unlike other questions, is not fading away, but coming daily more into the light. We know that many statesmen shrink from the very mention of such questions as these, and trust that such a controversy may not be forced on in their time. But this is a delusive hope. The tide is hurrying us forward; and it will be our wiser course to take soundings, and find out whither we are going, rather than to drift blindly on, till we get upon a sand-bank, or strike upon some dangerous reef."

But we must conclude. Of the direct results of the labours of Congregationalists another shall speak. Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, in his work on Education, says: "The Congregational Dissenters have ever been friends of freedom, defenders of the rights of the minority, and missionaries to the benighted villages of England, to the wild valleys of the Welsh mountains, or to the turbulent colonists of its mines, and to the regions of darkness and death.

* April, 1858.

where typhus and cholera find their victims in our towns. They comprise a large and influential portion of the middle classes; they claim to be descendants of the Puritans, who, whatever were their own errors, were stern and successful champions of the English Reformation, and have left a deep trace, not only in the history, but in the institutions, the manners, observances, and character of the nation. They have just cause to point to their own independence of the State, as the first conspicuous triumph in this country of religion unaided by traditional authority, by the power of a foreign hierarchy, or the protection of domestic princes. They embody principles of self-government, of which our race and country have in civil affairs exhibited the most successful examples, and they are at least sincere and earnest in their endeavours, after a primitive and apostolic simplicity in their discipline and ceremonial. Communions having these high claims to respect, comprising not less than 4,000 congregations, and 1,500,000 of members, representing 2,250,000 of the population, must wield no small influence on opinion."

If, however, our argument be true, the indirect influence of Congregationalism has been far wider than its own immediate results. The light that is breaking over other and distant fields of Christian activity is pointing radiantly to this as their common centre. By the testimony of impartial witnesses and incontrovertible facts, the twin principles which mark its polity are rising to supremacy in the Christian Church. And though this paper was not written to inflate denominational pride, nor to lend any sanction to those who turn their liberty into licentiousness, still it may serve to encourage those who, amid success and failure, amid good report and evil, have laboured to vindicate the integrity of the action of essential and scriptural truths. Already they have survived the pampering ease of royal patronage and the fiery baptism of persecution. Stronger to-day than ever, their future is pregnant with hope. Let all who love them show a more sacrificial spirit in their maintenance, and a gentler majesty in their own self-administration. And when other Christian denominations have plodded and struggled upward to a perfect liberty, and conscious of the labours and sacrifices with which it has been won, exclaim, "With a great price obtained I this freedom," the Congregationalist may gratefully acknowledge that he has enjoyed these privileges, not by purchase but by heritage, and may respond, "But I was free-born."

ERRATUM.

Page 414, for, he rejects a competent *Creation*, read, *Creator*.

Brief Notices.

EXPOSITORY LECTURES ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES TO THE CORINTHIANS. By the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

WE referred to these lectures in a previous number. We notice them here as having been recently published. This notice will suffice as a recommendation to those who already know Robertson's Sermons and Lectures. Though compiled from imperfect and various sources, such as the short-hand notes of his hearers, and his own fragmentary MSS., this volume bears the impress of his penetrating, stimulating, and æsthetic mind. We believe Mr. Robertson grievously to have erred as to the doctrine of Atonement; but his error lay rather in attacking the monstrous perversions of that doctrine, which had no existence save in the realm of the shades which peopled his own imagination, or in the copper-clasped, vellum-bound volumes of our mediæval libraries. He erred rather in conceiving a certain phantasy of his own to be the creed of orthodoxy, than in his own faith. In truth, he was no dogmatic divine, and should have kept away from controversial theology; but in the earnest and noble declaration of such Christian truth as he had apprehended, we know no volumes distinguished by a more simple, manly, pathetic eloquence than his.

SUMMER IN THE SOUL; or, Views and Experience. By Henry Ward Beecher. Edinburgh: Alexander Strahan and Co.

WE are ignorant of Mr. Beecher's physique, but we have no hesitation at all in pronouncing him a man of healthy organization, having the great and daily grace of a good digestion, the "mens sana in corpore sano," a dangerous competitor at cricket, and a formidable companion in mountain climbing. Everything about him is healthy and robust—only a physically perfect man could write in so genial a way with so pure and rich enjoyment of all the exercises of the spirit as of the body.

Mr. Beecher may have finely-strung nerves, but commend us to such a physical inheritance as his! He has sometimes been called the American Spurgeon; but of English preachers, he oftener reminds us of Mr. Binney, with perhaps a pinch of Spurgeon's coarser humour thrown in. He has the same masculine breadth of thought, the same genial estimates of various and contrasting qualities, the same generous appreciation of all form of good, the same hearty enjoyment of the humorous, the same hopeful outlook into the future, the same utter scorn of wrong and littleness, as our great Nonconformist preacher, only with a richer exuberance of illustration and a greater raciness of anecdotes. He has less self-restraint, less fastidious taste; he oftener verges on broad farce, and oftener therefore sins against our higher culture. He is more of a Luther than a Melancthon, of a Latimer rather than of John Howe.

THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE. By J. C. Gaskell. A new edition. Smith, Elder, and Co.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, AND CO. have issued no book in their half-crown series of standard works which will attain a larger or better-deserved sale than this—with the excep-

perhaps, of Charlotte Brontë's work, "Jane Eyre," of which is the fitting companion and ommentary. In this volume, ı is beautifully printed like the s in the series, we have the re- of that struggling, mournful which had already afforded the ents and tempered the spirit re- d in "Jane Eyre." Miss Brontë's s, especially the first and best, ut the reflex of her own experi- and by the comparison of this aphy with her works, we are essed more strongly than by any ous study, of the truth that no uality or vigour of mind can over- the necessary boundaries of its ience; that genius cannot create only arrange; and that imagina- an select and re-form the ele- s which observation and con- sness bring within its range, but roduce nothing absolutely new. ead "Jane Eyre," and then this f C. Brontë, and breathe the same sphere. We see that the men— enery—the quaintly-picturesque weird Norse life, so grandly ayed in the novel, are no wild il dreams, conjured up in the r's brain, but a revelation given photographic fidelity, of the bourhood in which her infancy youth were nursed. It is true, poetic truthfulness and taste, Brontë selected the most cha- ristic traits of her Yorkshire , and illuminated them with the prismatic colouring of her bril- imagination. But by so doing nly thus gives them that living y and force in her books ı they actually possessed, and ı they communicated to her athetic mind. Those who l understand "Jane Eyre," or rley," or "Vilette," must read the of their author, where they will ver the materials which were n into such gorgeous fabrics in oom of fancy. It is needless to cterise this volume, which has a place among our standard aphies. Mrs. Gaskell has written a history which enthrals the heart and memory with as strong a spell as the most thrilling romance. It is graphically, truly, tenderly written, and is a monument of the sympathy and ability of the writer, as of the genius and sorrow of her lamented friend.

THE BRITISH CONTROVERSIALIST. Vol. II. Third and enlarged Series. London: Houlston and Wright. 1859.

THE English monarch who preferred to determine a cause after he had heard only one side, since, as he averred, if he listened to both he was always puzzled, would have laid his royal interdict upon the volume before us, as an ingenious and wicked device for entangling the wits of kings and lieges. Its chief design is to provide the arena upon which well-equipped combatants may contend in courtly but earnest strife for the laurel of truth in fields religious, philosophical, political, and economic. There are also biographical sketches, essays, reviews, and literary gossip interesting to the general reader. This periodical is well calculated to promote a love of dispassionate criticism among its contributors, and a large and judicial spirit among its readers.

A SCHOOL AND COLLEGE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By J. C. Curtis, B.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1860.

THIS history is primarily designed, as its title indicates, for the young. It begins with that *ultima thule* of our annals, "the year B.C. 54," and closes at a date no less recent than November, 1859. To tell the story of full nineteen centuries in the brief compass of some 500 pages, so that it shall be at once comprehensive and interesting, is not an easy task, as many failures have sufficiently prov We may, therefore, the more h congratulate Mr. Curtis up a cess, which may perhaps be

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S OF HEINE, complete; trans- the original metres. With a of Heine's Life. By Edgar Bowring. London: Longman 1859.

OGY: OR, DANTE'S THREE INFERNO, OR THE VISION . Translated into English, in re and triple rhyme of the ; with notes and illustrations. Rev. John Wesley Thomas. H. G. Bohn. 1859.

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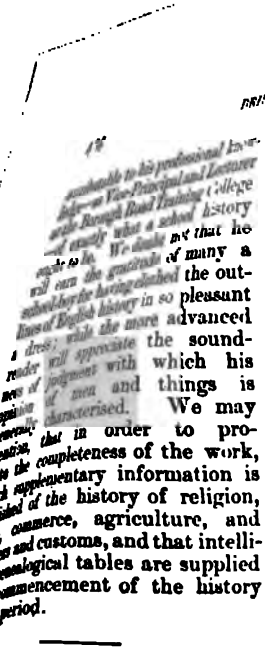

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SHELLEY MEMORIALS, FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES. Edited by Lady Shelley. To which is appended an Essay on Christianity, by Percy Bysshe Shelley, now first printed. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

The occasion of the publication of these Memorials is the recent "Life of Shelley," which was dedicated to the lady who edits this volume, and was supposed to have her and her family's sanction. It now appears that the family are indignant at the misuse made of the materials they put at the disposal of the author of that life, and at the liberty he has taken with their name; and hence these Memorials are published by way of protest and refutation. We cannot enter into this quarrel; but we are glad that Lady Shelley has laid these Memorials, in the shape of original letters from and to Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, before the public. Such a life as that of Shelley reads the most solemn and profound lessons to this age, and they cannot be too frequently repeated. It shows the misery of life, if at the heart of its agitation there be not central peace in the religious faith which must be the groundwork of nature be not set We do not consider change the common ley's character save respect, viz., it tells infidelity of his "t the savage delirium est days, when chaf he scarce knew wh was repudiated by trash, and can in n as the outflow of l or to represent the of his maturity.

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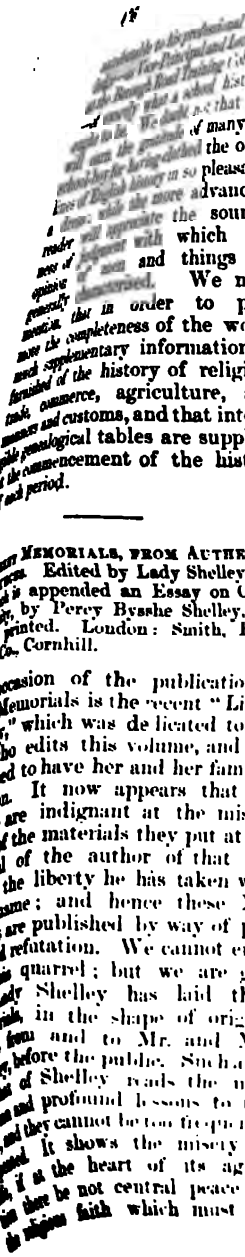

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MAGDALENE: a Poem. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

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attributable to his professional knowledge—as Vice-Principal and Lecturer at the Borough Road Training College—of exactly what a school history ought to be. We doubt not that he will earn the gratitude of many a school-boy for having clothed the outlines of English history in so pleasant a dress; while the more advanced reader will appreciate the soundness of judgment with which his opinion of men and things is generally characterised. We may mention, that in order to promote the completeness of the work, much supplementary information is furnished of the history of religion, trade, commerce, agriculture, and manners and customs, and that intelligible genealogical tables are supplied at the commencement of the history of each period.

SHELLEY MEMORIALS, FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES. Edited by Lady Shelley. To which is appended an Essay on Christianity, by Percy Bysshe Shelley, now first printed. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

THE occasion of the publication of these Memorials is the recent "Life of Shelley," which was dedicated to the lady who edits this volume, and was supposed to have her and her family's sanction. It now appears that the family are indignant at the misuse made of the materials they put at the disposal of the author of that life, and at the liberty he has taken with their name; and hence these Memorials are published by way of protest and refutation. We cannot enter into this quarrel; but we are glad that Lady Shelley has laid these Memorials, in the shape of original letters from and to Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, before the public. Such a life as that of Shelley reads the most solemn and profound lessons to this age, and they cannot be too frequently repeated. It shows the misery of life, if at the heart of its agitation there be not central peace—if the religious faith which must be the groundwork of every great nature be not settled and stable. We do not consider this volume to change the common estimate of Shelley's character save in one important respect, viz., it tells us that the black infidelity of his "Queen Mab" was the savage delirium of his very youngest days, when chafed and tormented he scarce knew what he wrote; but was repudiated by himself as woful trash, and can in nowise be regarded as the outflow of his proper nature, or to represent the settled conviction of his maturity.

What an undertone of discordant sadness runs through this life of the passionate, loving Shelley. There is no rest, no faith, no hope in it; and the affection he wins by his pure fantastic earnestness but makes us grieve the more for his ill-cloaked misery. The thought of his life lingers in our memory like the wail of a pine-forest, which seems burdened with an unearthly sorrow: and it is thus we think of Shelley What a difference if his unquiet, wild, yet beautiful nature had been brought into peace with God through Jesus Christ—if the steady purpose of Divine consecration had embraced and bound to one centre his generous impulses and splendid talents,—if the conviction of sin had humbled him, and the love of holiness had exalted him, and the cross had been the model and inspiration of his life. But he had no faith; and this is the source of his weakness and his sorrow. Even his genius was unnerved and dimmed by lack of faith; his imagination was without control—the harp strings were loosely strung. The firmness, and patience which religious faith alone could induce were wanting to command and chasten himself and his own work; yet he hungered after this Divine faith, and his changing theories of the universe, like the mirage, were phantasies awakened by an appetite which they only deceived and could not satisfy. Poor Shelley! His life is a monumental warning raised again

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down to the rendering of another's. The poems themselves will be found to be something new to the English reader; they are Heine, and no one else. A strange gleam of sadness, yet a kind of playful sadness, flits over the whole, which seem to be like the unbegun, unfinished opium dreams of a morbid temperament; mere cloud—shadowy sketches without aim or coherence. The style, and we regret to say, the sentiment are not inaptly described in "Atta Troll:"

> Summer-night's dream! All-fantastic,
> Aimless is my song. Yes, aimless
> As our love and as our living,
> As Creator and Creation.

And this quotation leads us to remark that we do not think any advantage likely to accrue to any reader's tone of thought or morality from the perusal of these poems. They are charming verses but the sentiment is very generally objectionable. There is a constant suspicion arising in the mind that the writer had no faith and no hope; though the extremely fragmentary nature of even the longer pieces forbids too hasty a conclusion. Another grievous fault is the licentious sensuality of many of the poems. Mr. Bowring acknowledges that "there are doubtless many of the poems written by Heine that we could wish had never been written, and that we would willingly refrain from translating." To do so, he thinks, would have given an incomplete if not an incorrect idea of what the poet was; and we would have thanked Mr. Bowring if he had allowed us to keep such an imperfect conception of his poet, rather than exhibited and diffused such impurity, though it unhappily belonged to Heine. An English poet would have been tabooed who had written such loathly verse; and we can scarcely think better of an English gentleman who makes his mind the channel for such filth to pass from a foreign literature to corrupt our own. Surely it is not Mr. Bowring's ambition to unveil the vices of foreign authors simply that we may have a complete idea of their literary character. If so, though his skill is great, we must inform him his work is evil, and will be reprobated by every pure and honourable man.

THE ITALIAN WAR, 1848-9. By Henry Lushington.

THIS book is one of those tributes of pious affection which yearly issue from the press, by which generous friendship seeks to preserve some record of a life too early withered, or robbed of opportunity to fulfil the promise of its dawn. There have been such in every circle. We can all recal the image of some vivid, intense, and graceful spirit, perhaps the brightest of the band who surrounded us as we entered the field of toil and struggle which we name life—one whose keen and fine organisation secured for him an early and brilliant development, and promised to our young imaginations to open an easy way for him to the highest prizes of political, literary, or professional life. But he is gone, cut off in his prime, and all that he has left, it may be, is a few scraps of verse or essay, and a wide-spread impression among his associates that he might have done anything within the reach of any but the very highest men of the time. It will mostly happen that such idols of their circle are men of morbid vividness and intensity, through the action of some fell disease which fires while it feeds on the vital juices of brain and heart. They stand out in youth from their circle because their blood courses more brightly—too brightly to last; they fail to fulfil the promise of their spring because they have not the stamina, the bottom, needed to hold on through long years in the strife and race of this world's life. John Stirling was a notable instance of this—almost typical. The centre and idol in early life of a band of men most of whom had larger capacity to serve their age and teach mankind. But he was all nerve; and while the powers and hands of their more

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"There is one lot for all—a blaze of light,
A deepening shadow, and an endless night."

Leaving this ingenious and pathetic appeal on behalf of these most unhappy beings, we must say for ourselves, that in all cases of interposition for their rescue, the effort must be prompt. It is to be feared that the apparatus of committees, formal applications, and canvassings for admission to asylums, excludes many a repenting girl, who would clasp any means of *instant* rescue as salvation, if that were only offered to her acceptance. An awakening conscience and a repentant regret in the morning, may be lost in the revel of the ensuing night. We cannot but recommend, after the example of Mrs. Sheppard, of Frome (see *Record*, of December 7), that a less cumbrous, tedious, and expensive process be pursued in helping these wretched women out of the Slough of Despond. Delay is death, *dum loquimur fugerit invida ætas.* Some "save with fear, pulling them out of the fire."

ADVENTURES OF A MOUNTED TROOPER IN THE AUSTRALIAN CONSTABULARY. London: Routledge. 1859.

ANOTHER book from the land of kangaroos and flying squirrels, black swans and ornithorhynchus, the plague of flies and white ants, of boomerangs and woomeras, labras and corrobories, gold nuggets and cattle stations, convicts and convict-trackers! And a seeming true one. Never was a more "round unvarnished tale" than that of William Burrows. He paints Australia in the most sober colours; his own adventures, however exciting to himself in the acting or endurance, are of the most commonplace kind; and no one would be attracted by either the style or the incidents narrated to try his fortune in an emigrant life. All this we take to be evidence of the singular veracity of the record. *Quod simplex, [illegible] verum.*

PAINLESS DENTAL SURGERY: A P[illegible] TREATISE ON CONGELATION. By W[illegible] F. Brindley, Sheffield. Lon[illegible]

THE object of this little work is to set forth the advantages of the appl[illegible] of cold as a local anæsthetic [illegible] the extraction of teeth, and the [illegible] operations of dental surgery, over those derived from ether, chloroform, or electricity. The author [illegible] sketches the origin and progress of the use of these agents; and having shown clearly the objections to the general anæsthesis produced by the two former, and the inefficiency of the latter, with reference to all operations on the mouth, he proceeds to show by the results of experience the efficiency and safety of congelation of the parts; as producing in almost all cases great immunity from pain, and being under any circumstances free from the danger to be apprehended from any inhaled agent. He examines candidly the objections to its use, and in our opinion completely proves the superiority of this method over all those hitherto used. The style of the work is modest and unpretending, and therefore such as is well adapted to the discussion of a scientific subject.

DOTTINGS OF A LOUNGER. By Frank Fowler. London: Routledge.

THIS volume consists of light sketches for light reading, the largest social fact which looms over the waste of its very shoal waters being this, viz. that my "Lord Farrenwide" Shaftesbury! who presides over religious meetings at "Swallis' rooms," dyes his whiskers. Whether this revelation be more important or impertinent, our readers must determine.

ERRATA.

In article "Thomas Becket," page 263, for *Herbert de Bertram* read *Herbert of Bosham*.

In "Brief Notices" page 319, first column, for *We do not agree with Dr. Campbell as to the* GOOD *results*, read, *evil* results.

THE ECLECTIC.

MAY, 1860.

I.

OWEN'S PALÆONTOLOGY.*

)UGH amongst the youngest of the sciences, Palæontology is
g more rapid strides of progress than almost any other in
esent day. Scarcely a month passes—never a year—with-
e addition of some important facts to the immense stores
y accumulated; and these facts are in a great number of
ıot the mere addition of details without any special signifi-
but instances of phenomena calculated to throw light upon
o obscure relations, to confirm doubtful theories, to shake
ablished prejudices, or to necessitate the revision of
ntly well-ascertained principles. Amidst all this, changes
ws upon even the most simple-seeming phenomena are
ıt; the mind is too apt to be dazzled by hasty generaliza-
imperfect induction from ill-observed facts is too often
ed to patient observation and analysis; and brilliant theory
's and carries the day over sober truth. It cannot fail to
therefore, that the true march of such a science should be
:ted; and that its revelations should be discredited by those
ın see that the learned differ often diametrically in opinion,
o are ignorant of the great principles upon which they differ.
such a state of matters as this, it is eminently profitable to
vith a work like the present, emanating from one whose
ıd knowledge of the subject entitles him, if not above, yet
· with any living authority, to pronounce upon the present
ı and prospects of Palæontology—the science of extinct
ms. Professor Owen is cautious to the extreme—almost to

æontology; or, a Systematic Summary of Extinct Animals, and their
al Relations. By Richard Owen, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Natural
Departments in the British Museum, Fullerian Professor of Physiology
oyal Institution of Great Britain, &c., &c. A. and C. Black. 1860.

a fault, it might be said—yet if, when we look for speculation and theory on some of those points connected with the science which seem most to invite them, we are to some extent disappointed in finding nothing but negations, we are by the same disappointment assured that in trusting ourselves to such a guide, we shall not be led into dangerous hypotheses; and that if with him we inquire into the existing state of palæontological science, we shall be allowed to take nothing for granted, each step in the proof of which has not been submitted to the most rigorous scrutiny: we shall know that what we find here as ascertained, we may take with tolerable certainty as data upon which to reason further.

The present treatise is almost a literal reprint of the article "Palæontology," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; and hence arises an imperfection. In the latter work, extinct vegetable life is treated of in a separate paper, and we miss greatly in this volume such an account of these organisms as would entitle it to be considered a complete exposition of Palæontology. If in addition to this we remark, that a slightly undue preponderance is given to the vertebrate tribes, all-interesting as they are, and too little account made of the invertebrata, without which the science would probably have been non-existent, we have almost exhausted our criticism, and are prepared to take a brief survey of what Palæontology has thus far taught us. And as we cannot enter upon the whole subject, we pass over for the present those relations of the science which are undoubted by all, and notice more particularly those which are, or have been until recently, matters for much dispute. And first, as to the antiquity of our earth, and the constancy of natural laws:—after enumerating many contributions to the advancement of other sciences, our author continues:—

"Finally, Palæontology has yielded the most important facts to the highest range of knowledge to which the human intellect aspires. It teaches that the globe allotted to man has revolved in its orbit through a period of time so vast, that the mind, in the endeavour to realize it, is strained by an effort like that by which it strives to conceive the space dividing the solar system from the most distant nebulæ.

"Palæontology has shown that, from the inconceivably remote period of the deposition of the Cumbrian rocks, the earth has been vivified by the sun's light and heat, has been fertilized by refreshing showers, and washed by tidal waves; that the ocean not only moved in orderly oscillations regulated as now, by attraction, but was rippled and agitated by winds and storms; that the atmosphere, besides these movements, was healthily influenced by clouds and vapours, rising, condensing, and falling in ceaseless circulation."—p. 2.

How has Palæontology revealed all this? it may be inquired; and the answer is simple—By observation of phenomena, and by the recognition of the principle that every effect requires an adequate, efficient cause. For many miles in depth the crust of the earth consists of rocks (or strata) which are evidently due, as to their present form and arrangement, to "second causes," *i. e.*, they are not now in the condition in which they were originally created. Some show signs of fusion, others are unmistakeably formed by the disintegration and grinding down of previous rocks; by the action of air and water, entombing, as in vast catacombs, the remains of the living and dying creatures that existed in their day. "In short, all known rocks appear to have been brought into their present state by chemical or mechanical agencies. It is indeed easy to say that these appearances are deceptive, and that these rocks may, with perfect ease, have been created just as we find them. But it is not easy to retain this opinion after having carefully examined them. For the evidence, that they are of secondary origin is nearly as strong, and of the same kind too, as it is that the remains of edifices lately discovered in Central America are the work of man, and were not created in their present condition."*

All these secondary processes required *time*—how much, reckoned in years, it is impossible to calculate; but that the period has been inconceivably vast is indubitable, if analogical reasoning be good for anything at all. The processes by which these strata were formed were doubtless similar in nature to those which we see in operation still continually. Sedimentary strata are perpetually in course of formation, at the bottom of ponds, lakes, or oceans, and at the deltas or mouths of rivers; and, by observing the rate at which these are deposited, and calculating for the physical differences, well marked, between deposits of rapid, and those of slow accumulation, as well as by marking the countless myriads of generations of living creatures that lived, died, and were buried in their layers, we may attain to some imperfect idea of the extended periods necessary for the formation of any one of these strata. If we accept this mode of computation as legitimate, we arrive at results with which the mind in vain strives to grapple. The Niagara river has probably been 40 or 50,000 years cutting backwards its gorge from Queenstown to the present falls. The delta of the Mississippi can scarcely have been formed in less than 100,000 years. And in that part of our own island, in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, known as the Valley of the Weald, there is evidence of the former existence of a river mighty as the one

* Prof. Hitchcock's "Religion of Geology," p. 46.

deæ and Ferns; and were haunted by gigantic reptile
and carnivorous, some of which rivalled in bulk the
the elephant; its waters were inhabited by amphibiæ
great class, chiefly crocodiles and chelonians of extinc
type; by numerous fishes, too, of the old ganoid order
whose families, and even genera, still exist in our po
though the species be all gone. Winged reptiles, toc
flitted amid its woods, or sped over its broad bosom
of the same family as that to which our dragon-flies
the first two stages of their existence at the bottom of
shallows, and the terminal one in darting over it on
delicate gauze in quest of their prey."*

It is scarcely necessary to refer now to the bitter w
waged between geologists and divines when the gre
world was originally promulgated as a scientific do
geologist now doubts this great age, so no believer in r
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when rightly interpreted, that is contradictory to
history; and further than this it would appear supe
Leaving this preliminary branch of the subject, and
the more special domain of Palæontology proper,
author continuing the previous quotation as follows:-

by contemporary individuals through a stagnant sameness of untold time; but it has been handed down from generation to generation, and successively enjoyed by the countless thousands that constitute the species. Palæontology further teaches that not only the individual but the species perishes; that as death is balanced by generation, so extinction has been concomitant with the creative power which has continued to provide a succession of species; and furthermore, that as regards the various forms of life which this planet has supported, there has been 'an advance and progress in the main.' Thus we learn that the creative force has not deserted the earth during any of the epochs of geological time that have succeeded to the first manifestations of such force; and that, in respect to no one class of animals, has the operation of creative force been limited to one geological epoch; and perhaps the most important and significant result of palæontological research has been the establishment of the *axiom* of *the continuous operation of the ordained becoming of living things*."*

In this brief quotation, cautiously worded, are enunciated several very important principles, which merit some detailed comment. These are: the existence of animal and vegetable life through immensely prolonged periods upon our globe; the death, extinction, or disappearance of species, as well as individuals; the appearance of new species from time to time, subsequent to original creation, in obedience to a law somewhat obscurely specified as a "creative force," or an "ordained becoming;" and a general "advance and progress" in the "organisms in the main."

1. When first the mark of a fern or tree was observed upon coal; when marine shells were found upon mountains and buried deep under the earth far away from the sea; when fossil skeletons of various animals were discovered entombed in the rocks; the natural and correct idea was that these indicated the previous existence of such ferns, trees, mollusca, or vertebrata, &c. But as the principles of geology became ascertained, it was discovered that the strata in which many of these were embedded must have been deposited incalculable ages ago—a difficulty which was irreconcileable with the received dogma that the earth had only existed 6,000 or 8,000 years, unless some theory could be invented equal to the emergency. A great variety of crude hypotheses were the result of this attempt to make preconceived notions accord with observed scientific facts. Some cut the knot at once by supposing that all these rocks, with their included fossils, had been originally created just as they now appear—a conclusive theory, the following out of which in other sciences

* Palæontology, p. 3.

mentioned—the drainage of a former continent whose place is now unknown, which flowed for ages and formed a delta 2,000 feet in thickness, charged with the remains of long since extinct species of animal and vegetable life.

"The banks of this nameless old river were covered with forests of coniferous trees of the Pine and Araucarian families, with Cycadeæ and Ferns; and were haunted by gigantic reptiles, herbivorous and carnivorous, some of which rivalled in bulk the mammoth and the elephant; its waters were inhabited by amphibiæ of the same great class, chiefly crocodiles and chelonians of extinct species and type; by numerous fishes, too, of the old ganoid order, and by shells whose families, and even genera, still exist in our pools and rivers, though the species be all gone. Winged reptiles, too, occasionally flitted amid its woods, or sped over its broad bosom; and insects of the same family as that to which our dragon-flies belong, spent the first two stages of their existence at the bottom of its pools and shallows, and the terminal one in darting over it on their wings of delicate gauze in quest of their prey."*

It is scarcely necessary to refer now to the bitter warfare at first waged between geologists and divines when the great age of the world was originally promulgated as a scientific dogma. As no geologist now doubts this great age, so no believer in revelation who takes the trouble to become acquainted with the subject, sees in it any stumbling-block to his faith. The antiquity of the earth has no direct connection with the history of man's introduction to his dwelling-place; and it is of this history, and of that of his redemption—not of the cosmogony of the earth—that Scripture treats. To those who think it necessary to show that the Bible reveals not only the way of salvation, but also all scientific truth, such a statement as this will have no force. But even to them it may be proved that there is nothing in the *revealed* history of our earth, when rightly interpreted, that is contradictory to its geological history; and further than this it would appear superfluous to go. Leaving this preliminary branch of the subject, and passing on to the more special domain of Palæontology proper, we find our author continuing the previous quotation as follows:—

"With the conditions of life, Palæontology demonstrates that life has been enjoyed during the same countless thousands of years: and that, with life, from the beginning, there has been death. The earliest testimony of the living thing, whether coral, crust, or shell, in the oldest fossiliferous rock, is at the same time proof that it died. At no period does it appear that the gift of life has been monopolized

* Hugh Miller's "Sketch Book of Popular Geology," p. 128.

by contemporary individuals through a stagnant sameness of untold time; but it has been handed down from generation to generation, and successively enjoyed by the countless thousands that constitute the species. Palæontology further teaches that not only the individual but the species perishes; that as death is balanced by generation, so extinction has been concomitant with the creative power which has continued to provide a succession of species; and furthermore, that as regards the various forms of life which this planet has supported, there has been 'an advance and progress in the main.' Thus we learn that the creative force has not deserted the earth during any of the epochs of geological time that have succeeded to the first manifestations of such force; and that, in respect to no one class of animals, has the operation of creative force been limited to one geological epoch; and perhaps the most important and significant result of palæontological research has been the establishment of the *axiom* of *the continuous operation of the ordained becoming of living things*."*

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* Palæontology, p. 3.

would necessarily put an end to research and induction altogether. The earliest received doctrines on this subject conceived fossils to be mere illusions, not representing any previously living creatures, but produced in a variety of unmeaning ways. Thus, an Italian botanist, Mattioli, and Agricola, a German miner, propounded the doctrine that fossil organic shapes were due to a certain "fatty matter" (*materia pinguis*), fermented by heat. Again, Fallopio, of Padua, considered that they were generated by fermentation, but this not appearing to him sufficient to account for the whole of the phenomena, the residuum was supposed to be owing to the "tumultuous movements of terrestrial exhalations." Although a celebrated professor of anatomy, "he taught that certain tusks of elephants dug up in his time were mere earthy concretions; and, consistently with these principles, he even went so far as to consider it probable that the vases of Monte Testaceo at Rome were natural impressions stamped in the soil."* Others considered these fossils as mere stones which had assumed peculiar forms in consequence of the influence of the heavenly bodies; and others were satisfied with pronouncing them mere "sports of nature."†

When the time arrived when the real significance of fossil forms could no longer be doubted, long processes and revolutions of opinion had still to be passed through before the true theory of their formation and deposition was arrived at. They were supposed to have been left by the retiring sea—to have been cast up by volcanoes—but the hypothesis that found the greatest favour and was most generally adopted was that of the general

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* See Lyell's "Principles of Geology," 9th edit., p. 22.

† These weak speculations were, perhaps, in accordance with the so-called philosophy of the sixteenth century. But it seems to have been reserved for the year 1859 to put the climax to all absurdity in pseudo-science. A Mr Gillespie writes a book entitled the "Theology of Geologists," in which he disputes entirely that God could make the "monstrous and horrible lizards" that are found in some of our strata; but conceiving, in his wisdom, that they must have been made, he attributes them to the devil; but afterwards sees reason to think that they may be the bodily remains of the fallen angels themselves. Lest we should be supposed to misrepresent him, we will quote one passage literally:—

"Some philosopher of mark is in the belief that the bodies of the apostate crew were deposited somewhere; and, if so, these fossil remains may be discovered some day hereafter. In such belief have we some sort of *approximation to the geologic fact?* Nay, what hinders one, taking a hint from the metempsychosis or transmigration doctrine of the East, from supposing that these horrible lizards, and other still more horrible monsters, were the outer shells of devilish souls, diluted, so to speak, to the dozenth degree, or to any degree of attenuation which you may prefer." (See pp. 80 [illegible].)

He afterwards opines that "innocent man would have his correspondent or palpable image in the gentle quadrupedal and bipedal graminivora; while angels, seraphic and cherubic, might possibly have been materially mirrored in such living creatures as peaceful mammoth eaters of roots and grasses."

deluge. It was supposed that when the waters overflowed the earth all the outer shell was broken up and mixed with the water, and with the remains of the animals and plants destroyed by the flood, and were afterwards deposited as fossiliferous rocks. Attractive as was this hypothesis, as appearing to reconcile conflicting views, a more careful consideration of the regular and orderly disposition of the strata, and the allotment of certain organic remains to defined limits, could not fail to cause it to be abandoned. It was only very slowly, however, that the true mode of formation in succession, during immensely protracted periods of time, came to be fully recognized; and the *science* of ancient organisms may be considered almost as the production of the nineteenth century—not yet perfect, nor can we ever hope that it can be so. Much as is known, there is yet indefinitely more unknown. On one most interesting and important question we are yet profoundly ignorant. We know that down to a certain depth below the surface, or rather down to the level of certain strata, we find the remains of organisms; we know that below these we find rocks of sedimentary origin, in which as yet no traces of previous life have been detected. But whether this indicates the point in the earth's history when life first appeared, or whether it merely shows that at this period the conditions for fossil-preservation became favourable, we cannot tell. An important consideration bearing on this point is thus stated by the writer of the article "Geology," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*:—

"Although few traces of life have hitherto been found in the Cambrian rocks, and no unaltered rocks below them are at present known, yet the conclusion that life now first began upon the globe is one that is anything but satisfactory to our mind. Even on the supposition that no more fossils should ever be found in Cambrian or still earlier rocks, the possibility of the existence of full assemblages of earlier life remains the same. Had general metamorphic action spread a few stages higher than it has done, and the Silurian and Devonian rocks of Europe and America and other parts of the globe been affected by it, so as to have their organic remains obliterated, and become generally converted into crystalline schists, it would have been argued that the carboniferous period was that in which life commenced upon the globe."—Vol. XV. p. 196.

2. Five times at least* in the known history of the organic

* *Five times at least.* According to many geologists, the number of complete changes in the Fauna and Flora of our ancient earth was very much greater than this—some say twenty or thirty times. For the illustration of the principle, which is that *species do disappear*, the smaller number is sufficient; nor does it seem needful to be exact as to the precise frequency of such disappearances.

life of the earth have the inhabitants changed entirely; that is, five periods might be marked out, each of which contained no living *species* that had existed in the former one. The same families and genera were represented, for the most part, in successive periods, but with specific differences. These changes were not effected abruptly; probably at long intervals one species after another disappeared; but before, or simultaneously with such disappearance, a new one took its place in the economy of nature, until finally not one of the original ones was left. Such is the general rule; and yet as our knowledge of the subject at present stands, it is not invariably the case. Twice the thread of existence seems to have been abruptly broken; once at the junction of the secondary and tertiary periods, where a gap appears to be formed, only crossed by microscopic diatomaceæ, and one shell, and one coral, according to Hugh Miller; and again, between the palæozoic and the secondary division, where the chasm is only crossed, if at all, by two doubtful species of plant. It is not improbable, however, that future researches may discover links of much more close connection, even between these, than has hitherto been suspected. Professor Owen remarks, "that species, or forms so recognized by their distinctive characters and the power of propagating them, have ceased to exist, and have successively passed away, is a fact no longer questioned. That they have been exterminated by exceptional cataclysmal changes of the earth's surface has not been proved."* But *why* do species perish? We see, or think we see, reasons why an individual life should be limited in time. Obvious changes of tissue take place, the natural tendency of which is the destruction of the vitality or activity of the organism. But no such changes as these can be observed in the individuals of a species. So far as we know, the last generation of a disappearing race is as hardy and vigorous as the first. Our author acknowledges that but little can be said demonstratively on this point. Man, during his reign, has had some influence on, and beyond this, some experience of, the disappearance of species. He has hunted down certain beasts of prey, and well nigh exterminated them, as well as others less noxious, as the dodo, and the dinornis. He has witnessed even recently the disappearance of many birds amongst others the hook-billed parrot of New Zealand and the Great Auk of our own islands. "As a cause of extinction in times anterior to man, it is most reasonable to assign the chief weight to those geological changes in the conditions affecting a due supply of sustenance to animals in a state of nature, which must have accompanied the slow alternations of sea and land brought about in

* Palæontology, p. 199.

the æons of geological time."* This can, however, only apply to terrestrial animals, except perhaps in certain cases where a deeper or a shallower sea may possibly be unfavourable to continued life. In the case of land animals, there are circumstances rendering them obnoxious to extirpating influences. Our author considers that in proportion to the bulk of a species will be the difficulty of the contest which it has to maintain against surrounding agencies. The larger the animal, the more likely it will be to suffer from seasons of scarcity or drought, or to be made a prey of from its conspicuous size, by predatory tribes. The larger species are also much less prolific than the smaller. "The actual presence, therefore, of small species of animals in countries where larger species of the same natural families formerly existed, is not the consequence of degeneration—of any gradual diminution of the size of such species—but is the result of circumstances, which may be illustrated by the fable of "The Oak and the Reed;" the smaller and feebler animals have bent and accommodated themselves to changes to which the larger species have succumbed."† The causes operative in the extinction of species are thus summed up:—

"That their limitation in time, in some instances or in some measure, may be due to constitutional changes accumulating by slow degrees in the long course of generation, is possible. But all hitherto observed causes of extirpation point either to continuous slowly operating geological changes, or to no greater sudden cause than the, so to speak, spectral appearance of mankind on a limited tract of land not before inhabited. It is most probable, therefore, that the extinction of species, prior to man's presence or existence, has been due to ordinary causes—ordinary in the sense of agreement with the laws of organization and of the never-ending mutation of the geographical and climatal conditions on the earth's surface. The species and individuals of species least adapted to bear such influences, and incapable of modifying their organization in agreement therewith, have perished. Extinction, therefore, on this hypothesis implies the want of self-adjusting power in the individuals of the species subject thereto."—p. 399.

It can scarcely be doubted that in this passage the expressions are so cautious as to verge upon obscurity; and that the account of the extinction of species may be interpreted as meaning almost anything or nothing, according to the phase of mind of the reader.

3. If little satisfactory can be ascertained concerning the extinction of species, still less is known on their origin. Species have been observed disappearing, and in some few instances *perhaps* the last

* Palæontology, p. 398. † *Ibid* p. 399.

individual has been seen alive; but no one has ever consciously seen the *first;* Professor Owen says, that "on the more mysterious subject of their coming into being *no light* has yet been thrown by experiment or observation."* The learned writer is again somewhat obscure on this point. Utterly disavowing the hypothesis of "development" as supported either by De Maillet, Lamarck, the author of the "Vestiges," or Messrs. Wallace and Darwin, and equally repudiating the "degeneration" theory of Buffon, he still seems to be a believer in "development" in some form; or to say the least, in the production of species by "secondary causes" (p. 403); holding that biologists may entertain this idea, without committing themselves to any current theory on the *mode of operation* of such second cause. He holds that although the nature of the forces operating to produce a lichen or one of the algæ may not be so well understood as those concerned in the formation of a crystal, yet, "that the species of the mineralogist and the botanist should be owing to influences so different as is implied by the operation of a second cause, and the direct interference of a first cause is not probable."† He seems also, by a continuation of this passage, to express some confidence in the *artificial* production of *protozoa* by external influences; but "with regard to the species of higher organisms, distinguishable as plants and animals, their origin is as yet only matter of speculation."

It would have been more satisfactory to the curious—and amongst these, in such matters as the present, we rank ourselves—had the professor spoken out more decidedly his own views on development. Acknowledging that there are principles based on rigorous and extensive observation of facts, which have tended to impress on the minds of the closest reasoners in biology the conviction of a "continuously operative *secondary* creational law,"‡ he offers no suggestion whatever as to the mode of operation of such a law, and leaves the reader in doubt as to what is meant by it—whether it is to be understood as a "creation," or only as a "development." The principles above referred to are enumerated as "the law of irrelative or vegetative repetition; the law of unity of plan or relations to an archetype; the phenomena of parthenogenesis; and the progressive departure from general type as exemplified in the series of species from their first introduction to the present time."§ Yet the law suggested as that in continuous operation is most vaguely suggested as the "ordained becoming of living things." Commenting upon the theory of "Natural

* Palæontology, p. 3. † Ibid. ‡ P. 407.
§ P. 407. ‖ P. 3.

Selection" as propounded by Mr. Darwin,* our author thus sums up his views on "Development:"—

"Observation of animals in a state of nature, however, is still required to show their degree of plasticity, or the extent to which varieties do occur; whereby grounds may be had for judging of the probability of the elastic ligaments and joint-structures of a feline foot, for example, being superinduced upon the more simple structure of the toe, with the non-retractile claw, according to the principle of a succession of varieties in time.

"Farther discoveries of fossil remains are also needed to make known the antetypes, in which varieties, analogous to the observed

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* See the *Eclectic* for March, for an account of this theory.

Our notice of Mr. Darwin's work in the March number was chiefly concerned with its scientific aspect. As a supplement to this, and bearing upon its logical merits, and its moral tendencies, we subjoin the following brief extracts from the *Daily Express*, of March 28th:—They form part of an acute analysis of the book by Archbishop Whateley.

"I must, in the first place, observe that Darwin's theory is not *inductive*—not based on a series of acknowledged facts pointing to a *general conclusion*—not a proposition evolved out of the facts, logically, and of course including them. To use an old figure, I look on the theory as a vast pyramid resting on its apex, and that apex a mathematical point. . . . . .

"Let no one say that it is held together by a *cumulative* argument. Each series of facts is laced together by a series of assumptions, and repetitions of the one false principle. You cannot make a good rope out of a string of air bubbles. . . .

"The pretended physical philosophy of modern days strips man of all his moral attributes, or holds them of no account in the estimate of his origin and place in the created world. A cold atheistical materialism is the tendency of the so-called material philosophy of the present day. Not that I believe that Darwin is an atheist; though I cannot but regard his materialism as atheistical. I think it untrue, because opposed to the obvious course of nature, and the very opposite of inductive truth. And I think it intensely mischievous." . . . . .

After entering somewhat minutely into the scientific objections, the writer concludes with these words:—

"I need hardly go any further with these objections. But I cannot conclude without expressing my detestation of the theory, because of its unflinching materialism; because it has deserted the inductive track, the only track that leads to physical truth;—because it utterly repudiates final causes, and thereby indicates a demoralized understanding on the part of its advocates. In some rare instances it shows a wonderful credulity. Darwin seems to believe that a white bear, by being confined to the slops floating in the Polar basin, might be turned into a whale; that a Lemur might easily be turned into a bat; that a three-toed tapir might be the great grandfather of a horse! or the progeny of a horse may (in America) have gone back to the tapir.

"But any startling and (supposed) novel paradox, maintained very boldly, and with something of imposing plausibility, produces, in some minds, a kind of pleasing excitement, which predisposes them in its favour; and if they are unused to careful reflection, and averse to the labour of accurate investigation, they will be likely to conclude that what is (apparently) *original* must be a production of original *genius*, and that anything very much opposed to prevailing notions must be a grand discovery,—in short, that whatever comes from 'the bottom of a well' must be the 'truth' supposed to be hidden there."

ones in existing species, might have occurred, seriatim, so as to give rise ultimately to such extreme forms as the giraffe.

"This application of palæontology has always been felt by myself to be so important, that I have never omitted a proper opportunity for impressing the results of observations showing the 'more generalized structures' of extinct, as compared with the 'more specialized forms' of recent animals.

"But observation of the effects of any of the above hypothetical transmuting influences in changing any known species into another has not yet been recorded. And past experience of the chance aims of human fancy, unchecked and unguided by observed facts, shows how widely they have ever glanced away from the gold centre of truth."*

The *generalization* of structure here referred to in opposition to *specialization*, bears directly upon the views of the author as to the "advance and progress in the main" of organisms; but we pass over this part of the subject, in order to come to a point of immediate practical interest—one connected with the history of man and the period or date of his introduction upon earth.

Amidst all the mutations of geological opinion, it has generally, perhaps universally, been held, that all the known geological periods or epochs, even to the post-pleiocene or pleistocene, were completed before man appeared. It has certainly never been suspected (until recently) that man had seen what is called the Drift-period. It has been a received article of belief in science and in history, that the earth was prepared, in great measure as we now see it, before any human inhabitants took possession of it. Recent discoveries, however, have tended to unsettle, in some measure, this belief; and to indicate *(should their authenticity be demonstrated)* that the duration of man's sojourn on this planet dates from a somewhat more remote epoch than we have been accustomed to consider. What are these discoveries? and what is their significance?

Certain flint weapons—so appearing—have been from time to time discovered in stratified gravel, by independent investigators, both in France and England. In the valley of the Somme, near Abbeville and Amiens, great numbers of these flints, now technically known as "celts," have been discovered by M. Boucher de Perthes, from 1847 up to the present time. Similar bodies have been discovered by Mr. Prestwich, Mr. Flower, and many others, in England, 17 and 20 feet below the surface, in undisturbed ground. So far all seems innocent enough; but what are these "celts," and what are the strata in which they are found? In these beds of gravel, from which the flints were taken, there are

* P. 406.

found the remains of animals, which have always been considered to have been extinct before the advent of man—the Mammoth, the Rhinoceros tichorrhinus, the Cervus somonensis, Ursus spelæus, and "of a large extinct Bovine animal."* Moreover "flint weapons have been discovered mixed indiscriminately with the bones of the extinct cave-bear and rhinoceros. One in particular was met with beneath a fine antler of a reindeer, and a bone of the cave-bear, imbedded in the superficial stalagmite in the bone-cave at Brixham, Devonshire, during the careful exploration of that cave conducted by a committee of the Geological Society of London in 1858 and 1859."† Without entering upon too many details, we may say that evidence seems conclusive on the point, that these flints (whatever may be their origin or nature) were deposited where they have now been found, during the post-pleiocene, or drift-period; how far back in time this extends cannot be determined; but most certainly very much beyond the 6,000 years which have been most commonly ceded to man.

The question then stands thus:—If these flints be, as Professor Owen, and most of our highest authorities state, "unquestionably fashioned by human hands," either the drift-period, during which these beds of gravel were deposited, was very much more recent, and of shorter duration than is generally supposed; or man has lived upon this earth during a much more extended period than has ever been hitherto assigned to him; for the circumstances under which these so-called weapons are found, forbid the supposition that they can have been introduced either by accident or design into the position they now occupy, at any period subsequent to the formation of the gravel beds. The phenomena of the "drift" tend to preclude the first hypothesis; though a most recent *geological* period, it is still remote as calculated by our divisions of time, and must have occupied periods of time very protracted. The point of contest necessarily involves the nature and origin of the flint bodies themselves. Are they of human manufacture or not? The discussion pro and con has been warmly waged.

In Mr. Prestwich's paper, read before the Royal Society on May 26th, he endeavours to prove that the flints were the work of man; that they were found in undisturbed ground; that they are associated with the remains of extinct mammalia; and that the period, though a late geological one, was anterior to the surface, as to its minor features, assuming its present outline. He is also of opinion that these later geological changes may have been of shorter duration than is generally supposed. Mr. Babbage was quite convinced that these "celts" were of human origin; but

* Palæontology, p. 401. † *Ibid.*

indicated a variety of ways in which they might have been introduced into their present position subsequent to the deposition of the strata. Mr. Evans, of Nash Mills, read before the Society of Antiquaries on June 2nd, certain facts which proved almost beyond controversy the deposit of these flints synchronously with the existence of the mammals of the drift; and considered it "nearly indisputable that at a remote period, possibly before the separation of England from the continent, this portion of the globe was densely peopled by man." In short, the geologists, almost to a man, assert these flints to have been fashioned by human agency, and to have been deposited, in accordance with ordinary laws, where they have now been found, and to belong to the same period as the strata. Others, with less knowledge of the subject, but with much zeal, and much disinclination to have old-established opinions disturbed, deny altogether that these "celts" are anything more than flints, accidentally so found, and chipped by many collisions with each other, and other stones. In saying this, we do not wish to be understood as implying that the geologists are necessarily right in their theory, and their opponents wrong; it only does so happen that in this question, the men of science and personal observation are ranged on one side of the controversy, and those of less distinction on the other. We have inspected some of these flints now in the possession of Sir Charles Lyell, and we must confess that they exhibit strong *marks* of design, which it is difficult to imagine accidentally developed.

Professor Owen so far commits himself to a decision as to say, referring to this subject, that "recent discoveries indicate that, in the case of the last two quadrupeds (the *Elephas primigenius* and *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*), a rude primitive human race may have finished the work of extermination, begun by antecedent and more general causes."* Whatever be the truth of the theory, the verdict of an authority such as Sir Charles Lyell cannot fail to be highly valuable and interesting. He says:—

"The great number of fossil instruments which have been likened to hatchets, spear-heads, and wedges, is truly wonderful. More than 1,000 of them have already been met with in the last ten years, in the valley of the Somme, in an area fifteen miles in length. I infer that a tribe of savages, to whom the use of iron was unknown, made a long sojourn in this region; and I am reminded of a large Indian mound, which I saw in St. Simond's Island, in Georgia—a mound ten acres in area, and having an average height of five feet, chiefly composed of cast-away oyster shells, throughout which arrow-heads, stone-axes, and Indian pottery are diffused! If the neighbouring

* Palæontology, p. 401.

he Alatahama, or the sea which is at hand, should invade, away, and stratify the contents of this mound, it might e a very analogous accumulation of human implements, d, perhaps, with human bones. Although the accompanying are of living species, I believe the antiquity of the Abbeville niens flint instruments to be very great indeed, if compared to es of history or tradition."

r giving the usual geologic arguments in favour of this n, he proceeds to add :—

stly, the disappearance of the elephant, rhinoceros, and other of quadrupeds now foreign to Europe, implies, in like r, a vast lapse of ages, separating the era in which the fossil ents were framed, and that of the invasion of Gaul by the s."

overies so interesting and important as these cannot have ade, nor controversies so animated have been waged, with- e opponents of revealed truth finding in them wherewithal ugn the authenticity of Scriptural History. "Your Bible" oldly say), "states that man was created about 6,000 years ur senses and our reason, scientifically employed, assure t he existed on the earth unnumbered thousands of years that period :—which would you wish us to believe ?" Of such questions have been asked, and it behoves us to be ed with an answer. For whilst we are not authorised, even ters of science, to be led away by every clamour of "lo here," there !" we should be very unwilling, on the grounds of ceived opinion, dogmatically to oppose the rational conclu- f a sound induction, from well-authenticated phenomena. ore founding any theory of revised chronology upon new ve should be certain that those data are trustworthy. It e *proved*, by the most rigid scrutiny, that these "celts" ave been chipped and otherwise worked by man, and that ural processes could have formed them. It must also be that they were actually deposited with the strata of the eriod, and not subsequently introduced. And supposing all ne, and that we acknowledge that a race of men lived and during the post-pleiocene period, contemporaries of the tinct mammalia of that age, are we not entitled to conclude Ir. Prestwich, one of our ablest geologists, that these facts not "of necessity carry back man in past time, more than would) bring forward the great extinct mammals tow ls our me—the evidence having reference only to r i e time." He also "sees no reason again

that this period of man and the extinct mammals—supposing their contemporaneity to be proved—was brought to a sudden end by a temporary inundation of the land; on the contrary, he sees much to support such a view on purely geological considerations."*

Furthermore, it must be remembered that, according to our most learned Biblical critics, the chronology of the Old Testament is by no means settled. In the different versions—as the Hebrew, the Samaritan, and the Septuagint—there occur most material variations, of such extent as to leave much room for suspicion of our knowledge of these ancient computations. Thus, according to the Samaritan version, the period of time that elapsed between the creation of Adam and the Flood was 1,307 years; according to the Hebrew, it was 1,556 years; and according to the Septuagint, 2,162 years. In like manner, the period between the Flood and the call of Abraham is variously computed: by the Hebrew account at 367 years; by the Samaritan, 1,017; and by the Greek 1,243 years. So, also, the whole period between Adam and the birth of Christ is computed by various authorities, of almost equal eminence, to comprise from 3,483 years to 6,984 years—such critics as Archbishop Usher and Suidas differing as much as 2,000 years. Probably, as the writer of "Chronology," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, observes, "all that can be gathered from these conflicting statements amounts to this—that the true epoch of the creation of the world is utterly unknown." And we may therefore fairly conclude that no point of faith is involved, nor would be endangered, should it be found necessary to extend the duration of man's past existence even more beyond the chronology of Suidas than his is beyond that of Usher. How much time might be required for the changes of the drift-period we cannot compute, but if the deductions of science require the prolongation, even to a great extent, of our antediluvian history, we can see no objection, deduced from our present system of chronology.

We have discussed this subject at such length that we cannot enter upon some other topics which we had marked for comment, as the "Fossil Footprints," and the law of "Correlated Structures," by which an extinct organism can be pictorially reconstructed from a single bone. Of this, we must content ourselves with giving the great "Cuvierian Law:"—"Every organised being forms a whole, a single circumclosed system, the parts of which mutually correspond and concur to the same

* For many references to this subject, see the "Year-Book of Facts" for 1860, by John Timbs, F.S.A., pp. 252, et seq.

ive action by a mutual re-action. None of these parts can
› without the others also changing; and consequently each
aken separately, indicates and gives all the others."*
n did our space permit, it would be impracticable to
t with advantage from the descriptive parts of this work, as
ıthor seems as carefully to avoid anything pictorial, as he
ıeorizing. But we must give his conclusion, as containing
ral of Palæontology.

ı the survey which has been taken of the various forms of
ıat have passed away—of their characters, succession,
ical position, and geographical distribution—if I have
ded in demonstrating the adaptation of any structure to the
cies, habits, and well-being of the species, I have fulfilled
ject which I had in view—viz., to set forth the beneficence
telligence of the Creative Power.
in all the striking changes of form and proportion which have
under review, we could discern only the results of minor
cations of a few essential elements, we must be the more
gly impressed with the unity of that cause, and with the
n and power which could produce so much variety, and at
me time such perfect endowments and adaptations out of
so simple. . . .
verywhere in organic nature we see the means not only sub-
ıt to an end, but that end accomplished by the simplest
. Hence we are compelled to regard the Great Cause of all,
:e certain philosophical ancients, as a uniform and quiescent
as an all-pervading *anima mundi*, but as an active and
›ating intelligence. By applying the laws of comparative
ıy to the relics of extinct races of animals contained in and
terising the different strata of the earth's crust, and corres-
ıg with as many epochs in the world's history, we make an
:ant step in advance of all preceding philosophers, and are
› demonstrate that the same pervading, active, and benefi-
ıtelligence which manifests His power in our times, has also
›sted His power in times long anterior to the records of our
ıce. . . . And thus the highest generalizations in the
› of organic bodies, like the Newtonian laws of universal
', lead to the unequivocal conviction of a Great First Cause."†

* "Ossemen's Fossiles," 4to, tom. 1 (1812), p. 58.
† Palæontology, conclusion, pp. 413-14.

II.

THE GREAT ARMADA FIGHT.—No. I.

More than two thousand years before the great Armada fight Xerxes sat enthroned on the slopes of Aegaleos, and saw his invincible armada shattered on the narrow seas of Salamis by the ancient champions of the freedom of mankind. I am about to speak in the paper of England's Salamis, and I gladly cast back a thought to those Athenian freemen and the astute and daring Themistocles, who wrought for the old world a deliverance as marvellous as that which Drake, Frobisher, and Effingham, at the head of hardier than Athenian freemen, wrought for us in their times. The two events bear grand parallels, and these parallels reveal the Divine method in history. About the year 500 B.C. the great Medo-Persian empire founded by the first Cyrus, having absorbed the vast regions lying between the Indus and the Nile, the Caspian and the Ægean seas, began to cast a covetous eye on the one home of human freedom then extant upon earth, and resolved, by the conquest of Greece, to complete that universal empire of which every conqueror, from Nimrod to Napoleon, has dreamed. Three years were occupied by Xerxes in preparation for the expedition which was to retrieve the disaster of Marathon, and inflict a severe chastisement on the puny States whose volunteer militia had given a bloody and decisive overthrow to the armies of the great king. The Hellespont was bridged, and Athos was channelled to afford easier passage to his troops. For seven days he sat enthroned on the shore at Abydos, and watched the march of the mighty army over the bridges which he had caused to be built. It is said that 2,000,000 of men marched under his banners to the extinction of freedom, art, literature, and all which constitutes the higher life of mankind. 1,300 war-ships and 300 smaller vessels formed his fleet. The host surged on through Thrace and Thessaly, crushed, after tremendous loss, Leonidas and his Spartans at Thermopylæ, and mastered easily the whole Athenian territory. The Athenians, with almost unparalleled gallantry and devotion to the cause of freedom, had abandoned their land and city, and taken refuge on board their ships. The Greek fleet amounted in all to but 380 ships of war. It took up its final station in the Bay of Salamis, on the Athenian coast. We cannot stay to dwell on the preparatory measures of Themistocles; but when the sun rose on that October morning 480 B.C., the little Greek squadron found itself enfolded by the vast crescent of the Persian armada, while Xerxes, with his host around him, occupied a throne whence he could survey the battle from the shore. Escape was impossible, else the jealous Spartans might have attempted it. But every avenue was closed, and each, like a brave freeman, addressed himself to a conflict, in which if he failed to conquer all that is dear to man must be lost. With daring

courage and prompt seamanship they dashed at once among the confused squadrons of the armada, which, drawn from all countries by the sheer pressure of tyranny, had neither principle of unity nor heart for the work. The Greeks made up for poverty of numbers by that activity and daring, whereby again and again in the world's history a handful of freemen has mastered a host of slaves. The dense crowd of Persian ships in the "narrow seas" confused their evolutions, and confounded the plans of their commanders. The Greeks, light, lithe, and swift, dash in and out at will. The lumbering Persians get wearied with the ceaseless onsets of the nimble and rapid enemy. Ship after ship falls into the hands of the hardy assailants, or is sent bodily to rest on the rocks below. Then whole squadrons, cut off from the main force, begin to waver and to back out of the fight; and evening sees the whole armada chased in confusion and wreck into the open waters, while Xerxes, with his vast army round him, fearful lest the daring Greeks should burn his bridges, and cut off his retreat to Asia, commenced an impetuous flight. He pressed with his sick and starving troops along the track by which he had advanced with such imperious pride; and at length, with a mere wreck of that splendid array which had defiled before him a seven days' pomp at Abydos, he gained the Asian shore. Thither the Greeks would one day follow him, and exact from his successors an awful retribution for all the miseries which his impious ambition had wrought.

Once only since that day has the sun shone on such a scene as those blue waves of Salamis presented that autumn morning, when the bright intellect and freedom of Europe wrestled with the dull superstition and tyranny of Asia for the mastery of the world. Salamis settled it, and settled it for ever; from that day to this Europe has given art, science, law, government, and religion, to Asia and to mankind. It was but a little band of freemen that won the victory. Athens, too, was but a speck compared with the vast dominions of the despot. And what was England in size and power compared with the huge temporal and spiritual empires which she defied and conquered on that yet more glorious day, when the Lord wrought mightily at our Salamis for the liberties of mankind. There is certainly a striking parallel between these great battles—the greatest, perhaps, ever fought by man. They are alike in the vast preparations and overwhelming force of the invaders, who were incumbered by the very magnitude of their own array—in the smallness of the national force of the defenders, which was more than compensated in either case by individual energy, daring, and martial skill. The stake of the battle was the same—the world's liberty and progress; while they run parallel in another feature, the grandest and most characteristic of all—the decree of God that all systematic and magnificent assaults on the liberties of mankind should fail. Here the parallel ends. From the higher point of view the Englishmen must bear the palm. The Greeks would have fled if they could—there was schism in their camp and their fleet. Fifty thousand of Greek race marched with Xerxes to the field. While in England

there was a zeal, a unanimity, a high resolution to conquer or to die for liberty and the Gospel, unmatched in the history of mankind. And why? Substantially, I believe, because Greece fought for freedom, England for godliness. Greece for all that the Creator has made precious to the creature; England for all that the Lord Christ has made dear to the human soul. The questions at issue in the fifth century before Christ were the questions of a half-developed manhood; in 1588 A.D., they comprehended the whole of man's material interests and spiritual prerogatives, his well-being for time and for eternity. England was conscious of all this—Greece was not. England knew her God—Greece did not. England fought consciously with the glorious assurance that the Lord God of Hosts was upon her side. And never, perhaps, has the God of battles so signally made bare his arm, as when the huge Armada of the spiritual despot who claimed the right to make a dreary dead-level waste, not of this world only, but of the universe, was shattered in the narrow seas by the mariners of England, chased by storm and lightning round our rock-bound northern coasts, and flung back a wreck to Spain. I speak of the defiance of the Armada as the defiance of a spiritual tyrant. Do not suppose that the question at stake was simply the political independence of England. In the reign of Elizabeth, the question felt to be at stake was the liberty of souls. So all honest Englishmen understood it. So Elizabeth herself understood it. Just as to the Greeks the great king was the incarnation of political despotism, so to the Protestants of the sixteenth century the Pope was the incarnation of the principle of spiritual tyranny, and the chief director on earth of all that murderous artillery which the devil can bring to bear on the souls of men. These are strong words, but those who know the England of the sixteenth century know that it is true. And just as Athens said to the ambassadors of the great king, "So long as the sun holds his course, Athens will never come to terms with Xerxes," so said England to the Roman despot by maintaining Elizabeth's throne.

But before proceeding to develop this the vertebral column of Elizabethan politics, it will be needful to present some picture of the changed relations of England to the continental powers, as compared with the preceding centuries; which, rightly understood, will make the history of the Tudor era more plain. In the fourteenth century, under Edward II. for instance, the proportion of power between England and the continental monarchies was altogether in favour of England. In the sixteenth century, under the Tudors, it was as decidedly against her. The explanation of this is to be found, not in the decay of the English monarchy, but in the consolidation of the continental states. William the Conqueror was the strongest monarch in Christendom. The realm of England, from causes which I cannot now discuss, was a unity, in a sense in which no other state in Europe could be regarded as [illegible]. Never until Louis XI., who died in 1483, left a French monarchy to his successors, did France attain to such unity and strength as England possessed

under the earliest Anglo-Norman kings. The German empire never won that unity at all. France, split into great feudal provinces, the duke of each being sometimes stronger than the king, and Germany divided into electorates, under an elected head, were incapable during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, of that settled policy and that concentration of effort, which England could mostly bring to bear on her political ends. Spain, chiefly in the hands of the Moors, was nowhere in the account. The victory of Philip Augustus at Bovines in 1214, was more a victory over his own nobles than over the German Emperor and the Pope. St. Louis, in one way, a noble one, Philip le Bel in another way, an ignoble one, carried on the work of the consolidation of the French monarchy: but hardly till the time of Louis XI. or even Francis I., can it be regarded as complete. But from that time France grew mighty in power and in wealth, and the monarchy, which in 1415 had succumbed at Agincourt to 6,000 Englishmen, in 1515 was challenging Italy as an appanage to its crown. Under Francis I. France stepped at once into the front rank of European powers, and but for the co-ordinate development of Spain, which made our alliance important to either monarchy, would have thrown England into the shade. It was not until the sixteenth century that Spain began to take rank as a great European monarchy. Columbus threw the great power, the power of gold, into her hands. Within a generation of his discoveries we find her advanced to the highest pitch of power and splendour; her monarch, the able grandson of Isabella, holding the sceptres of Burgundy, the Netherlands, Milan, Naples, and the great German empire in his single hand. Against these two powerful empires the Tudors had to maintain the greatness of England; while that which had been the mainspring of her strength, her unity, had been seriously impaired. Edward III., or rather his grandson, left the legacy of a disputed succession. The bloody wars of the Roses drained England of her strength to an extent which seems hardly credible. The rolls of the first Parliament of Henry VIII. show how nearly the old nobility had been exterminated. Between the battle of St. Albans, which opened the bloody drama, to the battle of Bosworth, which closed it, a period of 30 years, 80 princes of the blood are said to have perished. At the close of this contest, it was no longer possible for England to present that powerful contrast to France and Spain which she had presented a century before. The position of England under the Tudor became difficult and dangerous. The old reputation for pluck and doggedness, and a certain easy habit of success, still clung to her. These great monarchies looked at her much as a huge bully looks at a brave dog, which he feels that he ought to master easily, but somehow he does not like to venture too near the fangs. Great wisdom and great prudence were needed during the Tudor age, to maintain the unity and develop the internal resources of the kingdom, and thus maintain England in her high position in comparison with the continental powers. And this unity, this internal tran-

quillity, was just their difficulty. The title of Henry VII. was essentially incomplete. The Yorkists still put forward the descendants of the Duke of Clarence as the true heirs of the throne; and each of the Tudor monarchs, down to Elizabeth herself, had with one hand to compress with strong gripe the serpents of intestine discord, while with the other they held the banner of England in the front rank of the monarchies of the world. Fortunately, will was a strong ingredient in the Tudor constitution. But they needed all they had; and we should be slow to judge them for rude exercises of it, when we see what England became in their hands. The maintenance of their succession against all challengers was the vital question with them and with England, and it is one of the two great hinges of their age.

The second is the great religious question on which was hanging in that sixteenth century, all that is dearest to man. I cannot stay to trace how the Tudors, on the whole, became associated with the Reformation. From one point of view, it was an element of strength to them, for it rooted their dynasty in the heart of all that was noblest and strongest in England; but on the other hand, it greatly multiplied the number of their internal enemies, and banded the continent against them as one implacable foe.

What was true of Mary and Edward was emphatically true of Elizabeth. Her throne was built on the Reformation. She was herself the child of the Reformation; her birth was in a measure its seal. Mary Tudor as fairly represented Romanism. Her throne stood on the validity of the Roman Ecclesiastical laws. She had spoken her word, and done her work honestly; and England had had enough of it. England learnt from the Smithfield fires an intenser hatred of Rome and her deeds. Elizabeth then ascended the throne in right of the Reformation. She should say her word, and do her work as honestly (the Tudors were never tricksters), and see what England would gain. Of that, all that was wisest and best in England was fully determined; and the struggle to make that resolution valid was the life and death struggle of her reign. I have said that her person, her throne, legitimately represented the Reformation. I cannot question that her Protestant sympathies were thorough, and her hatred of Rome hearty and sincere. If one could believe all that is written by the author of "England's Elizabeth," very interesting evidence would be afforded of her admirable wisdom, piety, and prudence during the dark years of Mary's reign. She heard and saw what Rome was doing for England, was doing for Europe, was doing for America. The horrible tales of the barbarity of the Inquisition, which were then familiarly current in England, would chill your blood and make the marrow shiver in your bones. And a godly horror of such doings sank into her heart, and into the heart of all true and godly men in the land. When Mary's death opened the path to the throne, few things on that memorable day of her progress from the Tower to Westminster are so worthy to be remembered as that

dent in Chepe, which Strype graphically details. "In a pageant, ted near the said little conduit in the upper end of Chepeside, an man with a scythe and wings, representing Time, appeared ing out of a hollow place or cave, leading another person all clad hite silk, who represented Truth (the daughter of Time), which had a book in her hand, on which was written 'Verbum tatis.' It was the Bible in English, which, after a speech made the queen, Truth reached down to her, which was taken, and ght by a gentleman attending to her hands. As soon as she ived it, she kissed it, and with both her hands held it up; and laid it upon her breast, greatly thanking the city for that present; said she would often read over that book." "Good acting!" e say, who have contracted a narrow and unworthy idea of en Elizabeth and her time. I think not. With the free Bible e associated all her best memories and hopes. For this, Cranmer suffered; on this her right to the throne was built. The Papal branded her as illegitimate: the free Bible maintained her right; er it was a symbol inestimably precious, it was the true standard er reign.

venture to believe in her speech to her first Parliament. "And it it may please Almighty God to continue me still in this mind, ve out of the state of marriage; yet it is not to be feared that He so work on my heart, and in your wisdom, as good provision His help may be made, whereby the realm shall not be destitute n heir that may be a fit governor, and peradventure more ficial to the realm than such offspring as may come of me. For gh I be never so careful of your well-doing, and mind ever so to et may issue grow out of kind, and perhaps become ungracious; in the end, this shall be for me sufficient, that a marble stone l declare that a queen having reigned such a time, lived and l a virgin."

cting again! Affected coyness! At least allow that a long life ntained her words. I believe that the Protestant principle was so to her, that the danger of a lapse through marriage with a ish prince seemed to her to be overwhelming. She remembered t the kingdom had barely escaped from Philip. She remembered marriage had been the bitter bane of her house. Perhaps she a proud consciousness of power to rule independently, and she lved to keep out of the snare. It is the fashion to laugh at this ended resolution of the Virgin Queen; but I am more ready to our the words which a long and glorious life-course sustains. of a noble truth and sincerity are her last words to her last iament.

I do assure you there is no prince that loveth his subjects better, hose love can countervail our love. There is no jewel, be it r so rich of price, which I prefer before this jewel—I mean your ; for I do more esteem it than any treasure or riches, for that know how to prize; but love and thanks I count inestimable. though God hath raised me high, I count this the glory of my

crown, that I have reigned with your loves. I have ever used to set the last judgment day before my eyes, and so to rule as I shall be judged to answer before a higher Judge, to whose judgment-seat I do appeal, that never thought was cherished in my heart that tended not to my people's good. To be a king, and wear a crown, is more glorious to them that see it than it is a pleasure to them that bear it. For myself, I was never so much enticed with the glorious name of a king, or royal authority of a queen, as delighted that God hath made me His instrument to maintain His truth and glory, and to defend this kingdom from peril, dishonour, tyranny, and oppression. There will never queen sit in my seat with more zeal to my country, care to my subjects, and that will sooner, with willingness yield and venture her life for your good and safety than myself. Shall I ascribe anything to myself, and my sexly weakness? I were not worthy to live then, and of all most unworthy of the mercies I have had from God, who hath ever yet given me a heart which never yet feared foreign or home enemies. I speak it to give God the praise, as a testimony before you, and not to attribute anything to myself. For I, O Lord, what am I, whom praises and perils past should not fear! Oh, what can I do (these words spake with great emphasis), that I should speak for any glory? God forbid!"

To me these words ring true. I think, too, of the mighty men she gathered around her, and who accorded to her a reverence and served her with a fidelity—nay, a passionate devotion—hardly to be matched in history. Believe that this is among the truest tests of a character. The fairest measure of the two Napoleons is the kind of men they are able to gather round them. A glance at the men will tell you, that while the one is the eagle, the other is but the vulture of France. Spenser, Drake, Sidney, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Burleigh, made her the queen of their hearts and lives. All their names are among the first in history. In Mr. Wright's Collection of Original Letters of this reign, there is printed the last letter of old Lord Burleigh to his son. The postscript runs thus: "Serve God by serving the Queen, for all other service is indeed a bondage to the devil." This was written after a knowledge of fifty years.

But then this woman, for woman she was—as Cecil said, "sometimes more than man, sometimes less than woman"—this woman, we are told in select societies, was capricious, close, and full of petty jealousies and coquetries. Of course, we, who are so noble free from them; who never are of two minds the same day about anything; who are open of heart and lavish of hand always; who are perfectly simple and transparent in our manners, and never whisper an affected "Nay" when a passionate "Yea" is in our hearts—of course we, by our simplicity, purity, consistency, and dignity, have earned the right to cast scorn at this lion-hearted woman, who for forty years fought a deadly battle against the Papal Court and all Europe, and back here, and brought her kingdom with

glory through it all. I have read a good deal about these vanities, follies, jealousies, flirtations, tyrannies, and vacillations, but I find not my dearest friends so free from them as to lead me to expect exemption in her; but these are no more than the ripples on that deep stream of moral and intellectual power, which bore our country into that flood-tide of fortune which has floated her on into the van of the world.

Of Mary Stuart I have not much to say; but something must be said, as her sad, dark history is inwoven with that of the confederation of the continental powers. Her execution is generally regarded as the great blot on Elizabeth's character and reign. All students of history have now given up the romantic view of Mary Stuart's fate. Of course, it is painful to dry up the fountain of those pathetic tears with which nascent orators are wont to beweep her doom. But this writer must at any rate express his conviction, which has grown stronger with each fresh examination of the subject, that her execution was a most righteous and necessary deed, the inevitable result of her own treacheries, and the fair defence of England against otherwise overwhelming foes. Had she been alive when the Armada reached the narrow seas, England and the world might have had a different history. She fell under the stroke of imperative necessities. She played for a great stake, and lost it; and, in an age of such dread peril to religion and to liberty, our statesmen would have been traitors to both had they suffered her to play it again. In the nineteenth century we could have afforded to spare her, as we spared Napoleon; but in the sixteenth there was but one safe prison-house for such conspirators against the religion and liberties of a country. Elizabeth's great statesmen understood that well. Burleigh, Walsingham, and the ablest men in England, and not the Queen, pressed on the execution. Their own letters are extant to prove it; and how hardly the queen was brought to it let those melancholy mutterings—"Aut fer, aut feri," and "Ne feriare, feri," and poor Davison's fate, declare. Of Mary Stuart then, wanton, murderess, and reckless conspirator against the religion and the liberties of England, I say that she was slain righteously and not an hour too soon. She was executed February 8th, 1587. Philip's vast preparations had already awakened the alarm of the country. Mary had written to Philip's ambassador, Mendoza, her intention to make his master her heir if she could obtain the crown; while, as long as she lived, a powerful party in the country was prepared to co-operate with the invader, and give to the Armada a success which in fair fight it could never win. The deep anxiety which Elizabeth's hesitation awakened in her Council is abundantly evidenced; as they saw the cloud of invasion gathering it pressed on them more heavily; and we can appreciate, if we cannot admire, the kind of artful stroke by which they terminated the perplexity at last. It may appear to some that I have spoken too strongly of the life and fate of this unhappy woman. Let us hear Von Raumer's words—a man who has a right to be heard with deep respect on all

matters of history; and who, remote from the influences which among us bias judgment, thus states the conclusions at which he has arrived:—"I know that many will still continue to deny her guilt. As far as I myself am concerned, a mathematical problem is hardly more clearly demonstrated than the historical one, that Mary was not innocent of the death of her husband, not ignorant that she was marrying his murderer, and that she was the author of the fatal letter to Babington," in which she became substantially a sharer in the plot to murder the queen.

One other point must be touched upon in order to present something like a sufficient picture of the character of Elizabeth's reign.

One of the deepest characteristics of that age in England was a most bitter hatred of the Pope, his person, his subjects, and his works. It would be a curious question to consider how far the round, strong terms in which Luther accustomed himself to speak of the Pope and his system, tended to the rapid spread and the vigorous growth of the Reformation. None can carry away the palm from Luther for plainness of speech, but they came as near to him in England as men could come; and, in Elizabeth's reign, Englishmen were fairly convinced that the Pope was Antichrist—the most bitter and dangerous enemy of the Gospel—and that the Papal system was, in brief, the most completely developed agency of the devil in our world. I am not saying so: alas! the devil is too busy everywhere. But Elizabeth's Protestant subjects were in that day fairly convinced of it, and girded themselves for the fight with the Papists in the spirit of men who were called to fight God's battles against the great enemy of mankind. There is an exhortation to her Majesty's faithful subjects, compiled in the very year of the Armada, by Anthony Marten, sewer of her Majesty's household, preserved in the Harleian Miscellany, in which any one may see by what intense and godly hatred to the Pope and his whole spiritual realm England was animated through that dread struggle, and made strong for victory. Against the devil and his works they believed that they were battling; and every Englishman, especially every English mariner, regarded the Spaniard as the prime minister of the Prince of Darkness. And perhaps, my reader, had you been living in that age, had you heard your queen bastardized in the face of Europe, had you seen the crown of your country bestowed by a foreign priest on a man who had sacrificed 150,000 brave Hollanders to his lust for empire and orthodoxy, had you seen the Smithfield fires, had you heard the tocsin of St. Bartholomew's Eve, had you listened to the tales of the bloody doings of the Inquisition in Spain and in the Indies, which were spread about that time through England, making men's hearts to shudder and their flesh to creep, perhaps you would have thought so too. I yield to few Romanists even in the recognition of the Roman Church, as in the early ages the guide and instructress of Europe. Gregory the Great, at the close of the sixth century, did most Christian service to mankind. In his correspondence you will meet with a gentleness, a wisdom, a freedom from

otry, an indifference to forms, a love to souls, and a zeal for Christ, ich will surprise those who know Romanism only through its modern nifestations. It would be tolerably near the truth to say that up to dissolution of the Carolingian empire, the Roman Church, though l of errors and carnal policies, was, on the whole, the nurse of Chris- dom; from that time till the end of the eleventh century the worldly ment predominated, and the Roman Church ruled Christendom as d, while from the reign of Hildebrand to our own time, the worldly ment has become absolute; and the Papacy has been Christendom's ant and plague. The policy of the Roman Church with regard to t desire and cry for Reformation which, very early in the fifteenth ntury, made itself plainly heard, sealed her doom. From that time, recording angel seems to have written of her, "Light came into world, but she loved darkness rather than light, because her ds were evil." The Council of Constance in 1414, began that liberate stifling of the cry for Reformation, which the Council of ent in the middle of the next century completed. The light was wn to Rome, and she hated and shunned it. Thenceforth, she ame the great enemy of Christ's Gospel, the sworn foe of all ured human rights and liberties, and the Gospel passed over to the otestant side. The Council of Trent settled the Roman Church, d other things besides the Roman Church. It settled that there uld be no peace between the lovers of God's truth and Antichrist, d that one or the other must be put down—which was settled that great sea-fight to whose special history we now proceed.

From what has been already advanced, it will abundantly appear at there was no want of will on the part of the Catholic States to ike a decisive blow against England. It was simply a question of wer. That power has never existed in such fulness as in izabeth's reign. The two factors of that special power were the akness of the French Monarchy and the splendid prosperity of ain. Under the sons of Catharine de Medici, France bled inwardly a fearful extent. The great religious questions lacerated her very als. The bloody day of St. Bartholomew in 1572, settled them in neasure. France then sealed her adhesion to Rome by the blood her noblest citizens; and until the death of Henry III. in 1589, r condition was simply one of political paralysis. It is well worth r while to remark, in passing, how thoroughly the colonizing power France seems to have expired with her Protestantism. In the teenth century, she seemed well nigh able to compete with gland; since St. Bartholomew's Day the power has been dead.

This utter prostration of France left Philip, untroubled by any rs or jealousies, to concentrate all his power on the great enter- ise of his reign. Happily, Philip's empire, splendid as it was, was t altogether a unity. In 1572, the Netherlands, sick of his jealous ranny, revolted; and a long and bloody struggle was carried on der Alva, Don John of Austria, and Alexander Farnese, the Duke Parma, for the mastery of the country. In 1579, the union of the ven provinces was formed at Utrecht, under William of Orange.

In 1584 he was foully murdered; and the desperate Hollanders are said to have offered Elizabeth the crown. She had the wisdom to refuse it: but she seems to have felt at that time that the dread struggle with Spain was inevitable; and she judiciously helped the States both with money and with men. Though Farnese was at the head of a powerful force, and was nominally master of the Netherlands, yet this struggle seriously impaired the unity and strength of the Spanish empire. Philip, from that time seems to have meditated the decisive blow. He caused immense preparations to be made in every province of his empire; and having, in 1580, possessed himself of the Portuguese crown, and having all the harbours of Portugal therefore under his control, he gathered gradually the elements of a great armada in his ports. This acquisition of the Portuguese navy was a matter of supreme importance to his designs. The Spaniards and Portuguese divided between them the naval mastery of the world. The two fleets checked and balanced each other. Their concentration in one navy left the Spaniard the undisputed, he would have it, the indisputable master of the seas. The wealth of the Indies, East and West—for both were united in his empire who wore the crowns of Portugal and Spain—furnished the ample means. But that gold had a curse on it. It was cursed as gold was never cursed before, and can never, let us hope, be cursed again. Wrongs, crimes, and miseries, such as were never known until the Christian priest tried his hand at torture and lust, made that gold a very doom to all who handled it, and sealed the fate of the Armada before it left the ports of Spain. And there is plenty of cursed gold about the world now. Gold that seems fated to make discord and misery in every family which it enters; for "God will maintain," aye, even to the third or fourth generation, "the cause of the afflicted and the right of the poor." If such gold is tempting you, fly it as you would a pestilence; and see to it that you have the blessing of the poor and of him that is ready to perish, on your store.

Philip masked his preparations by announcing that the fleet was intended for the Indies. But none of Elizabeth's statesmen had a doubt about its true destination. The possession of the Flemish harbours gave Philip an immense advantage; while the flower of the Spanish infantry, the finest in Europe, was already gathered there ready for a descent on our shores. The Spanish navy was then, as we have said, undisputed master of the broad ocean. On the narrow seas, the daring and skilful seamanship of the English gave them the clear advantage; but on the broad seas the mistress of America and India was queen. The English navy was too small to undertake great enterprises, and the isolated victories of English commanders, though they galled the Spaniards most severely, were held to prove nothing in Spain. But the great trial was at hand. The queen of the narrow seas was about to challenge the empire of the broad ocean, and to win, by one grand stroke, the naval supremacy of the world. What manner of men they were who should win it, and how they sped, we shall endeavour in the next number to show.

B. B.

III.

HOME TOURISTS.

Month in Yorkshire. By WALTER WHITE. (Second Edition.) Chapman & Hall.
Murray's English Handbooks. Murray.

Mr. WHITE is a useful but not a brilliant writer. He is not original, e is not vigorous, he is not imaginative. He is a Tory in his opinions, nd his convictions do not seem deep or fervid on anything. He seems o to have a temper, or manner, or both, that will not go down with eople. He elicits no confidence, he excites no sympathy; but never-heless, although we "do not like thee, Dr. Fell," Mr. White writes useful book, because a book that is wanted. The interest he ex-ites—a certain review, that prides itself on being *amateur*—describes, ith its usual feeble violence, as "easy, gentle, and continuous," which a notable instance of damning with faint praise. He has no humour, nd his liveliness reminds us of a fifteen-stone German trying to throw omersaults. This gentleman clerk, who fancies Providence has devolved n him the duty of writing books of travel, is certainly unaffected, hough not good-humoured. He travels humbly, describes honestly, nd his book offends no jealous critic, because it creeps on to second ditions without being, or pretending to be, clever. In fact, it is ull, plain, Kersey stuff, as the old county histories from which it is early all taken; but is more readable, because it gives us the historical acts and the legends, without cumbering its pages with long pedigrees f titled foxhunters and ignorant millionaires—those costly tributes to amily vanity which spoil a book, but fill the compiling toady's ocket. No words of Mr. White's would ever set any one but a critic ravelling on the same route; for they repel—they do not invite. low can a gazetteer turn us into English Columbuses? To move us rom the Rhine and send us into horse-taming Yorkshire, wants a greater nchanter than Mr. White. He has no power of seeing vividly what , or of imagining what might be, or what has been; yet will he be ne of those lucky mediocrities who are always read, because he writes ood English, is a pleasant common-place guide, who shows what you can o in a month with ten pounds, which suits men of economy and hurry, akes a business view of things, and although he has been to Switzer-and and the Tyrol, recommends a man to prefer the Thames to the hine, and Cumberland to the Pyrenees, which no one but a patriotic olt will do. He is an arrant bookmaker, yet does not seem one; is cockney, yet seems like a cosmopolite; is dull, yet seems amusing; —above all, his books are just those enduring, average, milk-and-ater things, that are adapted to read to a family—a species of intel-ectual recreation now (thanks to Mr. Mudie) much in vogue of evenings.

Some of the critics who fancy it takes ten years' circumnavigation of the world to make a book, or indeed anything larger than a leader, pretend to fall into ecstasies of astonishment that a Londoner can buckle on knapsack, take staff in hand, and in one month's holiday, only a hundred miles or so from the stone prison of Somerset House, in his own country, and in a mere corner of it, find pictures, scenery, quaint diversities of custom and costume, incident, character and amusement sufficient for a book. Why, did not an ingenious Frenchman write a tour round his own garden? Did not De Foe, from a few sailors' stories, heard at some tavern, issue the best book of travels ever written, even with truth as editor? Did not a few Scotch hills and towns supply Scott with half the material for his novels? Does not every village contain an ample epitome of all mankind, were there a man with eye to see it? What did Miss Bronte do with a lonely Yorkshire hamlet? What has Dickens done with middle-class life in London alone? Wonder! why the only wonder is the critics should wonder.

Let not Mr. White crow, and use as a clap-trap, punning Fuller's motto: "Know most of the towns of thy native country, before thou goest over the threshold, especially seeing England presents thee with so many observable things." The fact is, if Mr. Murray's handbooks, defective as the English ones still are, were complete, or country histories were cheaper or more amusing, there would not be much sale for Mr. White's witless books.

The most crying fault in Mr. White's book is this: that although it is prosy enough for a handbook, it is not thorough or complete. This particular volume does not embrace half the country whose name it bears. The route is erratic, and misses more than it includes. It describes, in a dull way, Flamborough, and misses Knaresborough, with Blind Jack and the Dropping Well; it describes Teesdale, and misses the Nidd Valley; it sketches Ripon of the spires, and forgets Doncaster and half Hallamshire. In fact, without the veracity, it has the incompleteness of a bundle of sketches. It is the fragment of a gazetteer. Of the few scraps of local information and legend that the book does give, not very intelligently, we will select some samples, as specimens of the author's style. Summing up his recollections of Yorkshire, Mr. White says:

"The wild scenery of the fells, the tame agricultural region, and the murky [illegible] makes, where commerce erects more steeples than religion, were traversed during my rambles. While wandering in the neighbourhood of Keighly, I had seen Charlotte Bronte's birth-place, long before any one dreamed that she would one day [illegible] a notoriety upon the gaze of the 'reading public.' Roseberry Topping had become familiar to me in the landscapes of Cleveland, and now a desire possessed me to [illegible] of that magnificent cone. In the villages round about [illegible] Harrison had begun to make his sketches; and falling in with the [illegible] who provided for the customers at the Hundred to Tyne, had even [illegible] Curlew Sunday. Mid-front of the calendar were the discovery of that [illegible] with whom I was to have such curious and astonishing acquaintance, that whether the Bronte [illegible] do well last long enough or not, to enrich all the inventors of Cleveland, is no longer a question with a chief of geologists. I had mused in the

ruin where Richard II. was cruelly murdered, at Pontefract; had looked with proper surprise at the Dropping Well at Knaresborough, and into St. Robert's Cave, the depository of Eugene Aram's terrible secret; had walked into Wakefield, having scarcely outlived the fond belief that there the Vicar once dwelt with his family; and when the guard pointed out the summits as the coach rolled past on the way from Skipton to Kirkby Lonsdale, had no misgivings as to the truth of the saying—

'Penigent, Whernside, and Ingleborough,
Are the three highest hills all England through.'

Unawares, in some instances, I had walked across battle-fields, memorable alike in the history of the country and of the kingdom; where marauding Scots, dissolute Hainaulters, Plantagenets and Tudors, Cavalier and Roundhead, had rushed to the onslaught. Marston Moor awoke the proudest emotions, notwithstanding my schoolboy recollections of what David Hume had written thereupon; while Towton was something to wonder at."

Whitby, where the wild Blackamoor rises inland, and beyond that lie the blue vales of Cleveland, and where the rocks are half jet, and the river has a waving bar thrown between the heights, is where Captain Cook went first to sea from, as a humble blue-frocked apprentice. In after years he always chose Whitby ships to show that he was Yorkshire bred; and at Redcar in the churchyard, among shipwrecked seamen, lies Cook's father, the simple labourer, whom Providence kindly removed from the earth just six weeks before the murder of his brave son in the South Seas. And from the peak of Rosebury Topping, where people once talked of a monument to Cook, lying among the fern, you see the sea, and the blue headlands of Northumberland dimly through the grey smoke of the Durham coal-fields. From here, where the Brigantes once scooped their huts, you see Hetton, where Robert Bruce was born, and Yatton, where Cook went to school, and Marston, where he was reared. The clay hovel has been melted by the rains long since; but the field where it stood is still called "Cook's Garth." The register contains his name as son of a day labourer. There, too, in the churchyard, you read the name of the old woman, "Mary Walker," who taught the boy to read while he was in her service. At Yatton's, God's acre, you read the names of his mother, and brothers, and sisters: the stones are said to have been wrought by Cook's father, who was an old working mason. It is a beautiful trait of paternal love and honest pride that the old man, who could not read till he was seventy-five, learned, in order that he might have the pleasure of reading his son's travels.

But Mr. White, who never stops to make reflections, does not comment upon the fact. There is an old story that Cook ran away from Haikes, where he was apprenticed, with a shilling from the till.

"According to another version, there was no stealing in the case. Tempted by the sight of a bright new South Sea Company's shilling in the till, he took it out, and substituted for it one from his own pocket; and his master, who combined the trades of haberdasher and grocer, was satisfied with the boy's explanation when the piece was missed. Cook, however, fascinated by the sight of the sea and of ships, took a dislike to the counter, and before he was fourteen obtained his discharge, and was learning the rudiments of navigation on board the *Freelove*, a collier ship, owned by two worthy Quakers of Whitby."

Close to Scott's Rokeby, and Bowes (where Wackford Squeers once lived), on the site of an old Roman station, on the great Roman road from Lincoln to Carlisle, is Ravensworth, where Wycliffe, that herald of Luther, was born. It is a spot of happy influences for a good man's childhood, and is shut in by woods and hills, as if one of Nature's sanctuaries.

We who had heard of a northern churchyard, where the broken coffins could be seen sticking from the sea-cliff, expected to hear some stories of sea voyages on the Yorkshire coast, and Mr. White told them.

The sea indeed takes heavy tax of this rough Yorkshire coast, which it is said, has lost a full mile since the Battle of the Standards. At Kilnsea, the sea gained forty-three yards in six years, and in 1826 the church fell in; about Pakington, however, there are thousands of reclaimed acres, waving with good growing oats, so there is a compensation.

While in some parts of Yorkshire you have nothing but manufactories of shoddy or of files, of alum or of alpaca, about Bolton Castle and other places, you come upon an old world of legend, or rather, by reading old books you discover that such were the traditions of the neighbourhood. Not far from Bolton Castle, where Mary Stuart tried to escape, is Richmond Castle, where the Marmions came, and where traditions of Robin Hood exist; and not far off is Easby Abbey, the burial-place of the Scropes, where there is the old barbarous tradition, that in a certain cave King Arthur's knights lie half asleep waiting for their summons; while close to Ripon Caractacus was betrayed, and one of the battles of the Roses fought.

Mr. White being a pedestrian, both from economy and inclination, is ardent in his praises of travellers who walk. "Almost cures a bad conscience," said the Greeks; "improves manhood and morals" says one; "health, change, and observation," says another. But for our part, with all love of the exercise that drives the blood to the extremities, that expands the chest and quickens the brain, we must protest against walking for the traveller who travels that he may remember and write. The mind in walking is too intent on the mere process of progress at the beginning of the day, too intent on the business of walking in the middle of the day, and too fatigued at the end of the day, to be in the proper state for vigorous observation. To occupy and wear out the body, is not giving the mind or its eyes a fair chance.

Near Bridlington, and the clay cliffs near Auburn, where the sea has devoured the village, you come upon Paul Jones' traditions, and stories of how that daring freebooter bullied all this coast, and captured two English frigates during the American war. Here he fired at Beverley Minster, rattled his shot about the pinnacles, and frightened the coasters who had hobbled into Bridlington harbour. He never sailed past, they say, without firing a gun at Rolleston Hall, that stands in sight of the sea, and where Mr. Brough, Marshal to the Court of Admiralty during Admiral Byng's trial, then lived. When

ame from Scarborough, one September day in 1779, that
n fleet had been seen, people began packing up their
ying inland; but when, that same September, the winged
pened out round Flamborough Head, the Yorkshiremen
vas lost, and were as frightened as old noblemen are now
French Emperor disbanded half his army. The drum
along the clay and chalk cliffs, the militia was called
as bad as the Spaniards in Cornwall, or the French in
Wales,—only this time no one landed.

few steps back to old days, if we knew where to plant
ist as in Spain you find the primitive cart with solid
el, so you did a few years since in Northumberland. In
here is still a dalesman whose great grandmother bought
id of tea used in those parts; she treated them as greens
nd put them in the pot in a cloth with the bacon. Old
it district remember the old Beltane fires and dances, and
litions are near Wensley dale, where legends and reminis-
in every hill, and under every brook boulder.

less, whither we shall come by-and-by, they used to wash their
ain spring, named Claymere Well, and the noise of their 'bittel'
than two miles off. Jeanie, one of these fairies, made her abode in
Woods, and one day a young farmer, curious to see a bogle, mounted
up to her bower, and called her by name. She obeyed the call, but
rage at the intrusion, and the adventurer, in terror, turned and
imble sprite close at his heels. At length, just as he was leaping
med a stroke with her wand and cut his horse in two; but the
s seat, and fell with the foremost half on the opposite bank, and
ure, stopped by the running water, witnessed his escape with an

member, too, that Cleveland, remote from great thoroughfares, was
perstitions long after the owlish notions died out from other places.
lmother been born here she would have been able to tell you that
cut from old long-buried coffin-lead would cure the cramp; that the
leaden roof of a church, sprinkled on the skin, was a specific for
—most efficacious if taken over the chancel. Biscuits baked on
uld keep good all the year, and a person ill with flux had only to
rated in milk, or brandy-and-water, and recovery was certain.
at to dry on Good Friday would when taken down be found spotted
fling the shirt or shift of a sick person into a spring was a sure
w the issue of a malady: if it floated, life; if it sunk—death;
atient was convalescent, a small piece was torn from the garment
e bushes near the spring; and springs thus venerated were called

round the foot of the lake, and saw on the margin, near the break,
flows out, two big stones, which have lain in their present position
devil and a giant pelted one another from hill to hill across the
roborate the legend there yet remains on the stones the marks—
ones they are—of the Evil One's hands. To me the marks appeared
claws of an enormous bird, compared with which Dr. Mantell's
d be but a chicken.

ago, while the Apostles still walked the earth, a poor old man
Raydale, where a large city then stood, and besought alms from
Every door was shut against him save one, an humble cot without

the city walls, where the inmates bade him welcome, and set oaten bread and milk-cheese before him, and prepared him a pallet whereon to sleep. On the morrow the old man pronounced a blessing on the house and departed; but as he went forth he turned and looked on the city, and thus spake:—

'Semer water rise, Semer water sink,
And swallow all the town,
Save this little house,
Where they gave me meat and drink.'

Whereupon followed the roar of an earthquake, and the rush of water; the city sank down, and a broad lake rolled over its site; but the charitable couple who lodged the stranger were preserved, and soon, by some miraculous means, they found themselves rich, and a blessing rested on them and their posterity.

"Besides the Satanic missiles there are stones somewhere on the brink of the lake known as the 'Mermaid's Stones.'"

In condemning in the main Mr. Murray's handbooks, far be it from us, we must protest, to deny that they differ in merit. The fat red volume devoted to Kent and Sussex is quite encyclopædic, compared to the flimsy 220 pages devoted to the three interesting and important counties of Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and Somersetshire. There is, however, no village mentioned in any of them where a keen listener and keen seer could not pick up some three or four pages more of noteworthy legend and association. It seems as if Mr. Murray had chosen the right places but sent the wrong men there; the writers seem a little ashamed of their task—afraid of getting no material. And, after all, most of them could have been written better at home, from the old county histories. There is no reason, in a proper handbook of an English county, that a single hamlet, or even interesting field, should be omitted. If it was only a line, it should be mentioned. It is interesting even to know that such a clump of houses had twice the number of inhabitants in Edward the Confessor's time. We might not care to go back so far into the annals of a Swiss village; but in England, where every educated person knows English history, such facts illuminate the past, connect it with the present, and must deeply interest all who are capable of thinking.

English people will not travel in England till hotels are less thievish and extortionate, and till there are completer handbooks than even those that issue from Albemarle Street. What Paterfamilias is going, in these quick days of ours, to charter a huge Noah's ark of a barouche, and go poking about, laden with huge chests full of county histories to study and consult, five hours' reading and note-taking every day, with a lecture at night to the bored, yawning family, to prepare them for the historical scenes of to-morrow? Why should Paterfamilias cruelly add intellectual to physical fatigue? And if he did, in what condition would this family of Job's, return to their native hearth? Why, fretful, worried, lean, dusty, peevish, quarrelsome, with the barouche more rickety than ever, glad to put back the discarded county histories on the shelves, to gather dust for another ten years; while Job himself, with a purse cleaned out by

ısatiate expense of post-horses, may thereafter nurse digestion
yed by the vexations of incessant quarrels with robber landlords.
se handbooks, to benefit England, and to induce Englishmen to
and travel over, and read their own country, that they may love
better, should be divided into two parts: one, brief as possible,
'erence, on the "A B C" principle, merely mentioning the place,
e, distance from chief towns, objects of interest and means of
ɔmmunication; the other, a regular itinerary of progress, defining
ɔrthern, southern, eastern, and western towns—sketching the
y, geology, history, botany, &c., of each place—commencing with
orial view of the unchangeable aspect of the country and its
ions in national history. They should be published cheap, and
e be translated into German, Italian, and French for the use of
ı tourists. For Americans, the English language (readable by a
ıary and pronounceable by certain rules) would suffice.

are sure that, if this was done, much wealth now thrown into
ine, and Nile, and Mississippi, would be kept at home to nourish
art of England's commerce. Civilization would be diffused, the
f country increase, and small local follies, prejudices, vices, and
titions be soon rubbed down. It might then become in after years
nourable custom for English gentlemen to educate their sons as
ı was educated—to make them begin life, not by a round of
ı vices in the Grand Tour, but by seeing their own country far
ear—taking historical circuits with their tutors, and reading
at Fotheringay and Clarendon on Marston Moor. This would
be education. And when the time comes, if it comes ever,
Oxford shall teach her sons anything about their own country
ligion—when the lewd stories of Ovid and the horrible obsce-
of Petronius give way to the study of Addison's style and the
ce on which Clarendon wrote—when Lemprière's filthy legends
ɔlace to the study of Hooker and Jewel, Chillingworth and
ɛr—we may expect that England will be traversed by pedestrian
graduates, ambitious to get materials for the next term's work;
r the childish puzzle of Greek alcaics, but for historical essays
ıilological exercises in Saxon and Gaelic. What nations did the
ɜ study? what language did they teach? what religion did they
l their arts and learning on? On the Scythian—on the Persian?
not.

t these books are meagre and unsatisfactory is most provable,
turn to parts of Wiltshire we know, and we find every object
ıl interest forgotten. The writer never seems to have been
he writes from that great bell-room—so like an extinguisher to
dity—in the British Museum; the dust of stupid old books is
ink.

instance, *Tisbury*, where Sir John Davies, the rare metaphysical
vas born—who praised dancing, and showed us that the sun set
moon, and that the spheres were opposites, sides in a great
ɛal quadrille—what do we hear about it? That the great Lords

Arundel of Wardour were buried here, that the Abbess of Shaftesbury lived in Place Farm, and that there are good quarries of Portland oolite stone—and that is all in the poor eighty-two pages devoted to Wiltshire, the centre of British and Saxon power. Not a word of that most wonderful yew-tree in the churchyard, supposed to have been planted in the times of Edward the Confessor, and probably the very day the church was consecrated.

Again: *Shaftesbury*, where Alfred founded a nunnery and Canute died—one of the most beautifully-situated towns in England: no mention of the old tomb of the British king at St. Peter's.

Again: *Fonthill-Bishop* (not *Bishops*, as printed)—no mention of the tower of the old church, almost unique Norman or earlier, particularly admired by Mr. Pugin.

Fonthill: a most lame account of Mr. Beckford and his Sardanapalus magnificence—miserably scanty and incorrect.

East *Knoyle:* no description of the ruinous church, with stuccoes designed by Wren's father, nor of the house where the great man was born, still standing.

Stonehenge: no allusion to the well-known source of these stones.

Very few local proverbs—the best of all remembrances of a place—are given.

We think we have, by merely putting in our hand and taking out a sample, pretty well shown the dry, pedantic, careless, and contemptuous way in which these guide-books have been done. A bad book on a good subject is always a sad sight to a lover of letters, because he knows that it destroys for after-comers, and more capable men, the stores which invite research. The subject remains hanging unpicked, yet rotten—unripe, yet never to be riper—skinned, spoiled, and tainted. Why is this? Why does Mr. Murray, one of the best educated and best read of living English publishers, allow this? Is he indifferent to the subject? Does he treat the books as mere butterfly Miscellanies? Or is the great reason of all utilitarian reasons at the bottom of it, and is it that the demand is yet so small that it *does not pay* to produce an adequate English guide-book, or to send well-read observant reporters nearer Wiltshire than the British Museum?

But to still more strengthen our case, and prevent hasty condemnations, let us take up the ninety pages or so devoted to the beautiful county of Somerset—its hills and towns, and Saxon sea-shore. We find the account just such as half a century or so ago might have gone down. No philology, no reference to mediæval writing, no examination of registers or parish documents.

Begin with *Banwell:* a poor, inadequate description of the bone-caves, specially interesting at this crisis; no mention of how the deer-bones show traces of being gnawed.

Wrington: hardly any mention of the gorgeous Perpendicular church, and no account of Locke's house, or Hannah More's labours among the Mendip miners' children. Wrington is worth a long day's visit, even to one fresh from Niagara or bound to Stamboul.

Bristol: This curious old city is shamefully slurred over and confused. There has been no reference to the best of all authorities—local antiquarians; there is no mention of Chatterton's house or Savage's grave and its situation; no mention of Cromwell or Brandon Hill; no legends of the Riots given; no history given of Bristol trade, or the causes of its decline; no account given of the cause of the migration of the cloth trade from Gloucestershire to Yorkshire. Everything nearly is forgotten, and what is not forgotten is wrong.

The local legends—with which, if the book had been on Styria or Dalmatia, we should have had every page stuffed—are rarely given; not even that curious one relating to *Dundry Church*. The name is said to have originated in a knight, who for some crime being condemned to build three churches, exclaimed in exultation, when the last stone capped the last steeple—

"I have done dree (three)."

a Somersetshire way of accounting, by local pronunciation, for a name that might have been an exclamation of the priestly knight—"I have done *dree* (or penance)."

No, Mr. Murray; guide-books like these, though praised by journalists anxious for your advertisements, are not the books that your taste and judgment should have sanctioned. They are not headed, like the penny barber's placards, "to meet the times."

You want brighter writing, and writers who enjoy their work, and love, from long observation and home-ties, the counties they treat of. Let Mr. Kingsley do Somersetshire for you, and Mr. George Elliot Loamshire. I know a man who could paint Surrey, its elm-girt villages and thyme-scented downs, as no one else could, because he knows them so deeply and loves them so well. Then we should have the registers of every little village culled for their brief but precious notices in the crabbed old Greek Elizabethan hand—of the plague and civil war—of murder and sudden death—of changes and restorations in the Church—of great men's births and deaths. Then would come the local proverbs and legends; pointing so often to curious truths, to old superstitions, or to manners and customs long since passed away. He is the word-painter with the photographing brain who would make you, from sheer sympathy, love the flower-walled lanes of Surrey, where in June the dog-roses strew the sand ruts with scented blossoms, and where the close tall elms, so small-leafed and sun-proof, march in endless plumed procession, and where rich chocolate-brown ploughed lands and golden waves of corn lead you on with white glimpses of the humble village church, and knots of red-tiled cottages, not unloved by the honeysuckle, to the broader down, where the nimble air runs wanton in its liberty, careering like a colt broken from its mother; where the sky seems bluer and gladder, and the fresh grass grows close and crisp, where the great purple-bossed thistles have always their lover-bee sleepy drunk with honey, and droning out his low lullaby of a tune; and where always, and when your eye beats the

horizon like a dog the covert, you discern a little black bubble, which, though no bigger than a mushroom, is the dome of St. Paul's; and that yellower bar of cloud being the smoky breath of the great Babylon that Wren's cathedral crowns.

I know, too, Mr. Murray, another busy-minded man, who could have reproduced for you, within the little world of a book, Wiltshire,—the country of downs, the green prairie sheep-walk country of southern England. He with his quick hand would have mapped you out that free-breathing country, where the hares are the swiftest, and the men the sturdiest and boldest, and wear the look of freemen—sons of freemen. He would have sketched, with landscape art and the fidelity of the telescope you look through, the miles of lance-firs, the crop-eared rabbit-haunted downs, woody with thistledown, and golden-spotted with the thorny furze. No one better than he knows how to paint so that you perforce love the thing painted and the God who made it so worthy to be painted and so beautiful—the broad billow lines of the thirty-mile horizon. He would plant before you the vast stone pillars and Egyptian doorways of Stonehenge, and the Titanic grassy ramparts of the old Roman camps. The grey and silent churches, with the quaint dials over the porches,—the ruined Cavaliers' castles, with the great gap where Cromwell broke through,—who better than he can paint! He, Mr. Murray, would, with ready brush, have sketched you the Tudor window farmhouses, and the beautiful carved oriel hanging-like stone goblets over the manor-house doorway. He would have shown Wiltshire spread before you as on a lecturer's map; the grassy downs, hillocked with British warriors' graves, and trenched with Roman camps; he would have pictured, nor would he have forgotten, the splendour and taste of Wilton, or the fallen stateliness of Wardour; he would have given you in fee that whole solid county—its downs and villages, its towns and cathedrals, its tumuli and camps, its lowlands and its uplands,—instead of a book that a bagman might have written, and that no one would care to buy or read.

But finding fault, however justly and wholesomely, is dull work. We leave the Guide-Books with regret they are not better.

IV.

DEMONAX, THE CYNIC.

continuous conflict between Paganism and Christianity which
ie first five centuries of our era, those philosophers who remained
d to the old philosophies must have attracted an unusual
. Varro discriminated three classes of ancient religions:
tic and *mythical*—by which, perhaps, even in the days of their
authority, little store may have been set by any as articles of
nd portions of the ultimate truth; the *civil*—a strange, unfore-
pontaneous out-growth of the warring elements of human
ss, human prejudice, the religious nature of man, his social
and his political necessities; and the *natural*—the legitimate
is result at which a wisely-controlled human faculty would
ly arrive, by taking account of the unconquerable craving of
arts after another life, of our immortal belief in one Supreme
of nature and man, and of those frequent fragments of a
c order which the seeing eye discerns without fail in the
r of the world.

hese forms the *mythical* and the *civil*, in the second century,
isibly passing away. The mythology of Olympus was fading
Heavens. The worship of Jupiter and Apollo and the majestic
of Greece and Rome began to be but a feeble weapon in the
of the rulers of the world. The great questions of polity them-
were rapidly altering. The little communities within which
difficulties of statecraft had been encountered had disappeared.
used aggregate of peoples, an uncertain Babel of faiths,
s, and tongues, an enormous extension of territories, more
from one another at that time than England now is from
a mere tumbled heap of discordant interests, uneasily working
r in one heaving mass—this was the problem which, in the
nce of God, was set before the rulers of the world. In its
e *civil* religion utterly broke down. When it needed to be
ly stronger than it had ever been it was found to be infinitely
. It had once, in some measure, been able to transform a
o a family, and to form a family of cities conscious of a pervading
a their hopes, their dangers, and their aims. It was now set to
ces whose histories were but the records of their unceasing
to compose the antagonisms of many centuries, and out of all
e entire civilized world to build up one harmonious state.
efore this, however, the fair image mixed of fine gold and of
n clay had been shattered into fragments, which in this
e need became "like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors;
e wind carried them away, that no place was found for them."
gle faith remained that *could* have gathered the nations into
And it was plain to see that an inexorable fate had numbered

the hours of those few and feeble shadows of outworn national beliefs which, in the general waste and ruin, were still flitting about in the world of men.

Through the first and second centuries the question remained whether what Varro called the *natural religion* might not fill the void. Philosophers had always claimed an esoteric belief. Now that the exoteric scaffolding was crashing down, men anxiously asked themselves what it was that was about to be uncovered. Would it be a magnificent inner shrine wrought of fair white marble, glimmering with stately jewels, or what else? For nothing could keep it longer from the eyes of the profane. Scepticism, immorality, the inexorable courses of human affairs, had finally brought men so far. We fancy them watching, with uneasy wonder and uncertain hope, the movements of those priests of the penetralia of their fallen temples. Those priests were the philosophers of the first few Christian centuries. It is easy to understand how Stoic and Cynic, Eclectic and Platonist, each in his turn, was discovered by mankind to have nothing real to offer but a morality claiming obedience without supplying the strength to obey, and a speculation groping among things too high for it, with its hands reaching blindly among those folds of cloud that roll round the outermost gates of the unseen. It is easy to understand how a clear, fresh, certain voice, filled with youth, vigour, and hope, rang out and overpowered these weak and wandering cries. The world can never feel again that jubilant exultation which swelled at its heart when first it became conscious of the divine beauty of the new morning that was rising over it. The promise of that morning now fills the entire heavens; but a world lies beneath them, where nine men out of ten walk blind at noon. Only here and there, hour by hour, the same wonderworker who healed Bartimeus opens some human eyes, and the same sacred joy renews itself afresh in some human hearts.

We propose, so far as it is now practicable, to reproduce for our readers the life of one of these philosophers, *Demonax*, the Cyprian. His name is all but forgotten. He was one of those men who fill an enormous space in the world about them, and whom the world after them unwisely permits to drop altogether out of sight. He wrote no book—he made no scientific discovery—he founded no school—yet a man whose authority in Athens was unbounded, and whom all Greece followed with a loving veneration, was worthy of some historic note. When he went to the Olympic games, the people of Elea decreed him a brazen statue. "By no means do this, O Eleans," he answered, "lest you might seem to cast reflections on your forefathers, who never erected one to Socrates, or Diogenes." When he came into any public place, the magistrates rose up to do him honour, and when he spoke, a universal silence—an unusual compliment from an audience of Athenians—prevailed through the assembly. We are told that, towards the latter years of his life—and he lived to within a few years of a hundred—he was in the habit

of entering any house in the city he might choose, and supping and sleeping there; and that the inmates regarded him as some god or good genius who had vouchsafed to visit them. The little children ran after him in the streets, offering fruits and calling him father. Once, when some riotous sedition had broken out in Athens, he went down to the assembly, and his simple presence calmed and rebuked the people. He saw that they had repented of their folly, and, without having spoken a single word, left them and went home. We hardly know whether most to be amused or amazed. The orator who knew so well the persuasiveness of silence, is scarcely more marvellous than that excited Athenian populace, whose noble shame struck them dumb before him, whose manly reverence for his simple virtue had power to control the whole wild tempest of passions that raged within them. The feelings of a single heart rise and fall like the ruffles on a stream in a gusty day—the rage of a crowd is as fierce and as untameable as the mountainous waves that toss and heave in the Middle Atlantic.

We cannot doubt that one principal source of this influence of Demonax must have been the interest which surrounded him as the perfect representative of the *Natural Religion* of Athenian Philosophy. At Athens, indeed, the powers of the new and the old must have stood in conscious conflict. Demonax lived in the second century. Paul had preached at Athens, with some success. Vigorous Christian Churches had been founded at Corinth, and throughout Greece and Macedonia. A Christian seed had been sown in Athens itself, which had in all likelihood, long before this time, grown up into a Christian Church. Every ship from Italy or Asia must have brought tidings to the Piræus of the spread of the new religion. It was a phenomenon that could not but have possessed a deep interest for that novelty-seeking people. For Christianity was rapidly becoming, if, indeed, it had not already become, the most remarkable religious phenomenon that had yet appeared in the world.

We have no notice of the attitude which Demonax individually assumed towards the new religion. Our only account of him is by Lucian, who himself had long enjoyed his intimate companionship. The biographical sketch of his friend, which that unamiable sceptic supplies, is altogether unlike anything that we could have expected from him. Scoffer as he is, he finds no language too hearty for his friend, and he chronicles his wisdoms and his witticisms with an untiring love that would have been creditable to Boswell. Unfortunately the sketch is very brief, and, perhaps, some of the wit may appear to us to be poor and flavourless. It is only fair to remember how few good things will stand preservation for seventeen hundred years. The air has changed and the world; and many a famous old wag, we fear, would hardly pass muster in our modern day.

Lucian writes this biography with two objects—the one, in order that a man who well deserves it, should be remembered by after-times—the other, that "generous youths who apply themselves to philosophy may not be constrained to look back only to antique

models to shape their lives by, but may have set before them a philosopher of our own time, the best of all the philosophers whom I have known."

He was born at Cyprus. His family appear to have been in easy circumstances. His choice of philosophy, as the study of his life, was very speedily made, and "having dedicated himself wholly to freedom and liberty of speech, he spent his entire life therein, a life, healthy, upright, and blameless, which, in its steadfast truthfulness and balanced wisdom, was an example to all who saw and heard him."

He devoted himself to a laborious preliminary study of the poets and philosophers—making himself familiar with all the varieties of sects, but attaching himself especially to none. He professed that he venerated Socrates, honoured Diogenes, and loved Aristippus. He certainly adopted the latter's favourite maxim, to "subject everything to himself, and himself to nothing;" and he seems through his long career to have retained the genial tastes and tendencies of that gay philosopher. Unlike his brother Cynics, Demonax dressed a little better than Diogenes, and ate a good deal like other people. He allowed their professional faculty of impertinences to rust in disuse. He never scolded. He was never angry. He was never obstinate in an argument. When he had to rebuke a sin, he spoke gently to the sinner. He was fond of saying that while to sin was human, it was the act of a God or a godlike man to raise up those that had fallen. He used to remind the suddenprosperous how short-lived prosperity might be, and to console the unfortunate, laughing with them, telling them in how short a time all their troubles would pass away, and reminding them that after that the enjoyment of a long freedom awaited all men. He was the general peacemaker who terminated quarrels between brothers, and brought about reconciliations between husband and wife. There was only one pain to which he was not himself superior—the disease or death of friends. Friendship he esteemed the greatest of all human blessings, so that he treated every one who was really manly like one of his own family. And he never deserted a friend, until he had lost all hopes of his return to virtue.

We begin to ask ourselves whether all this happened in a Grecian city, in the second century—when "Greece was living Greece no more;" when the virtue that made her queen of the nations had departed from her, and she lay like a captive at the feet of Rome. Happy the people, and thrice happy the philosopher whose steps were never dogged by that evil envy which follows all human virtue, and which is never conquered, it is said, but by death.

It had persecuted him in the early part of his career, but he had wrestled with and overcome it. During his magistracy—for, unlike the other Cynics, he neither despised citizenship nor neglected the duties of a citizen—he was accused before the people on these charges —that he never sacrificed to Minerva, and that, alone in the city, he had never been initiated into the Mysteries of Eleusis. He came

n to the assem ly with a sacrificial fillet round his hair, clothed long white sacrificial garment, and pleaded his own cause. erva, he said, stood in no need of his sacrifices; as for the Mys-s, they were either good or bad; were he initiated, he would every one he had a chance to tell, for the sake of humanity, if bought them good, and if not, he should never hesitate to caution ple against them. The populace, who had taken up stones to e him, were calmed, altered their minds, and fully acquitted him. hall we complete this slight sketch by a specimen or two of the icisms of Demonax? The reader curious in genuine Greek s will find some forty of them preserved in Lucian's notice of the osopher.

. certain Sidonius, boasting one day that he had traversed the le extent of philosophy, said, "Were Aristotle to call me I could rith him to the Lyceum, or to the Academy with Plato, or could d with Zeno at the Stoa Poikile, or could keep silence with hagoras." Whereupon Demonax, rising out of the midst, aimed, "Sidonius, Pythagoras is calling for you."

. certain athlete, at whom Demonax had been laughing for ring a coloured cloak, laid his head open with a stone, so that blood spouted out. All the spectators in a rage exclaimed, "Off i him to the Proconsul." "No, no, good people," said Demo-, "not to the Proconsul, but to the surgeon, if you please."

eregrinus, another Cynic, discontented with his laughing and ying himself so well, rebuked him, saying, "Demonax, you don't luct yourself like a dog (cynically)," and got this answer, regrinus, *you* don't conduct yourself like a man."

wo completely ignorant teachers of philosophy were arguing ther, one of them talking nonsense and the other answering hing to the purpose. Demonax turned round and asked a friend, ren't these two just as if the one were milking a he-goat and the r holding a sieve for the milk?"

gathocles, a Peripatetic philosopher, was boasting himself to be alone prince of dialecticians. "But," said Demonax, "if you are a ice how can you be alone, and if you are alone how can you be a ice?"

ne day, when he was about to set out on a voyage, a friend asked if he wasn't afraid of being eaten by the fishes. "It would," he wered, "be indeed ungrateful in me to object to that, who in my e have eaten so many of them."

certain rhetorician declaimed badly. Demonax advised him to ctise himself in speaking before somebody. He said that he had n in the habit of repeating his speeches aloud to himself. "Then," l he, "I see how it is, you have chosen too stupid a hearer."

person was strutting about in a new cloak with a handsome ad stripe, very proud of it. Demonax came up and said, feeling ver, "My friend, a sheep wore this before you, and yet he was a sheep."

ne day when Epictetus was abusing him because he had never

married, maintaining it to be the duty of a philosopher, that so he might leave to the world another being in his place when he died, Demonax wittily replied, "Give me, then, one of your daughters to wife, Epictetus." But that philosopher was himself unmarried.

These instances of his jokes may suffice for the modern reader. They are not witty of set purpose and deliberate intention; they are the genial *plaisanteries* of a kindly, placid, and humorous man. Some of them would do credit to a first-rate wit of our own day; others have that choice flavour once well known as Attic salt; and in none of them is there any tinge of ill-nature or bitterness. There flows throughout that tender under-current of compassionate sympathy for human weakness and error which is never wanting to the true humorist. In his recorded sayings about God and immortality we find this mixed up with the *ἀδιαφορία*, or moral indifferentism which was characteristic of the Cynics. Some one asked him who were happy, he answered, that he alone was happy who was free. His friend replied, that quantities of men were free. "Nay," said he, "but I think him only free who neither fears anything nor hopes anything."

"But how can that come about, for all of us are surely subjects to hope and fear?" "Yes," he answered, "and if you look through life you will discover that nothing is worthy of fear or hope, since joys and sorrows alike come one day to an end."

The conclusion is not a logical one, and the fact on which it is built no fact at all. Yet such as it was, it was the faith of a large section of the ancient world. Some one once asked him whether the soul is immortal. "Yes," he answered, "but just as all things are"—indestructible as matter is, because it *is;* but it is foolish, he would have said, to talk about it as if it were a separate unity that would live for ever, a personal life apart from all other things. It will shift, and change, and grow, like matter—immortal, because the All never dies, but immortal only as a fragment, or aggregate of fragments, of the All. In one majestic sense it is certainly immortal, but not in that fond individual sense in which the human heart longs for its immortality.

Shall we hear with what consolations he silences sorrow? He came up to a man who was lamenting the death of his son and refusing all comfort, and said that he was a Mage, and could summon up his son's shade for him, if he would only name three men who had never mourned for any one at all. The father was unable to recollect a single name. "Why then, my foolish friend, do you think your single grief unbearable, when yet you can find no one whatsoever without experience of sorrow?" A poet of our own times has told us

> "That loss is common does not make
> My own less bitter; rather more;
> Too common! Never morning wore
> To evening but some heart did break."

Vacant chaff, well meant for grain, was all that Demonax had to offer. This, and the poor assertion that the dear son who had left

s father's love, like last summer's sunshine, was still a portion of e All.

We are told that Demonax was fondest of repeating that line of omer—

κάτθαν' ὁμῶς ὅ τ' ἀεργὸς ἀνηρ, ὅ τε πολλα ἐόργως.

It is the same weariness and disappointment that we hear in ccleslastes—"There is no remembrance of the wise more than of e fool for ever; seeing that which now is, in the days to come shall all forgotten. And how dieth the wise man? As the fool." It is the m and substance of his best philosophy—a system whose hope was death, whose central belief was, that there was no meaning in the ystery of life, and that we are mere bubbles on the wandering aters. How could it stand against that new revelation of life and mmortality which told the mourner that his friends who had fallen leep "rest from their labours, and their works do follow them?" hat comparison could subsist between the divinest songs of Argive hilosophies and this noble music which was beginning to fill the ntranced world?

We have sketched one of the best lives of that perished time. hese philosophies, as we now know, had no truth to proclaim that uld maintain its hold on the great masses of mankind. It was ly when out of them such a life arose that the majestic movement of hristianity could for an inst t pause. And out of them few such ves issued. We hear everyv e of philosophers whose fine words ere their sole contributions human living; and these fine ords were falsified and mock by gross sensuality, by poor impos- re, by meanness, avarice, hypocrisy. They must have had their se in convincing many that the old things had passed away. And ch a life as that of Demonax, simple, pure, heroic, sustained by no igh hopes of future reward, nobly obedient to the dictates of heart nd conscience, ought to have taught the early Christians a lesson f wider charity than they ever seem to have learnt.

His power was buried in his self-opened grave. He found that ne people ceased to obey his counsels; he felt that he was beginning need some help from others, ceasing to be "in himself, for himself, fficient." He told his friends that the play was played out, and, efusing sustenance, he departed out of life, joyful, and such as he ad always appeared to those who knew him. The people that had nown him knew him no more for ever.

The stars that had filled the darkness were dying out in the fresh- ess of that spring dawn. Only here and there a splendid planet till glimmered whitely in the deepening blue. To these watchers f the night the supreme hour had come; it was an hour without adness, full of hope. It was in the presence of an unimagined glory hat they faded away, "for the day-spring from on high had visited hem, and the day-star arisen in their hearts."

V.

MISS BRIDGET'S CHARITIES.

Miss Bridget lives in a cottage just outside our town. The dwelling itself is half lost amid the trees, and shrubs, and luxuriant tangle of its garden, and orchard, and sloping meadow. Though she is, for a single woman, rich, her rooms are small, and simply furnished; and she lives plainly and quietly enough. Only in flowers is she luxurious. Her greenhouse in winter, her garden in spring, summer, and autumn are like glimpses of Eden. A fat little pony and a sleek Alderney cow are among her belongings. The former draws her little carriage in which she makes those constant excursions of hers to all sorts of out-of-the-way places. When we see her driving past our windows, though we cannot often have any idea *where*, we may be perfectly sure *why* she is going. She is bound on one of her missions—missions of charity, as we well know, though she may be going to a house where splendour, and not poverty is regnant, to bestow her good gifts on those whom want, in its worldly and accustomed sense, never came near.

For Miss Bridget's charity is not quite like most other people's. It is not less, indeed, but more. She interprets the word according to its old scriptural sense, a wider one than is conventionally given to it. "*The greatest of these three is love*" would be her rendering of that vital saying.

Thus money, or money's worth, is the least of the things she gives. She carries her sympathy, her companionship, her cheerful face and pleasant talk to all who need. And many there are who *do* need. She is always bestowing these good influences of hers somewhere. Her house is elastic in it capacity of receiving guests. Many an invalid has revived to strength and health in that pretty spare room with the south window that looks over the garden to the valley, rich in foliage, lovely with light and shadow, and about which peace and serenity seem to be an almost visible atmosphere. It is not only the invalid in body either who claim her care. The afflicted, the unhappy, the fretful, the discontented have been inmates of that cheerful cottage, to their abiding benefit. There is something wonderfully infectious in the wholesome life that goes on there. Miss Bridget is at once so active, yet so calm; so emotional, yet quiet; so busy, yet so capable of repose. The day with her is a round of duties made beautiful in their fulfilment. It is not that her circumstances are pleasanter than those of other people—even than those of other "maiden ladies;" but her way of meeting them and dealing with them seems to transmute the commonest event to gold, and distils from the saddest and least promising materials, essence most fragrant and divine.

I never knew any one so thoughtfully kind, so delicately generous

as she. The proudest spirit, the most morbid sensitiveness never was even bruised under her ministrations. She has a way of making the part of acceptance so graciously easy. There is no *stooping* to receive from her. Almost as unconsciously and painlessly do we receive light from the sun, life from the air, it seems to me, as kindnesses and benefits from Miss Bridget.

She thinks of so many things that never occur to other people. If she makes a present, it is sure to be something that the receiver especially needs or desires; and how she discovers such needs or wishes, not only among her own intimate friends, but through all her realm of recipients, is a ceaseless perplexity to more obtuse minds. Who but she would have chosen the muslin dress for poor little Bessy Stevens, neglected and motherless, who was on a visit at the vicarage, and whom nobody discovered to be pretty till the tasteful, becoming dress—so unlike her ordinary garments—revealed the fact, and aroused good Mrs. Bligh to take more interest in her quiet niece? Who but Miss Bridget induced young Thoroton to learn chess, and come to her of evenings to play, instead of going to his "club" at the Royal Hotel, where billiards and brandy-and-water were fast becoming too familiar to him? Was not her present of a concertina to the music-loving boy Harry Hillward the cause of that young genius taking to study hard till piano and organ succeeded the humbler instrument, and he is now a flourishing teacher and composer, of whose name our town is proud?

And speaking of music—how she loves it! She is not young: no, her virtues and sweetnesses are not those of youth—untried, eager, and hopeful, intensely bright, and soon shadowed, like a spring day—but rather resembling one of those amber autumn days, when the passionateness of life has passed away from its beauty and its happiness, and has left it pure and good and holy. She is not young, I say—and yet, over and over again, when she has been listening to music of Beethoven or Mozart, or even sometimes when she has herself been playing some of those simple "bits" of pathetic tenderness or solemn sweetness that she specially loves, I have seen her cheek glow like a girl's, and her soft eyes kindle with an intensity of delight that we can hardly understand, perhaps, as belonging to her autumnal and chastened time of life.

And this brings me to the special incident I purposed to narrate. It has always struck me with surprise, knowing Miss Bridget's sensitive appreciation of good music, that she was invariably so ready—so eager—with her patronage of those wandering *artistes* who, in our's as in most other country towns, ever and anon announce, in badly-printed but elegantly-worded circulars, that "they will have the honour of giving a grand evening concert on such and such a day, when will appear the following distinguished performers."

Such a notification came one morning when I was lingering about the pretty parlour, now watching Miss Bridget, as she tended the plants in the green-house, now straying out at the opened glass door

into the garden, dewy and bright and fragrant with first thoughts of spring.

"'Mr. and Mrs. Ormonde beg respectfully to announce that they will have the honour of giving a Soirée Musicale at the Town Hall on the evening of Tuesday, the 23rd instant,'" I quoted aloud, from the paper she handed to me. "And here is the programme on the other side," I added; and went on, in a disdainfully critical manner, to enumerate the trite morceaux that were to be performed on the occasion:—"'The Last Rose of Summer—Mrs. Ormonde; Fantasia, Pianoforte—Miss Ormonde; Comic Song—Wanted a Wife—Mr. Ormonde; Duett—Mrs. and Miss Ormonde, What are the Wild Waves Saying; Solo on the Flute, Mr. Ormonde, accompanied on the Piano by Miss Ormonde,' &c., &c., &c. I hope the audience will have enough of the Ormonde family," I remarked, flippantly. "To be sure, the novelty and variety of the selection will compensate for the slight monotony in the performers."

"We shall see," Miss Bridget said, while carefully inspecting a pet camellia, from which she had been plucking the spent blossoms; "or rather we shall *hear*, when the evening comes."

"Dear ma'am, you surely don't intend to *go* to this affair? You, who are so fond of really good music"——

"My dear, perhaps it is because I love music so much that I have a store of tenderness for all its disciples—even to the humblest. I feel a great compassion and sympathy for these poorer musicians who wander about in search of patronage. I believe they are, for the most part, harmless, painstaking, and poor: and their lives of uncertainty and anxiety must be very hard—especially to the women."

"I always thought they were rather a vagabond set," I said, with the trenchant directness of seventeen and a half, "and not at all suitable objects for one's charity."

"Nay, of what order of human beings can we truly say that?" she asked me, gently.

"Well, but I mean, I thought these kind of people were not always the best characters in the world, and that it was doing no real good to encourage them."

"Your expressions are so wide, my dear child," Miss Bridget answered, smiling, "that it is rather difficult to discuss them. It is true that these poor people fall very far short of perfection, even in a worldly sense; but if you mean to imply that they are ordinarily bad characters, I affirm that, to the best of my belief, and so far as my experience goes, you are wrong."

The colour had risen in her clear, pale cheek. For all her fifty years she looked actually pretty, while thus defending the cause she had taken under her protection. A sudden sense of my own hasty, pert presumption afflicted me with girlish shame, and I said no more. But what the dear, gentle friend had said, and the earnestness with which she said it, impressed me a good deal. I thought of it afterwards, before subsequent events had deepened the impression of her

words. And I even petitioned at home to go to the said concert, whether most out of compunction or curiosity, at this distance of time I am hardly prepared to say; but I know the former feeling had at least something to do with it.

And the appointed time arrived. It was a cold, rainy March evening, so miserable that there was a considerable discussion before I and the brother who was to act as my escort were allowed to go; but we pleaded hard and sore, and at last gained our point. This spice of difficulty gave a new zest to the proceeding: and it was in high spirits that about a quarter-past seven o'clock we got under the hood of the chaise, and drove off to the town.

So deserted and shining with wet were the
clattered through the streets! When we drew up at
the Town Hall, one or two people were just
umbrellas, and going in. Also, I saw the old fly w
always used on her nocturnal excursio ni ro
off. Besides this, there was no sign o go
different, as I thought to mysel to the oc on v [
visited this temple of the public it town, t A
of the autumn before, when there y tv
in a line along the street, waiting for th n set

"I'm afraid these musical people w e a ,
brother observed in the off-hand and wi a
world, as he handed me out of the ch e. t e y
be such bricks as you and me, Fan, you know."

"And Miss Bridget," I suggested. "She's here. If we can, let us get seats beside her, Frank."

"My dear, I expect we may have our choice of position. There seems no one here to take the tickets, even."

And, indeed, at the top of the stairs the door stood partly open leading into the assembly-room; we could see the long lines of empty seats, with one or two people scattered here and there in the "shilling places;" but only Miss Bridget and the two friends she had brought with her in the reserved stalls.

While Frank, ticket in hand, was reconnoitering, a side-door opened, and a tall, thin man, with a pale, dark face, and an indescribable air of uneasy excitement about him, came forward. He took the tickets with a polite bow, and carefully indicated to us the best way to reach our seats, concluding his attentions by presenting us each with a programme.

I sidled up to dear Miss Bridget. She was pleased to see us there; but her fair face was looking pained and anxious I at once saw. And when Frank said something in his boyishly curt way about "crowded audience," her eyes became quite sad, and I heard her say to the old friend who sat next her:

"My heart aches for these poor people. Frank means no harm, dear boy; but it is pitiful to think that what is only a jest to some of us is such actual misery to others. There's an incongruity in it. It

seems as if human hearts ought to feel for one another always. And yet," after a minute's pause, she added reverently, "I can see the infinite mercy which has ordered it otherwise."

When the time of commencement arrived, I counted only thirty people present. Two or three strolled in afterwards, making a noisy entrance during the singing of Mr. and Miss Ormonde's duet. I fancied I saw the pale man's face light up slightly at each new comer. Both he and his sister sang very well; and the young lady looked blooming and lively. She was, indeed, quite the life of the poor concert. She played all the accompaniments, besides "brilliant pianoforte pieces;" and when Mrs. Ormonde failed to appear, she sang "Bonnie Prince Charlie" with such grace and spirit that the scanty audience was roused to enthusiasm, and demanded it over again with boisterous unanimity.

At last, the advent of the *prima-donna* could be delayed no longer, and Mrs. Ormonde appeared. It was at once evident that she was very ill. Her white face, with the large eyes looking hollow, and with a strange, blank expression, haunted me for many a day. So did the tones of her voice as she sang some brilliant bravura, all the shortcomings in which were most ingeniously veiled by the energetic accompanyist. Poor thing, poor thing! When her husband led her off the platform, it seemed to me that she could hardly hold up any longer. I was actually afraid to look at Miss Bridget, to see the pained sympathy in her face.

I remember there followed a comic song from Mr. Ormonde, in which, too, he actually came out so oddly droll and humorous that he awoke shouts of laughter, and an eager *encore* at the conclusion. He complied, and substituted another according to rule. Somehow, the spirit seemed to have evaporated, however, from this second jocular essay. It was as if he had strung his energies up to a certain point, beyond which it was impossible to go.

Then Miss Ormonde, beaming, smiling, and easy, warbled another song, and played another grand "piece." And then the "grand vocal duet," *Linda di Chamouni*, Mr. and Mrs. Ormonde, was to follow. They appeared; he leading her, and seemingly trying to encourage and cheer her. I remember she smiled up at him once—such a pathetic smile!

I dare say, girl as I was then, I could not understand half the pathos that there was in these two worn, anxious creatures singing together that tender music that was probably full of sweet memories to both of them. But we could all of us appreciate the fact, that in the midst of the graceful florid movement the poor wife's voice suddenly faltered. She tried to recover herself, failed; and burying her pale face in her handkerchief, with a curious inarticulate cry was half led, half carried off the little stage.

There was an apology made, and the indefatigable Miss Ormonde substituted a song of her own, and then another piano solo, I believe. But Miss Bridget had risen to go; and I kept closely beside her,

hoping she would inquire, and we should hear something more about the unfortunate concert-givers.

I was not deceived. Miss Bridget went straight to the mistress of the hotel, and asked her one or two questions. Then we heard the cause of Mrs. Ormonde's illness and emotion. Her child, a little baby of a few months old, was dying, they feared. She had been nursing and watching it unceasingly ever since they came, three days ago; and there appeared little hope now of saving it. Miss Bridget wrote a few lines in pencil on a card, and begged it might be at once sent in to Mrs. Ormonde. For the first time, then, I noticed how very white and trembling she was. But when I said so, and clung round her with eager alarm, she gently put me aside, only saying:

"My love, I believe that this poor lady is the daughter of an old friend. I knew her father once. Please God I may be of some use to her now."

It proved to be so. Presently Miss Bridget disappeared, to be admitted into the room where the mother was sitting with her dying child on her lap, her poor, tearless eyes watching its every faint, gasping breath. . . . They told me of all this—I did not see it. I was waiting the while in the landlady's parlour—in much disturbance of mind—till Frank came to take me home. Then I sent to Miss Bridget to know what she intended to do, and an imploring appeal to be told how all was going on. They brought me back a scrap of paper with a line or two of her small, fair writing on it, telling me that she would remain, that a few hours more must end the little life; and asking me to send word to her cottage for her confidential servant to come to her at once.

It was a great happiness to be so far of use. And after that we drove home under the stars, for it had cleared up, the clouds had trooped off northward, and the transparent, crisp, cool air was like that of a newly-vitalized world. Indeed, everything looked and felt so peaceful—with a Peace beyond all daylight brightness—that it smote mysteriously on my softened heart, as if it were trying to tell me something in a language that as yet I could only imperfectly understand.

An immense sensation was caused in our neighbourhood by the extraordinary proceeding of Miss Bridget, who, on the following day, actually received into her house the whole Ormonde family! Mr. Ormonde and his sister almost immediately went away for a time on professional business, I believe, for, of course, the work of life had to go on all the same. But the bereaved mother, who was indeed too weak and ill to travel, remained with Miss Bridget. Very often we used to meet these two going or returning from the church-yard, where, under a silver birch-tree, was the little baby's grave.

And once I spent an evening at the cottage, just before the Ormondes left. And I repented myself, with the passionate remorse of youth, when I found how gentle, and kindly, and good these "musical people," of whom I had dared to speak so slightingly, really were. They were very, very poor, that was evident; but Mrs. Ormonde as

evidently was what we conventionally call "a lady," in instinct and feeling, as in every detail of manner and speech. Her husband, too, had all the quieter qualities of a gentleman, though something struck my girlish censorship as wanting in him, as compared with my father and brothers. Even in Miss Ormonde—whose dashing, easy manner in public had rather dismayed me—I found a good deal to like. And out of a larger experience since then, let me add that I have known many young ladies of high standing in society whose self-confidence has been quite as great, and in whom "boldness" and "energy" have been admired and extolled, whose reasons for so far overstepping the track of quieter womanliness could hardly have been so cogent or so righteous as Louisa Ormonde's.

Then they were all so fond and proud of one another! It was delightful to see their undoubting appreciation of each other's powers. Miss Ormonde thought well of Mario's voice and style—it was excellent—it was admirable; but——her brother's! all the best adjectives were reserved for *his* singing of "*It mio tesoro,*" or, "*Tu m' ami.*" In the same way, both Mr. and Mrs. Ormonde implicitly believed that their sister was destined to eclipse all living pianistes and contralto singers. Her compass was not so *extensive* as Alboni's, they would admit, but, as for anything else ———. And compass was not *everything.*

After they were gone I often heard of them from Miss Bridget, and gradually the news grew brighter. She doubtless aided them in every way that she could; but she told me that they were very sensitive, and what is called "proud," and that it was difficult to know how to assist them. However, at last she was enabled to procure for him a good appointment as organist at a large town twenty miles away from us. And after that all seemed to go well with them, and I heard of increasing prosperity every time I inquired.

Once it came into my mind suddenly to ask Miss Bridget—

"And what sort of person was Mrs. Ormonde's father? Did you know him very well?"

"Yes, very well."

"Was it long ago?"

"He has been dead twenty years. He was a dear friend of my brother's."

A long pause, which somehow I did not feel inclined to interrupt by any new question. But at length she quietly resumed:

"He loved music so intensely they said it was a madness; and then differences arose between him and his father, and he married against his will, and directly after he ran away, and was not heard of for years. During that time, we heard afterwards, he and his wife had led this wandering musician life. And I dare say," Miss Bridget said, in a clearer and more cheerful voice, "that it was the thought of my old friend made me always feel so tenderly to the whole class."

"How strange," I said, very softly, "that you should have at last met his daughter, and been such a help and comfort to her!"

› answer came. Turning round shyly, I saw the dear, fair face, the large tears slowly rolling down it. But she smiled serenely ext moment, while saying, in her quiet, earnest way: ' . thank God for it—and for all things!"

VI.

ANNEXATION AND THE HISTORY OF SAVOY.

Emperor, or Napoleon III., seems to have adopted for olitical motto, "*qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare.*" He ırs to think that the principal use of language is to conceal ght, and doubtless values his ambassadors at the various s of Europe, in proportion as they come up to Sir Henry on's famous definition of "men sent to lie abroad for the of their country." His conduct in regard to the recent cation of Savoy has been deceitful, unscrupulous, and grasp- He has indeed attained the object of his ambition, and has l to France a territory of nearly 6,000 square miles, peopled wards of 800,000 inhabitants, the greater number of whom ber, frugal, hardy mountaineers, with a natural aptitude for itary life, which has for ages made them the best soldiers in rmies of Piedmont. He has duped and deceived the British rnment, and has had the art to procure for himself a com- al treaty, eminently favourable to France, at the very nt he was preparing to act in defiance of the remonstrances by them against the annexation of Savoy and Nice. So as the beginning of March last, he succeeded in persuading John Russell that he had no intention of appropriating these it provinces of the Sardinian monarchy; for his lordship in answer to questions put to him at the time, in the House mmons, that Her Majesty's Government had no knowledge treaty between France and Sardinia on the subject of the ation of Savoy, and did not believe that any such treaty d. Yet, the correspondence subsequently laid before the , shows that Lord John must have been somewhat credu- nd rash, when he could entertain such a belief, and make statement. For it clearly appears from that correspond- hat, among the "possible arrangements" discussed between e and Sardinia, even before the commencement of the Italian

campaign, the cession of Savoy and Nice, under certain contingencies, was unquestionably included, although no definite or formal engagement to that effect had been entered into. In defiance of treaties, and at the expense of truth, the tortuous, subtle diplomacy of Napoleon has achieved a triumph, not indeed a very important one in itself, but, from the political principles which it [illegible] well fitted to excite distrust and alarm throughout Europe. Where will the ruler of so compact, extensive, and rich a country as France, the general of 600,000 of the bravest soldiers in the world, stop in his career of aggrandizement, when he commences by filching from a weaker ally the oldest provinces of his kingdom, the nursery of his best soldiers, provinces guaranteed to him by the Treaty of Vienna, and whose neutrality was protected in the same way, and considered as essential to the peace of Europe, as that of Switzerland? An alarming question this, especially as the present political state of Europe is eminently favourable to the ambitious designs of a grasping and unscrupulous despot. The last great treaty for remodelling the states of the continent, and settling the balance of power, left many a nation dissatisfied, many a rankling hatred unappeased, many a wrong to be redressed or avenged. France still longs for the boundary of the Rhine; Saxony would fain obtain from Prussia the valuable provinces taken from her in 1815. Denmark and Germany are ready to fight about the Schleswig-Holstein question; Bavaria has an eye to the Tyrol; Hungary is malcontent; Russia cherishes a longing grudge against Austria for her conduct during the Crimean war; Spain is exhausted of men and money by a foolish and fruitless crusade; Austria is bankrupt; Naples distracted by civil strife. Here, indeed, are elements of weakness and seeds of disunion, most favourable to the grasping ambition of Napoleon. The appetite for annexation is apt to grow by what it feeds on; and the absorption of Savoy may but act as a whetstone drive him with renewed energy and fresh zest, to swallow up the Rhenish provinces, or digest Belgium. In short, we cannot but deem the present political aspect of Europe, taken in connection with the conduct of Napoleon as displayed in the annexation of Savoy, to be full-fraught with danger, and to demand the earnest attention, and [illegible] vigilance of every friend of peace and freedom.

The extent of the territories recently appropriated, the number of their inhabitants and their [illegible] but feebly represent the importance of the late annexation. [illegible] upon the false and tyrannical [illegible] has a right to demand, and another [illegible] of a kingdom from motives of personal interest, expediency, or ambition, without

consulting the wishes of the inhabitants, a doctrine morally and politically wrong, and full of most dangerous consequences. It is now generally acknowledged that the true aim of every enlightened system of government should be the greatest good of the greatest number, that government is a trust for the people, and that kings have no rights in themselves, for their own sake as rulers, beyond those enjoyed by the community at large. Yet here we have nearly a million of human beings transferred, like so many cattle or sheep, from the comparative freedom of Sardinian rule, to the vigilant and relentless despotism of the French emperor. It may be said, "Oh! but the Savoyards are to vote upon the question of annexation." Yes; but after the fact is accomplished, and with French bayonets at their throats.

But—to pass from the general to the particular view of the question—it appears to us that the cession of Savoy by Sardinia is ill-timed and impolitic, as well as unjust to the people, and contrary to existing treaties. Savoy was the cradle of her royal race, and the burial-place of most of them, the mountain bulwark of her kingdom, and the nursery of her armies; and a glance at the history of Piedmont will enable us to appreciate its importance and value. The original title of the princely race from which the present king of Sardinia is descended, was Count of Maurienne and Susa; afterwards they were long known as Counts of Savoy. In 1416 they were raised to the rank of dukes, and at the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, received the kingly title, along with the island of Sicily, which a few years afterwards they were compelled to exchange for Sardinia, which has since given its name to the monarchy. Their most glorious annals belong to the times when they were known but as Counts and Dukes of Savoy. Under Amadeus VIII.—the first duke, and one of the greatest rulers of Savoy—Savoy was the head and heart of the State, and a match for any of the Italian States of the earlier part of the fifteenth century; being able, according to contemporary chroniclers, to furnish 8,000 men-at-arms at a period when the forces of England and France were estimated at but 30,000 each. Some of the Counts of Savoy, the predecessors of Amadeus, were eminently distinguished for their success both in diplomacy and in war, and steered their way with consummate skill through the storms that convulsed the political aspect of Europe, overwhelming for ever so many princely houses; but, during all their contests they principally relied upon the warlike aptitude and unshaken loyalty of the faithful mountaineers of Savoy. In these days the flag of Savoy was gallantly borne in many a battle and siege, not in Europe only, but also in the Greek islands and the distant east.

According to a tradition of somewhat doubtful authenticity, but

dear to the partial chroniclers of the House of Savoy, Amadeus V., called the great Count, in the early part of the fourteenth century, conducted a gallant array of the chivalry of Savoy to the island of Rhodes, then beleaguered by the Turks, and compelled them to raise the siege. In this expedition he is said to have substituted the white cross on a red field for the imperial eagle, the original cognizance of Savoy, and to have assumed the mysterious motto, F.E.R.T., interpreted by the chroniclers to mean *Fortitudo ejus Rhodum tenuit*—his valour saved Rhodes. More authentic and equally romantic is the eastern expedition of Amadeus VI., the green count, who, in 1366, led an army of Savoyards to the assistance of his uncle, John Palæologus, Emperor of Constantinople, entered the Dardanelles, took Gallipoli, sailed into the Black Sea, captured Mesembria, besieged Varna, and compelled the Bulgarian king, Stratimir III., to release the emperor, whom he held as his prisoner.

Savoy was the principal possession of its Counts, as early as the eleventh century, before the era of our Norman conquest; Piedmont, on the other hand, and its capital city Turin, were not acquired until the close of the thirteenth; and the two countries were not finally united under one monarch until 1418, when they came under the sceptre of Amadeus VIII. Savoy retained its pre-eminence as the sovereign state, and the seat of government, until the latter half of the sixteenth century, when Emanuel Philibert abandoned his pretensions upon Switzerland, fixed the seat of his government at Turin, and substituted the Italian for the Latin language in all public acts, except in Savoy, where the use of the French was allowed. Since his reign, Piedmont has been the sovereign state, and the rulers of Savoy have considered themselves as Italian princes, and have looked to Italy for increase of territory and influence. To borrow the words used by one of themselves, they have ever since looked upon Lombardy "as an artichoke which the House of Savoy was to have leaf by leaf."

During the wars between Francis I. of France, and Charles III. of Savoy, Nice was especially distinguished for the constancy and heroism which she displayed in resisting the attacks of the invaders; and Francis repeatedly offered to restore Piedmont and Savoy, then occupied by the French, provided that Charles would surrender the citadel of Nice, but Charles always replied that "he would die Count of Nice." In 1538, Nice shut her gates against Pope, King, and Emperor, refusing to surrender even when ordered to do so by Duke Charles himself, and alleging the ancient charters and privileges, which forbade his alienating any part of the country, or introducing foreign troops into its fortresses. "Il re galantuomo," as his Italian subjects have named

or Emmanuel, seems far less aware of the importance of Nice than redecessor, Duke Charles, judging by the facility with which he nders it to his grasping and dangerous neighbour. Francis I. lost sight of Nice, and made many attempts upon it, the ipal of which occurred in 1543, when he attacked it by sea and, in conjunction with the infidel Barbarossa, the Corsair of the Mediterranean. The French had 40 vessels and land troops; Barbarossa, 152 galleys and 15,000 men. On 10th of August, a fearful cannonade was opened on the ed city. On the 15th, the wearied and overmatched ders slackened their efforts, and the Turks carried one of the ons and planted on it the banner of the Crescent. But at this , the Savoyards rushed to the rescue, headed by a gallant le, whose battle-axe struck down the infidel standard and its der; and, after a desperate conflict, the assailants were d from the ramparts. On the 20th, the town capitulated, aught save empty houses was left to the captors. All that life or value, even to the bells of the church steeples, was lrawn into the citadel. It held out against both Turks and chmen until the 8th of September, when it was relieved by pproach of the Imperial army under the Marquis del Varto. les III. struck a medal in honour of the town that had so upheld the falling fortunes of his House; and the towns- le erected a bust of the gallant Amazon who had won the for the standard. The name of this heroine was Catherine rana, but she was known among her own people by the not complimentary nickname of Donna Manufaccia, or Dame -face. The commander of the Nizzard garrison during this orable siege, was a Savoyard, and when summoned to sur- er the place, his only answer was "My name is Montfort, and notto, *Il me faut tenir.*"

ucigny and Chablais, those provinces of Savoy which, by ninety-second article of the Treaty of Vienna, are included in eutrality of Switzerland, are very ancient possessions of the montese monarchy; the former having been acquired in the le of the fourteenth century, and the latter, which extends the southern shores of the Lake of Geneva, by Count deus IV., in the thirteenth. Westward of Faucigny, in very heart of Savoy, on the shores of the Lake of Bourget, at the foot of the steep Mont du Chat, lies the Abbey of tocombe, the Escurial of the House of Savoy, where repose shes of most of its long line of princes. Until the reign of or Amadeus II., 167, 1730, it continued to be the burial- of that princely house; but since the completion of the tiful Church of the Supergamar, Turin, of which that prince

was the founder, and in which he is interred, it has ceased to be so. With the transference of Savoy, the burial-place of more than twenty generations of its rulers passes into the hands of France.

We have already alluded to the immense value of Savoy to Piedmont as a nursery of brave and loyal soldiers; and we now proceed to offer proofs of its importance in a military point of view. According to Gallenga, the accomplished historian of Piedmont, the three millions of Piedmontese now subject to the sceptre of Sardinia, have the capacity of being made good soldiers, but it requires time to train them, while the Savoyards are born soldiers; and in the whole series of marshals of Savoy, from the first permanent establishment of the office by Amadeus in 1397 to its suppression by Emanuel Philibert in 1560, scarcely a single Cisalpine name occurs, a striking proof of the martial superiority of the Savoyards. During the conferences, previous to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, the French diplomatists proposed to Charles Emmanuel to exchange Savoy for the Duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, but he firmly refused "to part with a country inhabited by brave and faithful subjects, and which he looked upon as the cradle of his dynasty." At an early period of the war against the French republic, Savoy and Nice were conquered: but such was the respect of the French for the valour they had displayed, that, during the negociations for the peace of Paris, they offered Lombardy to Victor Amadeus if he would consent to join them in its conquest with one column of his troops. Buonaparte, too, strongly advised the French Directory to purchase the alliance of Savoy on any reasonable terms, "as its excellent troops would be of great service to him in time of need."

Well, therefore, may it excite our astonishment to behold such an experienced statesman as Cavour and so chivalrous a monarch as Victor Emmanuel abandoning, almost without effort or remonstrance, Nice and Savoy to their most powerful and dangerous neighbour—a neighbour who has once and again overrun and conquered Sardinia, devastating her fields, sacking her cities, ruining her prosperity, and almost annihilating her national existence—forgetting how often that city and province have proved the firmest bulwarks of the monarchy in time of need. We may, indeed, conceive how Cavour may have been misled, though we wonder at the infatuation of so clear-sighted a statesman; but we are totally at a loss to understand how Victor Emmanuel can consent, not only to the surrender of the cradle of his dynasty, the nucleus of his strength, the resting-place of his ancestors, but can also stoop to the ineffable meanness of doing all in his power to facilitate its transfer, and smooth the path of the conqueror.

VII.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

EN an emigrant ship has been on the sea the statutory number of
s, groups of people begin to gather on the poop and look out ahead
he first sight of land. Land *should* be in sight now—half the
ry globe has been traversed. The ship has held on her way day
night, through storm and calm. She has passed through several
ates; and out of the driving rain and the unnaturally cold wind
summer continent should at last reveal itself, with its low-lying
es washed with sleek sea-azure, and "endorsed" with white
ns and hills lying beyond, shadowed with tropical green, and
ier still a snowy cone — seeming to belong to heaven more than to
h—beheld often by ships far out at sea, towering red with morn over
lower night shadows: a vision such as this is momently expected
he anxious people on the poop; it is perfectly certain that shore
hill and snowy pinnacle are hidden away yonder in the misty sky,
the rain falls, and the wind blows, and the vapours drive, and into
murky atmosphere the people look, waiting for the moment when
vapoury curtain will be rent in twain revealing "summer isles of
n lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

The people in our village resemble a good deal the group of people
ave supposed sitting on the poop of the emigrant ship. We
e passed through a winter more than usually severe. We have
ered the wonted haunts of spring, but of spring we have had yet
lly the slightest trace. 'Tis the middle of April, and all things
t for her. The auriculas in my garden have not been gladdened by
ingle beam. The noisy rooks have repaired their old nests in the
s that grow around the church tower, but the boughs are black and
e yet as they were on Christmas-day. The plough and harrow have
n over the red fields, but down came a week's rain, and the whole
ntry was reduced to a muddy swamp. The singing lark is not
icked up in vortices of glory and blue air;" it is hidden in a firma-
nt of grey mist. Wherefore does spring tarry? Has she forgotten
English woods with high romances blent? Of course we know
will come, and that, waking some fine morning, behold the winter
ver and gone, and out yonder in the daisied fields with a dozen larks
ging over her head, quite beside themselves with joy, stands the
g-looked-for May, smiling and waving her golden hair!

I have seen more springs now than I quite care to number; but,
nehow, this season of the year always touches my spirit with a sense
strangeness, of newness, of a resurrection, with the former life all
gotten. It shoots boyhood again into the old blood. That tender
ening of the black bough and of the red field; that coming again of
new-old flowers; that re-birth of love in all the family of birds,

with cooings and caresses, and building of nests in wood and brake, and increased richness of plumage and song: that strange air of sunshine in the air, full of contentment and joy; that stirring of life in the green mould, making the very church-yard fair, and seeming the earthy horror from the new-made grave, seems like the earnest of a new world. And yet—and yet—even with the lamb frisking in the sunny field, and the lark singing mile-high in the blue air, spring has her melancholy side, and bears a sadder burden to the heart than autumn, preaching of decay with all his painted woods. For the flowers that make sweet the dark moist places in the forests are not the same flowers that bloomed the spring before. Another lark springs and sings in ecstacy above the furrowed field. Nature rolls on in her eternal course, repeating the old tale of spring, summer, autumn and winter; but life in man and beast is transitory, and other living creatures take their places. We have but our seasons as the flowers. It is quite certain that one or other of the next dozen springs will pass unseen by me, will awake no transport in my veins. But will it be the less bright on that account? Will the lamb be saddened in the field? Will the lark's song be less exultant in the air? The sunshine will draw the daisy from the mound under which I sleep, carelessly, happily as it draws the daisy from the meadows by the river-side. The seasons have no ruth—no compunction. They care not for our petty lives. The light falls as sweetly on grave-yards as on the labourers working among the hay-swathes. Were the whole world depopulated to-morrow; next spring would break pitilessly; the flowers would bloom; apple-tree boughs would wear pink and white, and summer adorn herself with not one blossom the less on account of the immeasurable human calamity. It is strange how important man is to himself. We cannot help thinking that all things exist for our individual selves. The sun, in whose light a system lives, warms *me*, makes the trees grow for it, paints the evening sky in gorgeous colours for it. The mould I till, produced from the beds of extinct oceans and the grating down of mountains during countless centuries, exists for the purpose of producing my breakfast-roll. Animal life, with its strange instincts and affections, is to be recognized and cherished, for does it not draw my burdens for me, and carry me from place to place, and yield me comfortable broad-cloth and succulent joints to dinner—and when I die it is considered a matter of sadness that nature, like a personal friend to whom I have done kind services, does not wear crape at my funeral. I think it very hard, very cruel, that the sun should shine and birds sing when I am in my grave.

Unreasonable as it is, smile at it as we may, the sadness which arises during the early spring days issues from the thought that some future spring will—bright as this which we will not enjoy; and that on that account no flower will wear a sadder colour, and no bird will omit its carol. Bounded creatures that we are. The world begins with our consciousness and closes with our decease. This sadness, though all quite natural, and although it besets at times the most thoughtless

n, is essentially poor and morbid, and does blasphemy to the graces the fair season. Why should we shut out the sweet influences of year? When there is May in the green field and the thicket, let re be also May in the brain and heart of man. Wordsworth, in noble "Ode to Immortality," had an access in spring-time of the rbid sadness and anxious forecasting I have been writing about; but r how triumphantly he conquers it, and becomes a sharer in the dness of the singing bird and the frisking lamb:—

"Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay,
Land and sea,
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday:
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shout, thou happy
Shepherd Boy.

"Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival—
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh! evil day! if I were sullen
This sweet May morning,
And the children are pulling
On every side
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm."

Here the sweetness of May is stirring in the poet's heart, as it stirs the sap of forest trees; and this joy of his is neither affected nor manly, and we feel no incongruity in passing from this passage, rejoicing in native joy," to that other where the poet has the solemn sion of Eternity,

"And sees the children sporting on the shore,
And hears the mighty waters rolling evermore!"

May! Just write the word on a bit of paper, and, as Leigh Hunt ys in one of his charming poems, it smiles upon you "like a face all sy bright." The word is a poem in itself; and in thinking of ay one incontinently wanders back some couple of centuries, before

Liverpool or Manchester were, or the smoke of any factory d
the skies of England, to a period when, as we poetically supp
and women were fairer, and hearts were lighter, and life and it
were not a galling harness but a chain of flowers worn light
time when there was leisure in the land, and when careless m
and simple enjoyment were not considered unprofitable things
packhorses went clattering from village to village, with wide w
cross, and wide, shadowing forests to skirt; when towns were
timber, and streets were narrow, and the houses were ga
peaked; when the great Queen Bess sat on the throne, and R
the Tower was writing the history of the world, soothing hi
intervals with inhalations of that divine weed, whose propert
build up before the half-shut eye of the smoker fabulous la
towered cities, more gorgeous than those which sunset rea
the rifted clouds; or when young Will Shakespeare, newly
from Stratford, with an ugly poaching *fame* attaching to h
holding the gallants' horses at the door of the Globe Theatre
every village had its maypole gaily dight with flowers fr
of the season; when maidens washed fair faces fairer in the M
and when shoals of villagers went out to the woods before th
and gathered green branches to deck door and window with
back laden, singing their blythe and long-forgotten so
fact, England was "Merrie England," and May m
Somehow or another the charm of the month has departed
last century. May, in its sunshine, its freshness, its gr
and green leaf, is to be found in the writings of the old
we find in a museum an extinct specimen of natural hist
Chaucer, in Spenser, in Herrick, in Shakespeare, and in the
of Izaak Walton, as he lay on a primrose bank beside the ri
and put the worm on his hook benevolently, even as if he
In these books, in these simple verses, in Walton's
old month lives and shines. May, with the old writers, s
the synonym of summer, and they had learned to enjoy th
fine weather after a manner quite unknown to the moderns
the exuberance of their enjoying hearts, shaped songs out
and the singing of birds. The eldest of these summer
rude Saxon chaunt of—

"Summer is i cumen in."

Old, perhaps, as the song King Canute heard the monks
as his galley passed downward on the fleet river.
bearded mouth has chaunted that old stave lustily against the
boys in the wild Nottinghamshire forests, or in the
meadows, hundreds of years ago, in the early spring-time,
swallows came. Chaucer, who was not, strictly speaking,
poet, being possessed for the most part by a grave turn for narrat
who delighted in little traits of character, and blistering
sarcasm, when he had the happiness to discover anything evil

to hate, has yet the intensest delight in May, its sunshine falling on the cottage thatch, when the daisies are in the fields, the birds all singing in the branches green. And there is this peculiarity in Chaucer, that he adores May as if the season were a living presence, he does her "observance," he puts himself to considerable trouble to show his respect. When May holds her flowery levee, *he*, for one, will not be absent. Hear how the noble Arcite conducts himself on the May morning;—

"And Arcite, that is in the Court Royal,
With Theseus, his squyer principal,
Is risen, and looketh on the merry day.
And for to do his observance to May,
Remembering the point of his desire,
Upon his courser, starting as the fire,
Is riden into fieldes him to play,
Out of the Court were it a mile or tway.
And to the grove, of which that I you told,
By adventure his way he 'gan to hold,
To make him a garland of the greves,
Were it of woodbine or of hawthorne leaves;
And loud he sang, against the sunny sheen—
'May, with all thine flowers and thy green,
Welcome be thou, wel, fair, fressche May!
I hope that I some greene gett may.'"

The princely gallant of Athens could not behave in a more courtly manner to May, although she had been his mistress—the fair Emily. This recognition of the season, the singing of songs in its honour, the decking of door and window with green, has quite passed away. Perhaps a little Pagan something was lingering in the English mind in Chaucer's time, which gave the simple human delight in warmth and sunshine, and the budding time of the world a certain form and courtliness, and the season itself almost a personality.

But May was not only greeted by our ancestors by young people dancing round the Maypole, and by door and window adorned by green boughs—it was the great month in the old Catholic times for the prosecution of pilgrimages to the shrine of Thomas a Becket at Canterbury, or the tomb of some other famous saint. That these pilgrimages actually took place we all know, but only in the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales" do we see and hear the pilgrims as they ride along. There is the old Tabard in Southwark, with its sign of the sleeveless jacket hanging above the door, and its portly landlord, Harry Bailley, standing in the porch. What a stir and bustle in the courtyard that bright May morning, as the pilgrims mount under the direction of the host. Let us go a little nearer and inspect the different groups. There is a grave and gentle knight who has fought in many wars, and who has many a time hurled his adversary down in tournament before the eyes of all the ladies there, and who has taken the place of honour at many a mighty feast. There, riding beside him, is a blooming squire his son, fresh as the month of May, singing day and night from very gladness of heart: an impetuous young fellow, who is looking forward to

the time when he shall flesh his maiden sword, and shout his first war-cry in a battle-field. There is an abbot mounted on a brown steed. He is middle-aged, his bald crown shines like glass, and his face looks as if it were anointed with oil. He has been a valiant trencher-man at many a well-furnished feast: above all things he loves hunting, and when he rides, men can hear his bridle ringing in the whistling wind, loud and clear as the chapel bell. There is a thin, ill-conditioned clerk perched on a steed as thin and ill-conditioned as himself; he will never become rich, poor man: he is a great student, and would rather have a few books bound in black and red hanging above his bed, than the sheriff of the county. There is a prioress, so gentle and tender-hearted that she weeps if she sees a beaten hound or a mouse caught in a trap. There rides the laughing Wife of Bath, bold-faced and loud: she is an adept in love matters. She "fried her five husbands in their own grease" till they were glad to get into their graves to escape the scourge of her tongue. Heaven rest their souls, and swiftly send another! She wears a hat large as a targe or buckler, brings the artillery of her eyes to bear on the young squire, and jokes him about his sweetheart. Beside her is a worthy parson, who delivers faithfully the message of his Master. He is poor, but he gives away the half of his tithes in charity. His parish is waste and wide, but if sickness or misfortune should befal any one of his flock, he rides, in spite of wind or rain, or thunder, to administer consolation. Among the crowd rides a rich Franklin, who sits in the Guildhall on the dais; he is pranked and hospitable as summer. His table stands in the hall all day covered with meats and drinks, and every one that comes is welcome. There is a ship-man, whose beard has been shaken by many a tempest, and whose cheek knows the touch of the salt sea-spray; a merchant, with a grave look, clean and neat in his attire, and with plenty of gold in his purse. There is a doctor of physic, who has killed more men than the knight, talking to a clerk of laws. There is a merry friar, a lover of good cheer, and when seated in a tavern among his companions singing songs, it would scarcely be decorous to repeat, his eyes twinkle in his head for joy like stars on a frosty night. Beside him is a rosy-faced Sompnour, whose breath stinks of garlic and onions, who is ever roaring for wine, strong wine, wine red as blood: when drunk he disdains English, nothing but Latin then will serve his turn. Last of all is a miller, who has been drinking over-night, and is now but indifferently sober: he is a strong fellow and a great wrestler; there is not a door in the country but he could break by running at it with his head. The pilgrims are all ready, the host gives the word, and they defile through the arch. The miller blows his bag-pipes as they issue from the town, and away they ride to Canterbury, through the bright sunshine and between the white hawthorn hedges of the English May. When we remember the songs of welcome, the dances round the village maypole, the dressing of door and window with green branches, we must remember the May pilgrimages also, which smack so heartily of olden time: and this pilgrimage, and this people, live in the pages of Chaucer for ever.

When we write of May we are in the company of the poets. After Chaucer comes James I. of Scotland, the noblest of our northern kings: he who was slain at Perth, although the fair arm of Catherine Douglas was the staple in the doorway, attempting so passionately, yet so vainly, to keep back the murderers. When in captivity in England, May, with green branch and almond blossom, climbs up to his grated window, and gave the hapless prisoner intimation of her presence in fragrance and the windy murmur of foilage. James writes of the month as if he dwelt in an arbour instead of a flanking tower—

So thick the bewes and the leaves green
Beshaded all the alleys that were there,
And mides every herber might be seen
The sharpe, greene, sweete juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,—
That, as it seemed to a life without,
The bewes spread the herber all about.

And on the small greene twistes sate
The little sweet nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear the hymnes consecrate
Of Love's use; now soft, now loud among
That of the gardens and the walles rung
Right out their song, and on the couple next
Of their sweet harmony; and lo the text.—

Worshipe, ye that lovers been, this May,
For of your bliss the kalends are begun
And sing with us, Away, Winter, away!
Come, Summer, come! the sweet season and sun;
Awake for shame! that have your heavens won,
And amourously lift up your heades all;
Hark, Love, that list you to his mercy call.

James was a great man, and wrote some of the best verses ever written by a king. To him, even though immured in a prison, the sweet season brings "no thought of grief." May, with her bird songs and the rustle of her leaves, is to him the green month—the month of sunshine and the rose, the month of happy loves! the blissful kalends, a time of rejoicing for every creature.

And who does not know the procession of the Seasons in the "Fairy Queen?" What picturesqueness, what witchery of colour as the months glide past from icicled January to purple October! But of all the visions, May is the finest. Spenser writes of May like a man intoxicated

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
Decked all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
Upon two hectren's shoulders she did ride,
The twins of Leda, which on either side
Supported her like to their sovereign queen.
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spied,
And leapt and danced as they had ravished been;
And Cupid's self about her fluttered all in green.

Whatever other poets have done well, Shakespeare is certain to have

done better, and the finest May song in the world to my mind is the Cuckoo Song in "Love's Labour Lost"—

> When daises pied, and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver white,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
> Do paint the meadows with delight.

We have seen how these old writers rejoice in May, and I hope all of us will despise poor Goldy shivering, despite his puce coat and peach vest, and bitterly inditing in incipient influenza,—

> When Winter lingering chills the lap of May.

Poetry should re-make the world for us, should bring the sun to us, should make rough places smooth, and be a universal human benefactor. What regret, then, has the poet to chill the lap of May with winter? It is quite true, you say. This I admit, but prose could have told us the painful fact. Poetry should never be the bearer of disagreeable common-places. For my part, although the east wind is blowing keenly over grey leagues of German Sea, I shall do my best to believe in May, "the fairest maid on ground" of the elder poets.

All the seasons of the year are beautiful after their several fashions. There is autumn, with his melancholy gorgeousness; there is winter with his fields of spiritual whiteness, his wonderful tree skeletons, and his wavering snow flakes. What a poetical object is the noiseless meteor, falling silently as a thought, with all its reticulations of icy crystal, and in a single night making the familiar world so unfamiliar and so fair. But, with all my admiration for months, I, like Chaucer, Spenser, Herrick, and all the older and healthier poets, conceive May to be the fairest of all. The wild flowers by that time have drunk colour from the sun, the young are chirping in the nest, the miniature forests of lichens and of emerald and russet mosses make beautiful dead walls, trunks of apple-trees, and the ancient roofs of thatch, in which the noisy and prolific sparrows build and breed. May touches everything with beauty. She woos the daisy from the mound of churchyard sod, and sows the burning wall-flower in the fissures of the ruined tower. There is a happiness in the hollow dome of air above,

> A greener emerald twinkles in the grass,
> A softer sapphire melts into the sea.

I believe our village is a special favourite with the month. She touches every window-sill with colour and fragrance, she wakens the honeyed murmur of innumerable hives, she makes the air incense with the blossoms of apple boughs; traces of her hand are to be seen at the weir beside the ruined mill, and even the canal, along which the lazy barges come and go, has a great white water-lily sleeping on its olive-coloured face. Never was the velvet on a monarch's robe more gorgeous than the green mosses that beruff the roofs of barn

and cottage when the beam slants upon it. Even the old road out towards the Common, running between two broad dykes that might have been built in the reign of Alfred, has not been forgotten by the generous, adorning month, for the round stones that lie at the dykes' feet have smooth, mossy coverings, and every fissure of their own has its mossy cushion, and the old blocks themselves are washed with the loveliest grey green lichens in the world. It was not one spring that did all that, but a hundred and more. May has adorned our village as gaily, and with as much pleasure in the task, as the simple people of old were wont to adorn the Maypole against a summer festival; and just think—every English village she has made beautiful after one fashion or another, making vivid green the hill slope on which the white struggling Welsh hamlet hangs right opposite the sea, and drowning in apple bloom the Sussex one in the fat valley. And think once more—that every spear of grass in England she has touched with a livelier green, that she has burnished the crest of every bird, that every old wall in the country has received her mossy and licheny attentions, that every moist nook in every forest she has sown with pale sweet-smelling flowers, and that every marsh she has dashed with the fires of the marigold. Welcome, therefore, to May! the artist, the adorner of waste places, the "beautifier of the ruin." Welcome to the rustle of her green garments and the music of her cuckoo voice. Surely in this happy month the earth will hang above the moon a soft and emerald star.

Living in this quiet place, with no occupation and no personal or family cares, I can enjoy May to the full. What an amount of satisfaction there is before me in the thirty-one days and nights that make up the blissful season. I can wander in a "wise passiveness" through green lanes beneath over-arching boughs; I can lay myself down in the daisied field and watch through my grated fingers thetroops of summer clouds passing overhead; I can peep in beneath the bush and admire the cosy nest of the hedge-sparrow, with its five torquoise eggs. Through all these thirty-one days I can watch the play of light and shadow, the misty tract of rain, the sun gleaming on a field—then suddenly withdrawn, and no one can say that I do wrong or that I am spending my time unprofitably. Should any one hint such a thing I point to the lamb in the field, the lark in the air, the white wild flower blowing in the moist places in the woods, and consider that I have had the better of the argument. At all events, if I cannot convince my censor I have the satisfaction of knowing that he will never convince me. What is idleness and what is industry are things not very well yet understood by the world. A windmill twirling its arms all day is admirable only when there is corn to grind. Twirling its arms for the mere pleasure of twirling them, or for the sake of *looking* busy, does not deserve any rapturous pean of praise. The growing flower, the smooth stone gathering summer after summer its cheek of emerald moss, know the secret of a better industry. And any man walking through the month of May with a keen sense for scent, form, and colour, with a watchful observant eye, with

a kindly love for beast, and bird, and flowering plant, and with a reverent heart towards the Maker of all things, will find every leaf he plucks more wonderful than the "Arabian Nights," and the green glooms of the forest holier than cathedrals! Secrets will swarm on every bough, for him the thrush's song will be like the echo from some fore-gone existence. He and the clouds will understand each other, and there will be something to interest in the trembling of a grass spear, that, tiny as it is, is through all its quivering attended by its shadow. Is such an one a vagabond and vagrant, to be looked after by the local Bumble?

The man who sincerely loves Nature is infeoffted with an estate richer than many an earldom. Go where he may he partakes of Nature's generosity. To him the world is a perpetual feast. "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." That love is not embittered by envies, by backbitings, by hypocrisies, or the disgust of basenesses. Nature knows no touch of human weakness. And when the years pass on, and the blood runs colder, and imagination has become staid, and the heart has acquired localities and habits of affection, Nature wears a serener beauty, and becomes spiritualized by a more majestic repose. The summer is about to unroll herself before me in sunshine and flowers. I know there will be green fields, and rainbows in the sky, and evening smoke curling from cottage roofs, while the children are playing on the green, and all the sweet on-goings of pastoral life. I know that each of these things—measuring its value by the pleasure it creates—will be more valuable than the largest nugget ever produced from Australian mine. Moreover, by memory I can redouble these delights: yea, call back in a beauteous procession *all* the Mays that ever I knew, with not a flower's tint faded, and not a lark's song silenced. For it is the heritage of all the beautiful things of Nature to die into the eternity of memory. Do you wonder, then, that I rejoice when I detect the first primrose on the grassy bank forth peeping to the sun? or pause in my walk, "all ear," when the voice of cuckoo seems to start on me from out the universal air, although I know quite well that it comes from the knot of trees yonder on the hill-side, around whose bare boughs there is already gathering a tender emerald light?

And yet, once more, I confess to feel happier in summer than in winter. This does not arise from the increase of light and heat, or the freshened beauty of the world—at all events, it does not arise from these things alone. Browning, in one of his wonderful lyrics, makes a little girl sing—

> "The sun is in heaven,
> All's right with the world."

The very essence of the matter is touched in that couplet. Winter, with its storms of wind and storms of snow, its frosts, and every variety of inclemency oppresses me with a sense of jarring and disturbance, of iron law trampling down human comfort and human life—

primal curse, in fact. Winter is l
summer, all is different. One lives unc a mu
ather, surrounded by sweeter sights and s,
ds darker thoughts at bay. I know quite v
ne will not do to be critically looked at ; l
given to an old man, who has led a so y and
nposition the organ of hope—to speak as a
ccountably omitted. You may laugh at
be so ill-natured ; I don't care —"Sum in,"
Saxons sung.

A. S.

VIII.

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF EDMOND MALONE.

RISTS who wish to visit the family seat of the Malones will find it Kilbixy, in Westmeath, just half-way between Mullingar and geworth Town, at the distance of some seven or eight miles n either. Kilbixy itself is now only a name, but once it was a town, which no vestige remains, save a relic of an old castle, called the gage Castle, and forty acres of land adjoining it, called the gage land. At one time a town stood here, governed by twelve gesses, scarlet-gowned, and a mayor or sovereign, be-chained be-furred in token of office. Now, alas !

"Jam seges est ubi Troja fuit."

complete is the demolition of all that ever spoke of human habi-on that it is hard to believe in the actual existence of a town, re now nothing but green sward and fine timber appear. We aim with Florus :—

——— "Laborat,
Annalium fides, ut Veios fuisse credamus."

oming up from Mullingar, we at length reach the wall of Baron- demesne on our right, occupying the site of the quondam ugh, and on the left the dwarf wall which encloses the glebe of parochial clergyman. A considerable lawn conducts to the good- l manse, where a genial hospitality meets the traveller. The e land, with its premises, occupies the angle between the Mul-ar and Ballinacargy roads, and directly faces the gate of the one demesne, the trees that wave their green foliage round the gyman's home, themselves whispering reminiscences of the poet student—for Edmond Malone is said to have superintended r planting.

An imposing entrance-gate, with wickets, faces the road to Ballinacargy, and leads into the beautiful and extensive demesne of Barouston, containing six or seven hundred acres. A handsome cut stone lodge occupies the right-hand within; the road in front leads up to the house; but that to the left conducts to the church and burial-place picturesquely seated on a rising ground in the demesne. With its lofty tower and fine site the church forms an imposing object, and grows in beauty and interest as we advance. When within a few yards of its entrance, which is in the front of its town, we pass the magnificent family mausoleum within which reposes the dust of the "Commentator" of Shakspeare. Entering the church by the tower, we soon find ourselves passing from the vestibule into the nave, and observe an interior at once extremely neat, and very peculiar in its arrangements. The area may be considered almost clear of seats—inasmuch as the only pews in the church are longitudinal ones—which run in a double series along the sides. A vacant floor is something so very unusual in our Protestant churches that it forms one of the distinguishing features of Kilbixy Church. So original is the apartment—for such it seems—fine in proportion, and ornamental in details, that it resembles much more a prayer hall in the mansion, or a domestic chapel, than a commodious parish church. The ceiling is coved, rather flatly, and decorated with stucco relief and floral work. The pulpit and reading-desk on different sides of the communion-table rest against the end wall, and consist of extremely pretty corresponding stalls, raised four or five steps from the floor, and have each an oaken roof supported by pillars.

The chancel recedes from the end wall, and is finished by a gothic window of three lights, of stained glass, finished above with a painted dove, and worshipping cherubim. A fine organ fills the centre of the gallery over the entrance, while the handsome pews of the Sunderlin and Taite families occupy the right and left spaces of the gallery. The church, externally, is a superior specimen of floriated gothic, and is, taken altogether, one of the prettiest we have ever seen. A ministry of zeal and truth puts the top-stone upon its merits.

As our visit, however, to this region was renewed for the purpose of fixing our knowledge of the relics of Malone, we made it a point to penetrate the mausoleum, and make ourselves, as far as allowable, familiar with the resting-place of the illustrious dead. This remarkable place of interment consists of a handsome temple over a deep vault, within which repose the remains of three members of the family. Its external aspect is that of a rectangular building—a cube standing on an elevation of two steps, and surmounted by a small pyramidal roof, of cut stone—a singular object, and attractive at once from its style, its proportions, and its site on a hill side. The mausoleum, itself, is about twenty feet square, has its massive folding-doors guarded by two handsome stone columns, and contains a well-proportioned chamber, with vaulted roof of stone, of some sixteen feet square. On the three sides not occupied by the door as many

sarcophagi of polished grey marble stand, reposing on a ledge about two feet high, which runs round the interior of the chamber. That on the right is in commemoration of Edmond Malone, and is surmounted by a very large slab of white marble attached to the wall, containing the following Latin inscription by Dr. Beirnie, then Bishop of Meath:—

AVITAM FAMAM ÆMULANS,
STUDIO JURIS
JUVENIS, ADHÆRENS OPERAM
NAVAVIT,
POSTEA ILLECEBRIS MUSARUM,
AMENIORUM CAPTUS
REI CRITICÆ,
VIM MENTIS ACERRIMAM
PRÆBUIT.
ARCHAIOLOGIÆ SCRUTATOR
PERITISSIMUS, DRAMATA
SHAKSPERIANA NUNQUAM
INTERITURA, OBSCURATA DIU,
LUMINE LONGE DIFFUSO
ILLUSTRAVIT.
MULTIPLEX ERUDITIO,
ET PRO RE NATA PROMPTA,
SEMPER ET PARATA,
PAR MODESTIA.
ANIMUS MITIS ET IDEM FORTIS,
JAM EXPERS ODIORUM
QUAM IN AMICITIA
FIDELIS.
IN COLLOQUIO ET SODALITIIS
SUMMA AMENITAS,
RELIGIONIS CULTOR PIUS,
FERVIDUS INCONCUSSUS,
CARUS SODALIBUS,
FRATRI ET SORORIBUS
CARISSIMUS, OBIIT.

A patch of ruin, ivy-crowned, stands in the church-yard, and on our inquiring what it might have been, an humble informant replied:—

"There was long ago in Ireland, your reverence, a disaise prevalent; almost every one had it, and it was so bad that they had to build

hospitals for it in every parish—it took the people as natural as love or the maisles."

"What was it called?" asked we, somewhat impatiently.

"The leprosy, your honour, it was called."

So we ascertained that this was one of the old leper-houses, which were never very common in Ireland, and certainly were not in every parish. But common persons are fond of dealing in wonders. With them exaggeration is essential to effect—a wonder is nothing, except it is *very* wonderful. The *hundreds*, of educated persons invariably become *thousands* in the lips of the ignorant, and that without any false design.

"And does your reverence observe those two hawthorn trees down below there?" pointing to two thorn bushes standing a hundred yards off—"St. Bridget's well was once there.' Tis, I remimber, fifty good year agone whin there was a paved road to that well, and the pilgrims going down it on their bare knees to the blessed spring. But that's all over now."

"How is that? what put an end to it?"

"Wedgewood," was the reply.

"And when did the leper-house become a ruin?"

"At the Reformation of Religion, I suppose."

"But what made leprosy cease at the Reformation?"

"Wedgewood," was still the reply.

Our sententious informant was a Protestant, so we said, "Pray, be so good as to explain what you mean by saying *Wedgewood* put an end to these things?"

"Why, sir, you see the Romans prac-*tise* an oncleanly religion; and the leprosy was an oncleanly disaise; and they used to come here for the benefit of the water. But when Wedgewood gave us all joogs of water in our houses, our skins became clainer, and there was no need to go to the well. It was a beautiful spring wonst, and brought a dale of money to the *boccaghs* and priests, for they used to boast of many cures at it, but they say the divvel was so mad when the people began to wash at home instead of there, that he worked hard one long summer's night, and filled the well up with clay he brought from the hill of Frewan, bringing only the fill of his snuff-box ache time. Myself doesn't believe that part of the story —I believe that *Wedgewood* had more to do with it than the ould gintleman."

"No doubt; the country-people's stories and beliefs about such things are grossly superstitious and absurd, and in their assumption of almost everything to Satan, profane as well as foolish. You should not countenance them, or repeat them."

"'Tis true for you, your reverence; you speak like a book. I only thought you'd like to know what the people say."

"Their superstitions reflect little credit on those who have had their instruction for so many centuries. They shut up the simple page of the Bible from the peasantry, and open to them the bound-

less repository of fable and legend. It is pitiful and sadly wrong. Good morning; I am now going up to the House."

The main avenue from the entrance-gate of Baronston leads up to the front of the mansion—that on the right side forms a delicious walk of a mile in length, leading past the garden, or inner front, to the pretty lake, Lough Eighegherne, pronounced IERN. The front of the house exhibits a handsome building of cut stone, of imposing elevation, three stories high, approached by half-a-dozen steps, and flanked by large projecting wings. The front extends to a length of eight windows, a kind of ready measurement we prefer to that of so many feet and inches, for it presents at once a picture to the eye of the reader, which the more mathematical measure fails to do so well. Within, the entrance hall is of noble proportions, and with its supporting columns, magnificent black marble fire-place, and crowning bust in white marble of Chancellor Malone, forms a *tout ensemble*, that conveys a pleasing prepossession of the noble interior. Beneath the bust, we may add, stands in gilt letters, the following appropriate tribute, taken from Cicero:—

In Scauri oratione,
Sapientis hominis et recti,
Gravitas summa, et naturalis quædam inerat
auctoritas,
Non ut causam, sed ut
Testimonium
Dicere putares, cum pro reo diceret.
M. T. CICERO, Declam. Orat.

The well-proportioned drawing-room has a white marble chimney-piece, the curiosity of which is, that it is carved like folds of drapery throughout, and is curved and looped and knotted up in the fashion of curtains. Several pictures adorn the room, an intelligent and pleasing portrait of Lord Sunderlin being one of the most attractive. The walls of the dining-room are covered with a series of plaster medallions of considerable size, of classic design, such as Cupid surprised asleep; Cupid disarmed; Apollo in his Car; Aurora in the Chariot of the Hours, and others. The library is a pleasant apartment; but one of the most noticeable features of the house is the long corridor which connects the whole garden front with its light and pretty wings, upwards of three hundred feet long, each end terminating in a capacious and elegant apartment, called the green-room from its prevailing colour. On one of these, a handsome conservatory, with choice flowers and plants, opens; the corresponding one on the opposite side is devoted to business. Our readers will not question the practicalness of the use to which it is applied when we report a motto or two which appeal, from over the chimney-piece, to the good-sense and forbearance of visitors:—

CREDIT IS DEAD:
BAD PAY
HAS MURDERED HIM.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

WHEN YOU HAVE DONE YOUR
BUSINESS,
GO ABOUT YOUR
BUSINESS,
AND LEAVE OTHERS TO DO THEIR
BUSINESS.

We are glad to report anything savouring so much of the wisdom of this world, as these pithy mementoes do, for the credit of our crackbrained countrymen. Such "proverbial philosophy" were worthy of a Quaker origin, and it probably owes its paternity to the business-like and sagacious body of Friends.

Take the whole house and demesne together, sustained moreover as they are by competent properties scattered over some four or five counties, although much of the property has spread its fertilizing waters—a lavish Nile—over the barren wastes of lawyerdom during the last twenty years. Baronston must be allowed by even an exacting observer to be a residence in every way worthy of a wealthy Irish peer. It is now the residence of a venerable lady, cousin of the deceased author, who, though of the age of ninety-six, enjoys every faculty, and can occupy the family-seat in the parish church for Lord's-day services.

Edmond Malone,* the Commentator of Shakespeare, was born in 1741, in the city of Dublin; his father and three paternal uncles being lawyers of great repute; his own father becoming a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and three of the brothers holding seats in the Irish parliament. The family is ancient, respectable, and wealthy. They first loom upon our sight in the time of Queen Elizabeth, about the middle of the sixteenth century, possessed of a good property near the Shannon, and contracting marriages with the best families of the neighbouring counties. Of the Baronston branch we need go no farther back than to Richard Malone, who was himself a justly celebrated lawyer, and father to Anthony, Edmond, Richard, and John—all, like himself, members of the bar. This Richard, the grandfather of the Commentator, was the purchaser of

* "Life of Edmond Malone, Editor of Shakespeare, with Selections from his Manuscript Anecdotes." By Sir James Prior, M.R.I.A., F.S.A., &c. With a portrait. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1860.

the Baronston estate: and to his second son, Edmond, was born a second son, Edmond, our hero.

But before we give in detail a notice of the Commentator's uneventful life, it may add zest, from sheer contrast, to present a rustic labourer's idea of what that life must have been. Our communicant was a country shoemaker—those said shoemakers being like Moses, on Longinus' testimony, no ordinary men; from him who emerged into a statuary critic, and drew down the indignant artist's rebuke, "*stick to your last*," to Gifford and Carey of modern days, who ascertained mathematics and Sanscrit to be mere child's play for the sutorial mind.

Cobblers are, in sooth, a shrewd race of mechanics; we never met with one who was not above the average of men of his rank in information, and our casual acquaintance, the radical cobbler of Kilbixy, was no discredit in this respect to his tribe. There was the simplicity of rural life mixed with the ready apprehension of good natural faculties, and with scraps of intelligence picked up from one and another who had popped in at his stall, which made his conversation racy and amusing.

"Of course you are aware what brings us to this out-of-the-way place," said we, opening our fire upon the enemy.

"Shakspeare Malone, no doubt," replied the plier of the lapstone: "they all seem to come for him."

"Do many persons visit his tomb?"

"Och, a power," says he; "a sight more in the year than ever I put in stitches into upper leathers the longest day in summer, an' that's the twenty-first of June."

"I did not think his fame was so extensive as that," said we.

"As for the matter of that," said he, "I don't wonder that he was well known, for sure he came of a good owld anntient stock—one of the best families of Ireland; and thin, when you think what a public life he led, he could not help being well known."

"I know," said I, "that he was a very respectable gentleman, and must have had a good many acquaintances in his time; but I always thought his life a very secluded one."

"Arrah, thin, your honour, how could it be that, an' he trumpetin' at the fair? Sure, his face must have been known all over England—not to say sweet Hibernia—from the Land's End to the Cove of Cork!"

The geography of our friend did not appear so precise as his waxed-end, nor his facts so solid as his lapstone, if what we gained an inkling of from his last speech should prove true; but we set ourselves to ferret out his meaning without giving him offence.

"But I fancy," rejoined I, "that he was a very quiet personage, and that he was no great traveller after all; fairs, I should think, the very last places where he would be likely to be found."

"Ah! but if he *lived* by them you would not wonder at his being at them. Would you, your honour? An' why else should he be called Shakspeare Malone, tell me that?"

"As for that," said we, "he might get the name from any association of his life with the works of Shakspeare."

"Musha, then, your honour, you know little about it. Sure, Shakspeare was a great play-actor, as I've heerd, and Mr. Malone was a great actor, too—a great merry-andrew, as we may say."

"That's certainly an original idea of yours, Mr. O'Brallaghan," said we; "I know that Mr. Malone was familiar with plays, but not that he was with the playhouse."

"By de hammer I hold in my hand, thin, there can be no doubt about it at all at all; for ye see, sir, a very 'cute gintleman that came here once upon a time, when I axed him why they called the great man *Shakspeare*, when I knew that his own baptism name was *Edmond*, sudjisted that he was a great play-actor, like the Swan of Avvon, as he called him, and could sing a good song whin he liked. And I inferred from that, for I was always apt at putting things together—my mind being given to vamping as well as my fingers—that he must have been as like as two pays to the strollers in Mullingar green, that I've been in the habit of seein' every Lammas fair, since I was the hoighth of that." Here Mr. O'Brallaghan made a sign with his palm horizontally of about two feet from the ground.

Anxious to develope the vamped-up idea of my rural customer, I proceeded —"But what used they to do at Mullingar green?"

"Arrah! your honour, what would they do but put a trumpet or a whistle to their lips, and go *toodle-toodle-too!*"

"And this is what Mr. Shakspeare Malone used to do?" asked we.

"'Tis as true for ye, sir, as there's wax in that water," pointing to the floating balls in a trough nigh at hand. "I nivver saw the play-actors do anything else, and sure that's just what Mr. Malone must have done likewise."

"You surely don't think Mr. Malone played *toodle-toodle-too* at the fair?"

"Agh, why shouldn't he; it's not every one can play *toodle-too*; I tried it once myself, and I only made a sound between a screech and a groan, that would make an oyster say-sick or a pickerel jump out of its skin. Perhaps Mr. Malone was cliverer than me, and was able to do it; and if he did it, small credit to him for that same. What did he get a collidge eddication for, if it wouldn't make him play *toodle-toodle-toodle-too!*"

Shades of Sophocles, Shakspeare, and Malone—play-writer, play-actor, and commentator—the whole function of all three reduced to the mummer, the stroller's van, and *toodle-toodle-too!* We are ashamed to confess that the inference of our Crispin, who was good at "putting things together," struck us as so incongruous and droll that we exploded into an uncontrollable burst of laughter. Nor did it cease with explosion number one; for directly we became aware of the most distant thought of *toodle-toodle-too* set us off again, and our frame was fairly convulsed, and our good manners put to the blush lest Mr. O'Brallaghan might accuse us of incivility. But he, honest and simple fellow that he was, and true Paddy in his sympathy with

fun, joined in the laughter for sheer company's sake, and seemed to enjoy it as much as ourselves, till the tears ran from his eyes, although he was evidently bewildered as to the provoking cause. Nevertheless, a laugh's a laugh, and too good a thing to be despised at any time; it expands the midriff, spurs a sleepy nature, comforts the members, cures infirmity, is the death of diseases, and not only dispels melancholy, but destroys many mischiefs and vices. A merry man is rarely a vicious man. Your Falstaff is not dangerous to the State—it is the men of downcast eye and sober jowl—men of the lean and hungry look that live upon the excogitation of—

"Treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

"You seem to hold the merry-andrews in some kind of respect, since you ascribe a similarity of possible occupation to Mr. Malone," suggested we, recovering ourselves from our cachinnatory attack.

"And why shouldn't I, your honour? I' faix, I've heerd more wit and wisdom from a merry-andrew in half-an-hour than I ever was trayted to by a rale lord in my whole life. Sure, the most part of them, your honour, thinks of nothing but pleasure, and is only fit for follying a fox or casting the dice at a gaming-table."

"I don't know that, Mr. O'Brallaghan; there are lords and lords men: some are of the kind you speak of, but others are wise and good men who govern the country at the expense of great care and pains to themselves—of many an anxious home and many a sleepless night—and are the best friends of the Crown and the people."

"Perhaps 'tis so, sir. I would not misdoubt your word; but most of those we see have no great wisdom. All the common sense that many of them has would not cover the point of my bradawl, and that you know 'has neither length, breadth, nor thickness,' as one Euclid has it. I delight myself scratching problems of Euclid on a scrap of leather with my awl sometimes, and I begin to think I'm as wise as any lord of the whole lot when I succeed in making them out; but Mr. Merryman beats us all. I'll tell you what I heerd him say once—he called it the three wonders:—

"'I wonder,' says he, 'that min take the trouble to kill one another in battle, for they're all sure to die if they will only wait a while.'

"'And I wonder,' says he, 'that people shake apples off a tree, for they are sure to fall to the ground if let alone.'

"'And I wonder,' says he, 'that the gintlemen ask the ladies to marry, for if they would only hould their tongues the ladies would be certain to come round, and ax them theirselves.'

"Now, that I take to be sharp and clear beyond anything a lord ever composed in his life."

"Sharp and amusing enough in its way, Mr. O'Brallaghan, but many noblemen can do much better than that."

"But nivver a one of them, I think, could earn his own bread; no, nor ever a gintleman studient of them all. It's well they were born with a silver spoon in their mouths, or I doubt they'd never

[illegible]

[illegible]

"'Tis true, your honour, I do not envy, and I will try [illegible] But all the great [illegible] I ever saw [illegible] servants to do every [illegible] fingers as [illegible] I'd get rich [illegible] your honour [illegible] (they were two brothers, your honour?) When I [illegible] on my bench, stitching, and hammering, and pulling away [illegible] croon it over to myself, an' it's as good as a smoke, an' far [illegible] a glass of whisky, for it cheers my heart, and leaves me as [illegible] a daisy:

> Willie and Jonathan came to town together,
> Willie stuck to learning, and Jonathan to leather;
> While Jonnie in the cellar like any bog grew fat,
> Poor Willie in the garret was as lean as a starv'd rat.
> With his learning Latin, Greek, and Syntax, Prosody, [illegible]
> With his learning Latin, Greek, and Syntax, Prosody, [illegible]
>
> * * * * *
>
> So sing Leather, Lapstone, Hammer, Nippers, Pegging Awl [illegible]
> [illegible]
> So sing Leather, Lapstone, Hammer, Nippers, Pegging Awl [illegible]
> [illegible]

"There [illegible] as true as the British Constitution [illegible] hold to be as true as the Gospel."

"The British Constitution is not perfect, Mr. O'Brien [illegible]

"[illegible]

"Thank you for your good wishes, Mr. O'Brallaghan; we wish ou a good day, and shall not forget your civility, and *Tootle-tootle-oo* in a hurry. Good-bye." And we laughed ourselves out of the musing fellow's presence, only to indulge in the relief of a hearty *clat de rire* when we were once more in the open air. Shakspeare Malone, the quiet, plodding, studious gentleman, a mountebank at a air, and any one on this broad earth simple enough to believe it! It as worth visiting Baronston, if only to see such a phenomenon.

In direct and diametrical contrast to this market-place celebrity, nd noisy, glarey, vulgar fame, was the course of Mr. Malone: in rinity College a promising and careful scholar, and in the Inner emple, London, a diligent Chancery student. In 1767 he was called o the Irish bar when he was twenty-six, but we have glimpses into is heart before this, that literature and not Themis was the lady of is affections. In politics he never took a prominent part, nevertheess like most half our plagued lawyers, he found occupation for his en in an occasional squib; in one of which, with grave irony, he eplores the improvidence of the Irish poor, who devour eggs by illions, which if allowed to become hens, would be of twenty times he value. In the year of his father's—the judge's—death, 1774, he as candidate for the representation of Trinity College, on liberal rinciples, and addressed the electors in a speech, the heads of which ill survive.

But from this stir and tumult of public life, he betakes himself to is beloved leisure with the Muses, and edits Goldsmith's works with is characteristic accuracy in 1776. As his father had left him in more han easy circumstances, whereby the necessity of following a rofession was obviated, he even contemplated the entire renunciation of the bar and of Ireland together; for the dear delights f London society, authors, letters, and libraries, to a man of Malone's taste, constituted the *summum bonum* of bliss. This purpose e accomplished in the year 1777. Long before this, literature, and specially dramatic literature, had secured his devoted attention, and ooks and their makers had for years superseded, in his regard, the wig and gown. His chief acquaintance in the Irish metropolis had een not the most distinguished lawyers or politicians, but the book-worm and the antiquarian. Amongst his leading friends was that atriotic and accomplished Lord Charlemont, whose countenance nt a charm to literature, and whose political wisdom and prudence rnished that drag-chain so necessary in 1782, which kept the Irish olunteers from running over their leaders, the timely moderation of hose chief made their movement a success. Dennis Daly, member or the county of Galway, also bore a strong attachment to Malone; nd men of the stamp of these two were his chosen and intimate riends—persons who cheered him with their sympathy, and agreed ith him in their tastes. His English circle soon became numerous, fter the transfer of his household goods to London—Dr. Johnson, teevens, Tyrwhitt, Lort, the two Wartons, Isaac Reed, Dr. Farmer, ranckIin of Cambridge, Burney, and Horace Walpole, Sir Joshua

Reynolds, Percy, Bishop of Dromore, with many others. Dear golden Goldy he had known at an earlier period. And we cannot but commend the choice of his abode, if Malone intended to be, what he proved afterwards, a man of letters exclusively. There is a largeness about London intellectually, politically, and socially, which the heart of a great empire alone can show. All other spots must be more or less provincial in pursuits, habits, and preferences. Malone would have been still Malone had he lived always in Ireland, as ingenious, as industrious, as he always proved, but life would not have passed so pleasantly, nor would Shakspeare have been annotated half so well. With ample means for a bachelor and student's housekeeping, some £1,500 a year derived from landed property, he could command, and did, every advantage for the pursuit of his studies. He was able to meet the celebrities of the metropolis on equal ground, to reciprocate their civilities, and enjoy their society.

Malone's labours on the works of Shakspeare were based upon a conviction that much still remained to be done for their elucidation —topics, in fact, wholly untouched, or scarcely touched, still open to the ingenious inquirer. The chronology of his plays, for instance, the stories on which they were grounded, the history of the stage during Shakpeare's occupation of it, the poetry and dramas of other writers of the time, the incidents of their lives, their successes and discouragements, might well be expected to throw light on the principal figure; and this was a vein that had hardly been broached by previous labourers on the bard. Warburton, Theobald, Steevens, Johnson, had all recently published texts and comments on the common theme; but to the gleaner, nevertheless, they left a still abundant harvest to reward his toil. And Malone was not a person who would omit any effort essential to do justice to his subject. Hence in the field of Shaksperian research no publication of the age of Elizabeth, her predecessors or successors, in the form of poem, drama, pamphlet, or miscellaneous tract was omitted. Manuscripts, whenever found, were carefully consulted; no expense or application was spared in order to exhume truth and fact from the graveyards of time. Collectors, antiquaries, and college men, whose lives had been spent in storing their shelves or their memories with knowledge of the past, were solicited to disburse such acquisitions as could be turned to the commentator's account. And not without result did he expend such industry on his work. In two years, accordingly, in 1780, appeared two volumes, each of more than 700 pages, entitled, "*A Supplement to the Edition of Shakspeare's Plays by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens.*" This publication was well received, as it deserved.

Chatterton's fabrication could not stand before investigation so thorough as his; hence we find Malone's success fully demolishing that ingenious youth's superstructure with the sledge-hammer of his criticism, contained in a pamphlet called, "*Cursory Observations on the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley, a Priest of the Fifteenth Century.*" This controversy possessed for the reading public at the

close of the last century much of the interest which the Collier forgeries of Shakspearian documents possess for readers of the present day. On one side were arrayed Dean Milles, Jacob Bryant, Green, Dampier, Hickford, Rev. J. Fell; on the other, our hero, Thomas Warton, Tyrwhitt, Steevens, Pinkerton, Chalmers, and many besides. Malone was a great collector as well as a diligent investigator; hence he made an assemblage of all that was written upon the subject, and had these publications bound together and lettered for convenience of reference. This unique set of books was unfortunately sold in 1811.

A faithful friend, and influential with theatrical managers, he helped several plays of his friend, Robert Jephson, on the stage—such as *The Count of Narbonne*, *Julia*, and *The Conspiracy*. Jephson published other plays—*Bragonza*, *The Law of Lombardy*—and ever felt the kindness of Malone, who spared no pains to serve him.

In 1782 our author was elected into the Literary Club, which Goldy and Johnson ennobled—but poor Goldy had long passed away. From this period and event more than civilities pass between the colossus of literature and Edmond Malone. Johnson compliments "the elegant hospitality" of his Irish friend, and Bozzy adds of him, that "the more he is known he is the more highly valued." Ursa Major warmed to the gentle genial soul of the unobtrusive scholar, and on one occasion, when Malone called at Bolt-court, and found the doctor indisposed, he rose to retire, believing him to be in too great pain to converse, but Johnson said: "Pray, sir, be seated. I cannot talk, but I like to see you there."

The acquaintance with Johnson seems to have led Malone into a kind of budding Boswellism, for he took to recording the sayings and doings of his literary friends. As for instance, under date 1783, "Dr. Johnson is as correct and elegant in his common conversation as in his writings. He never seems to study either for thoughts or words; and is on all occasions so fluent, so well informed, so accurate and even eloquent, that I never left his company without regret. Sir Josh. Reynolds told me that from his first outset in life, he had always had his character: and by what means he had attained it. He told him he had early laid it down, as a fixed rule, always to do his best, *on every occasion*, and *in every company*, to impart whatever he knew in the best language he could put it in; and that by constant practice, and never suffering any careless expression to escape him, or attempting to deliver his thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner he could, it was now become habitual to him.

"I have observed in my various visits to him, that he never relaxes in this respect. When first introduced I was very young; yet he was as accurate in his conversation as if he had been talking to the first scholar in England. I have always found him very communicative; ready to give his opinion on any subject that was mentioned. He seldom, however, starts a subject himself; but it is very easy to lead him into one."

Toward the latter part of the year 1783, was commenced the main

business of Malone's life—his magnum opus, the edition of Shakspeare. His long course of preliminary training pointed to this as the natural result of the thought and research devoted to the study of the poet and his age. Much obscurity rested upon the subject of Shakspeare and his times, which a steady persevering advance into the mists of antiquity alone could remove. Each topic touched upon naturally led to another, so that the enterprise grew in extent as it approached. Antiquarian reading became a daily duty, but zeal made it a labour of love. No sportsman ever followed the chase with more spirit than Malone did black-letter authorities. He particularly dreaded being misled by careless predecessors. In the true spirit of such as write for the future, no second-hand statements satisfied him where original authorities were known to exist. The labour thus incurred became extreme. He travelled from library to repository; from private papers to public records; from universities to the British Museum and Stationers' Hall, in order to be exact. His heart yearned to the theme. The subject of inquiry might in a thousand cases be unimportant, but it was always important to be correct. Malone was evidently cut out for the work, and the work for him. Meanwhile, he published "*A Second Appendix to Mr. Malone's Supplement to the Last Edition of the Plays of Shakspeare.*" His acquaintance with Horace Walpole during this period of labour, brings out the following anecdote of Sir Robert from his gossiping son, which is too good not to extract:—

"In the height of Pulteney's opposition, an old gentleman had constantly voted with the minister, and often attended his levee; but never asked him for any favour. Sir Robert, who was plagued with daily solicitations, felt some surprise at this, and at length observed to him that he was much obliged by his support, and should be happy to know how he could serve him. The other replied that he wanted nothing. Sir Robert, who believed that every man acted from interested motives, exclaimed, 'How then, my dear sir, comes it to pass that I am honoured with your support?' 'Why, I'll tell you,' said the old gentleman, 'I have lived a great deal in foreign countries, where an arbitrary government prevails. I hold such a government to be the best that ever was devised; and all your measures appear to me admirably well calculated to render this government arbitrary, and the King at the head of it despotic. On this principle, as long as ever you continue minister, you may rely on my voice.'"

"Toward the end of 1790, appeared "The Plays and Poems of William Shakspeare," in ten volumes, by Edmond Malone—the best and fullest edition of the Bard of Avon which had yet appeared, full of research, learning, and critical sagacity, leaving a deep conviction on the reader's mind that if accuracy were attainable, the Editor had exerted every means within his reach to attain it. All England bestowed its warm approval upon the completed work, and chiefly the most devoted Shakspearians. It is pleasant to find Edmund Burke owning, amid domestic cares and engrossing politics,

"Though I have had many little arrangements to make, both of a public and private nature, my occupations were not able to override my curiosity, nor to prevent me going through almost the whole of your able, exact, and interesting history of the stage." So Boswell, the politician, said at the club, "I shall now read all 'Shakspeare' through in a very different manner from what I have yet done, when I have got such a commentator." Ritson, indeed, published his "Cursory Criticisms," and perhaps others; but Malone, in his reply, completely crushed the former, by showing that the lines of Shakspeare collected by himself were nearly *one hundred thousand;* that in these Ritson alleged only *thirteen* errors, and as *five* of these were Ritson's own mistakes, the number of allowed errors, if allowed, was reduced to *eight.* So enormous a tax on industry has rarely secured such accurate results.

After the Shakspeare was published, Malone relaxed a little by running over to Ireland, visiting Oxford for research, and by attendance at his club. Unfortunately, the condition of his eye-sight, from continuous and minute annotation and study, was such as to render rest imperative. From one of the club-meetings, he brings back an anecdote of Bishop Burnet, on the authority of Bishop Douglas, his informant:—

"Burnet was extremely passionate and violent in resentments. He piqued himself on preaching without book. Some of his sermons, however, are in print. At one of his visitations, when the name of a very old clergyman was called over (of whom a private complaint had been made that the parish could not endure him, he gave such bad sermons), he gravely chided the poor parson. 'I am told, Mr. ——, that your parish is very well satisfied with you in many respects, but they are much discontented with your sermons. Now, there is no excuse for this; for instead of preaching extempore, as I am told you sometimes do, or giving them your own compositions, you have only to preach good printed sermons, and they will have no cause of complaint.' 'May it please your lordship,' replied the clergyman, 'you are wholly misinformed. I have been long in the habit of preaching printed sermons, and those I have preferred are your lordship's!'"

Rogers, the poet of the "Pleasures of Memory," charges Malone with black-balling him, when proposed as a candidate for the club. It is most likely untrue; but, if true, was owing to Rogers's obnoxious political opinions. Rogers's claims at that day, at any day, must have been small indeed for admission to that coterie of literary men, if the fruit of his hoarded store of intercourse with all the intellectual men for upwards of half a century, is that smallest of all collections of "Ana," published since the banker-poet's death. Never was anything so disproportioned to the reputation of the man as a wit and professed *Diseur des mots.*

As in the case of the Chatterton forgeries, so in that of the Ireland fraud, Malone was naturally looked to to furnish detection and award the sentence. The mode chosen by him was that of a letter to

Lord Charlemont, "*An Inquiry into the Authenticity of Certain Papers Attributed to Shakspeare.*" It formed a volume of 400 pages. Nothing can be more complete than the exposure. Not a point is neglected—not one remains doubtful. Not the least compliment paid the author was that of his jealous rival-editor, Steevens, who thanks him for his "elegant present, which exhibits one of the most decisive pieces of criticism that was ever produced." If Hamiltons and Maddens now-a-days are sorely abused for their services to the public in a case of kindred character, these gentlemen need not wonder, since Malone met with little gratitude from many of the dupes of the deception. Even after critical proof, and the open confession of the forger no longer left a peg to hang a doubt upon, pamphlets appeared dealing freely with Mr. Malone's critical pretensions, and endeavouring to prove that the documents ought to have been genuine, although unhappily they were not.

In 1797, during a run down to Brighton, for relaxation, we get a glimpse of his life and opinions, in a letter to his sister Catherine:—

"I dined one day with the Prince of Wales (not at his own house), and had a great deal of talk with him. But this is an old story, as you have probably heard it all from Dick (Lord Sunderlin). His simple object is the payment of his debts; and, as Pitt will not do that, he has thrown himself upon Fox. . . . Yet the latter and his party are not very willing to have anything to do with him. He retailed all the common cant about the grievances of the Irish Catholics with sufficient dexterity and address. But I did not let them pass, and fairly told him that they were merely imaginary, and that the people were worked up into discontent and clamour about grievances by wicked and artful men for factious purposes. I shall be, therefore, certainly no favourite at Carlton House.

"I was two or three times at the Rooms, but I can scarcely see anything in large lighted apartments. It is surprising how little beauty or attraction there is in the world, at least to a prepossessed mind."

In 1799, a letter remains conveying George Canning's request that Malone will take the chair at the Club, as his substitute on a particular occasion, should he himself find it impossible to attend.

In the spring of 1800 came out in four volumes, "*The Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works of John Dryden: with an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author,*" marked by the same studious diligence of investigation that he ever showed in his literary tasks. No source of information was left untried. Still literary men agree that none but Malone could have accomplished so much. To his pages those must turn who want accurate information upon the works and life of Dryden, although much may still remain requiring elucidation. Bell's new life of the poet in part supplies the want, but even now there is much left to desiderate respecting the fortunes and inner life of "glorious John."

In 1802 we find Malone dyspeptic and hypochondriacal—as well he might be—an incessant toiler over books at sixty-one. Disap-

ient added its stings to ill health, for he had hoped for some
ıment sinecure about this time, which political changes placed
his grasp. The old gentleman had love besides to plague
or he hoped to marry till the very last, though he died a
or. He was a person of strong affections, and had had the
of an exclusive attachment in a violent form two or three
n the course of his life. Writing, at the mature age of fifty-
his sister Kate, he says, "How therefore should I ever get a
or what ground have I to expect after all that has happened,
ay but a mere dowdy will accept my hand? Yet I still keep
ping that something may happen, and, unless it does, the new
e will be quite thrown away." This last was in allusion to the
rlin title, the patent of which included the provision, "with
ıder to his brother, Edmond Malone, Esq., of Shinglas." To
l, the kindly bachelor critic and editor, he lent his services,
g his solitude with study, as freely as to other literary men; his
, his stores of knowledge, his counsel, being at the disposal of
pplicant. Never was there student more liberal in the distri-
of his acquisitions; one had but to ask, in order to receive all
l Malone could render. He seemed incapable of the feeling of
y. His hand was open as day to melting charity. Pursuing
erary course and correspondence, we find him in later years
ind, and depressed in spirits, glad to lean upon the sympathy
ciety of the Rev. J. Jephson, incumbent of Kilbixy, near
ston, who came to London to be with him in his loneliness.
ent remonstrances were addressed to him by his friends, upon
due labours he continued to give to his eyes. Lord Charlemont,
affered from a severe infirmity, while Percy had gone quite
often remonstrated with him:—"Five hours a day employed in
ribing from obscure manuscripts! How in the name of wonder
ır eyes hold out?"

er publications and projects filled up his leisure, and passed
our author's time; amongst others, the superintendence of six
sive editions of Boswell's *Johnson*, down to the year 1811.
ınotated largely the books in his own library; he jotted
memoranda of his literary acquaintance; he frequented
sales; he corresponded freely with his friends. The pen was
out of his hands. He sought to improve all he had
hed, and so late as March, 1812, is profuse in acknow-
ent of the courtesy which procured for him copies of some of
n's letters. But by this time the destroyer had made such
s in his frame, that his prolonged existence was a matter
eks and days, rather than of months and years. His digestive
s were completely destroyed by the continued pressure on the

In consequence of a letter he wrote to Ireland on the 4th of
Lord Sunderlin and his sister Kate hurried over to Foley-place
the dying man resided, but only to witness his decease three
afterwards, on the 25th May, in the seventy-first year of his age.
ıs died at a good old age one of Ireland's most meritorious

sons—a man of real learning, of varied accomplishments, of unwearied industry, of suave disposition, and gentlemanly manners. Of his own free-will, he wrought harder with his pen than those who depend on it to earn their bread. Had he done less, he might have lived longer: but life prolonged at the expense of enforced idleness, would have been to Malone a protracted treadmill. A true worker, work was his element, and work his reward. Malone was a credit to his name and nation; and Sir James Prior has done well to perpetuate the recollection of his merits. Those who would revive and enlarge their acquaintance with the Boswellean circle, will do well to read the present Memoir, with its budget of anecdotes—an appropriate supplement to the biographer's previous labours on Goldsmith and Burke.

IX.

JOHN WYCLIFFE.*

In these sketches of the rise of the Reformation in England, and of the early history of Protestantism in France, Dr. Hanna exhibits a comprehensive grasp of his subject, intimate acquaintance with its details, a clear and pleasing style, and that spirit of impartiality so difficult to preserve when one is drawn within the vortex of ecclesiastical controversy. About half of his volume is devoted to the career of the great English reformer, who, a century and a half before Luther, and when the great sacerdotal system of Rome had attained its fullest strength, was the first to denounce, openly and boldly, the doctrines and claims of the papacy as unscriptural, unreasonable, and degrading to the human spirit, and to present in their stead the simple doctrines of the Redeemer, and the simple institute of the Church as set forth in Holy Writ. We propose to follow Dr. Hanna for a little in his sketch of this great and good man, the least egotistical and most faultless of all our reformers.

John Wycliffe was born in 1324, in the small parish of Wycliffe, situated on the banks of the Tees, in Yorkshire, a few miles above Rokeby, and about as many below Bernard Castle. His infancy is lost in obscurity, and of the character of his parents nothing is known. Not even an anecdote of his boyhood remains, and his life at Oxford, extending over a period of forty years, presents us with but one illustrative incident. The last six years of his life, from

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* "Wycliffe and the Huguenots." By the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. 1860.

fifty-four to sixty, spent at his rectory of Lutterworth—years of toil, in which multitudes of tracts, pamphlets, and treatises were poured forth by the indefatigable reformer—afford no trace of his private life or domestic habits. No personal allusions are to be found in his voluminous writings, and it would be difficult to point out another historical personage of equally high standing, of whose personal tastes and habits we know so little. We must be content to accept the public man, and dispense with the minor characteristics which bring him down to our own level, humanize him, and give him a stronger hold upon our hearts. We may safely infer, however, from this remarkable want of egotism in his writings, that Wycliffe was a singularly self-oblivious man, totally absorbed by, and intent upon, his work. His deeds prove him to have been animated by the warmest philanthropy, the purest patriotism, and most ardent piety; and, though for twenty-five years he lived in the stormy atmosphere of controversy, and lashed with unsparing severity the ambition, luxury, and worldliness of friars, prelates, and priests, he never stooped to personal abuse, nor became involved in a personal quarrel. There is not a trace of vindictive or malignant feeling even in his rudest assault. His was the vehemence of the roused conscience, rather than the resentment of offended passion, and herein he affords a striking contrast to Luther and Knox, who were occasionally betrayed into a virulence of abuse, and an offensive personality injurious to the great cause they so nobly supported.

Wycliffe was early destined for the church, and at sixteen years of age entered Queen's College, Oxford, as a commoner, where he remained for a year; and then, in 1341, joined Merton College, the most celebrated foundation in Oxford. During this century, the Universities of Paris, Bologna, and Oxford were in the height of their fame; and, at the time when Wycliffe entered Merton College, no fewer than 30,000 students were assembled at Oxford. Wycliffe speedily distinguished himself by the ardour and success with which he prosecuted his academical studies. He became a proficient, both in the canon and civil law, and so great an adept in the scholastic philosophy that one of the bitterest of his contemporary opponents acknowledges that "in philosophy he was second to none; in scholastic exercises, incomparable; struggling to excel all others in disputation, both in subtlety and depth." He appears to have been early impressed by the truths of Christianity, as set forth in the Scriptures, so that he was known among his fellow-collegians by the title of the Evangelical or Gospel Doctor. These early religious impressions were strengthened and confirmed by the ravages of the fearful pestilence of 1345, which, originally breaking out in the east, crept along the shores of the Mediterranean, desolated Greece, swept over Italy, crossed the Alps, and, in 1350, almost depopulated London, when 100,000 of the inhabitants perished. In 1300, after he had been for twenty years, first a scholar, and then a fellow of Merton College, Wycliffe received his first ecclesiastical preferment, the living of Freylingham, in the diocese of Lincoln; and at the

close of the same year, was chosen Master or Warden of Balliol College.

The payment of a thousand marks annually as tribute from the nation of England to which King John had unconstitutionally bound himself and his successors had, at this period, been discontinued for about thirty years. But in 1365, Edward III. received an unexpected communication from Pope Urban V., not only demanding a renewal of the payment, but also the discharge of the accumulated arrears. Edward III. laid the matter before his Parliament; and Wycliffe has reported to us the speeches of some of the great Barons on this important occasion. They opposed the Papal claims in the most distinct and unceremonious manner; the last speaker uttering these remarkable words pregnant with the germ of English liberty:—"I wonder that you do not at once lay your hand upon the entire illegality of the original transaction here. King John bound himself without legal consent of the kingdom. No golden seal of royalty, nor the seals of a few lords, whom the king coerced to join him, could supply the place of the national consent, or give validity to the deed. That deed, therefore, should be treated as a nullity." Ultimately, the three estates of the realm solemnly decided that "Inasmuch as neither King John, nor any other king could bring his realm and kingdom into such thraldom and subjection, but by common assent of Parliament, the which was not given; therefore, that which he did was against his oath at his coronation. If, therefore, the Pope should attempt anything against the king by process or other matters in deed, the king with all his subjects should, with all their force and power, resist the same." This noble assertion of national rights, and uncompromising defiance of papal usurpations, was conveyed to Rome, when Urban prudently withdrew his demands, and relinquished his claim to civil supremacy over the nation of England. Wycliffe came up from Oxford to be present at the meeting of this famous Parliament, and also on account of a controversy which had sprung up between the University of Oxford and the Mendicant Friars, in which he was deeply interested, and in which, for the remainder of his life, he was destined to take a prominent part, as the ablest opponent of the pretensions of those mendicant orders. Dr. Hanna gives an admirable account of the rise of these begging fraternities, founded in the earlier part of the thirteenth century, by St. Dominic and St. Francis. They were distinguished from the more ancient monastic orders by a fundamental rule that, neither individually nor collectively, could they hold any property, but should depend for their subsistence on the alms of the faithful. In another important particular, too, they differed. The older monastic orders, for the most part, were devoted to lives of retirement and seclusion from the world. It was not so with the Dominicans and Franciscans. Theirs was to be a career of active missionary itinerancy among the people. During the first twenty or thirty years of their existence, the mendicant orders, animated by the zeal of their founders, devoted to their

religious duties, and mixing freely with the humblest of the people, spread rapidly over Europe, and acquired great influence. But their decline and corruption were as remarkable as their success. Their fundamental rule as to the possession of property was soon violated, and donations and bequests from all quarters were poured into their treasuries. Converts, cloisters, and churches of the mendicants arose, which, in beauty of architecture, costliness of materials, and richness of decoration, vied with the noblest cathedrals and abbeys of the Benedictines and Augustines. The Roman Pontiffs, too, recognizing in the mendicant orders their ablest and most unscrupulous defenders, assisted still further to corrupt them, by entrusting them with the amplest ecclesiastical powers, and exempting them from episcopal jurisdiction, and any check or control by the parochial clergy. And thus it arose, that, in Wycliffe's days, the mendicant orders, instead of being poor, humble, and self-denying missionaries, were wealthy, proud, and luxurious, possessing much power and influence, and aiming at acquiring more, especially by getting into their hands the education of youth. They attempted to get possession of the chairs in the great universities of Europe; and, in that of Paris, they triumphed by the assistance of the Pope, after a long struggle in which the famous Thomas Aquinas was their great champion, and William de St. Amour their principal opponent. In the beginning of the fourteenth century, the strife was transferred from Paris to Oxford, where the begging friars had obtruded themselves into the office of lecturers on theology, had seduced many of their scholars into their ranks, and had persuaded them to take the vows at an age when they were unfitted to decide on so grave a matter. The University, indeed, passed certain statutes to meet these evils; but from these the friars, by their interest at the court of Rome, obtained dispensation, so that the authorities of the University were at length obliged to appeal to Parliament—that same Parliament which had so nobly resisted Pope Urban's claim of annual tribute from the realm of England—from which they obtained an act providing, "That as well the Chancellor and scholars as the friars should in all school exercises use each other in friendly wise, without any rancour, as before; that none of their Orders should receive any scholar under the age of eighteen years; that the friars should take no advantage, nor procure any bull or other process from Rome against the University, or proceed therein; and that the king have power to redress all controversies between them from henceforth; the offender to be punished at the pleasure of the king and of his Council." Wycliffe was early mixed up with the strife, and took an active part in the controversy, soon going beyond the narrow bounds of the original collegiate dispute, and making it, for a time at least, the chief object of his life to expose the false principles, the proud and hollow pretensions, the iniquitous and corrupt practices of the Mendicant Orders. He describes the friars' sermons of his day as made up of "fables, chronicles of the world, and stories from the siege of Troy;" and thus characterises the indulgences and absolutions with

which they debauched the popular conscience:—"There cometh no pardon but of God, for spiritual good beginneth and endeth in charity; and this may not be bought or sold, as chattering priests in these days say, for whosoever is rich in charity is best heard of God, be he shepherd, or be he layman, in the Church, or in the field. The worst abuse of these friars consists in their pretended confessions, by means of which they affect, with numberless artifices of blasphemy, to purify those whom they confess, and make them clear from all pollution in the eyes of God, setting aside the commandments and satisfaction of our Lord." Wycliffe's account of these begging friars is corroborated in the vision of Piers Plowman, which appeared about 1362, and is generally believed to have been written by Robert Langland, a monk of Malvern, and by Chaucer, in the Pardoner and the Limitour (both friars) of the "Canterbury Tales."

Wycliffe never ceased to denounce the enormous and over-grown wealth of the Church as the chief source of the idleness, ambition, and corruption of the clergy. That wealth was in his days prodigious. In 1337 the gross incomes of the ecclesiastics of England amounted to 730,000 marks, or upwards of ten millions sterling per annum—twelve times the amount of the whole civil revenue of the kingdom. They possessed more than half the landed property of the realm, and the offerings at the shrines of saints, funeral and other religious services realized an annual amount which some authorities consider to have been almost equal to the permanent endowments. They also put forth a claim to exemption from the ordinary taxation of the country, and it required repeated and stringent statutes to put a stop to this immunity, and to the territorial aggressions of the hierarchy. The Popes, too, by papal mandates, were in the habit of conferring the richest benefices in England upon Italian priests, in most instances non-resident; and it was stated by English envoys at the Council of Lyons, in 1245, that these foreign ecclesiastics drew from England from sixty to seventy thousand marks a year—a sum exceeding the entire revenue of the crown. Pope Gregory IX., in the course of a few years, partly in the revenues of benefices conferred on his nominees, and partly by direct taxance of the clergy, is said to have drained England of no less a sum than 950,000 marks, or 15 millions sterling. Here was good ground for Parliamentary interference; and accordingly, in 1358, and in the following year, two statutes were passed, called the Statute of Provisors and the Statute of Præmunire, declaring the collation to any benefice in a manner opposed to the king, the chapters, or the legal patrons null and void, forbidding the introduction of any bull and or mandate of the Pope prejudicial to the rights of the king or the commonwealth of England, and declaring all appeals from the king's jurisdiction to a foreign tribunal punishable by imprisonment and confiscation of goods. These statutes were, however, evaded by the Popes; and, in 1374, Parliament resolved to send a Commission to remonstrate with the Holy See, and the second name on the Commission is that of John Wycliffe. For two years, negotiations were protracted without any

satisfactory result; but Pope Boniface IX. having, in 1390, appointed an Italian Cardinal to a prebend's stall at Wells, to which a presentation had been already issued by the king, and having excommunicated the English bishops for supporting the king's nominee, the House of Commons promptly interposed, and, in a petition presented to the king, declared of the Papal excommunication, that "the things so attempted were clearly against the king's crown and regality, used and approved of in the time of all his progenitors, and therefore they and all the liege Commons of the realm would stand with their said liege lord the king and his said crown, in the cause aforesaid, to live and die." Thereafter, the Statutes of Provisors and Præmunire were re-enacted and rigidly enforced; in no instance was a foreign presentation suffered to take effect, and the victory of Parliament over the Papacy was complete. In this politico-ecclesiastical conflict, Wycliffe took a prominent part, and rendered important services, in acknowledgment of which he was presented to the prebend of Anst, in the diocese of Worcester; and subsequently to the rectory of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. He had now also taken his degree of Doctor, and had commenced lecturing on theology; and, both in his lecture-room at Oxford, and in his pulpit at Lutterworth, was in the habit of speaking freely and boldly about the Papacy. Fortunately for him, he was protected by John of Gaunt, the great Duke of Lancaster, one of the most influential noblemen in the kingdom, for—according to the proverb, "Offend our monk and the lappets of all cowls will flutter as far as Rome"—the English priesthood were bitterly incensed against the bold innovator, and inclined to adopt the most stringent measures to stop his preaching and his lectures. Early in 1377, he was cited before a convocation of clergy held in the Lady's Chapel of St. Paul's, and appeared before them, supported and accompanied by the Duke of Lancaster. The convocation ended in a violent quarrel between Courtenay, Bishop of London, Wycliffe's principal enemy, and the Duke of Lancaster, and nothing was done with regard to the reformer. The English clergy now summoned the Pope to their assistance, and he took the field against Wycliffe with great alacrity, drawing up and dispatching to England five separate bulls directed against him. Edward III. died before the bull addressed to him reached England, and the first Parliament of his grandson and successor, Richard II., showed itself firmly determined to resist Papal aggression. It was believed that large funds were in the hands of the Pope's agents ready to be conveyed out of the country, which, impoverished by foreign wars, could ill support such a drain upon its resources. Parliament naturally wished to detain this gold; and submitted the following question to Wycliffe for his decision—"Whether the Kingdom of England might not lawfully, in case of necessity, detain or keep back the treasure of the kingdom for its defence, that it be not carried away to foreign and strange nations, the Pope himself demanding and requiring the same, under pain of censure?" The reformer's answer was a decided and explicit affirmative. The Papal bull against

Wycliffe, addressed to the University of Oxford, was indeed received by them, but they refused to execute it; and the bishops—to whom three bulls had been addressed—aware of his popularity, were afraid to arrest or incarcerate him, but summoned him to appear before a synodical meeting to be held at Lambeth Palace in April, 1378. He was, at the same time, furnished with a list of the erroneous doctrines imputed to him, which were embodied in nineteen articles of accusations, from which we gather that he repudiates the civil and political dominion claimed by the Pope; asserted the right and duty of the State to exercise entire control over ecclesiastical property; condemned the use of spiritual weapons by the Church for temporal purposes; denied her power unconditionally to bind and to loose; and maintained that ecclesiastics—nay, even the Pope himself—might warrantably be impeached and corrected by their subjects, both clergy and laity. Nothing was done against Wycliffe by the meeting at Lambeth, the prelates being awed by the vast concourse of people assembled, whose affection and respect for the reformer made any violence dangerous.

Wycliffe's opinions in regard to church property and endowments were very singular for the age in which he lived. He pleaded most ardently with the King and Parliament to abolish such encumbrances to the usefulness of the Church, and leave her to be maintained by the free-will offerings of the faithful. "Think ye, lords and mighty men," he exclaims, "who support priests, how fearful it is to maintain worldly priests in their lusts, who neither know good nor will learn it, nor will live as holy men in their order! For ye may lightly amend them, by only telling them that ye will not support them but as they do their duty, live well, and preach the Gospel. Then, indeed, they would certainly do this. And think ye, great men, were not this a thousandfold better than to conquer the world! Hereby there should be none cost to you nor travail, but honour to God and endless good to yourselves, to priests, and to all Christendom; for this, by reducing the clergy to meekness, and useful poverty, and charitable travail, as lived Christ and His apostles, sin should be destroyed, and holiness of life brought in, and secular laws strengthened, and the poor Commons aided, and your government, both spiritual and temporal, come again; and, what is best of all, as Christ's word would move to and fro freely everywhere, many men would wing their way to heaven. God, for His endless mercy and charity, bring this to an end. Amen." Wycliffe himself did not live to see any attempts made to carry his ideas upon this subject into effect. But that they must have spread and taken hold upon the public mind is certain; for twenty-four years after his death, a petition was presented by the House of Commons to the King, praying that all the church property of the country should be taken possession of by the Crown; that a priesthood of 15,000 without distinction of rank, and with an adequate stipend assigned to them, should be retained and supported; and that the remainder should be appropriated to the creation and maintenance

of new nobles, kn ts, squires, and burghers, and the building and support of alms-houses.

We now approach the greatest and most useful labour of Wycliffe's life—his translation of the Bible into English. The great Papal schism began in 1378, and Urban VI. was too fully occupied in launching the thunders of the Vatican at the rival Pope and his adherents to devote much attention to the heretical Rector of Lutterworth, who took advantage of the leisure and repose thus afforded him to carry through the translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue. The Romaunt language was the first modern European tongue into which the whole Bible was translated. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it was understood over all the south of Europe and had a rich and varied popular literature. This translation was extensively circulated by the Albigenses, and materially contributed to extend their doctrines in the south of France. But Dominic and his mendicant friars, and Simon de Montfort and his crusaders, tempted by the Pope's offer of a plenary pardon for their sins, and stimulated by the prospect of license and plunder, were let loose upon this fair region, the most advanced in literature, the purest in religion of that era; and the progress of the human mind in knowledge and civilization, which had commenced so auspiciously, was thrown back for ages. The first Latin portion of Scripture translated into the Anglo-Saxon tongue was the Gospel of St. John, which occupied the hours of the Venerable Bede. It dates back to the eighth century. The great Alfred was most anxious to have the Scriptures rendered into the vulgar tongue; and, at the time of his death, was personally engaged in translating a portion of the Bible. There are also two interlinear translations of the Gospels and of the Psalter, and there is a curious version, or rather paraphrase, of the historical books of the Old Testament by Œlfric: all of which are of a date prior to the Norman conquest. But, between that era and the time of Wycliffe, a period of 300 years, no further progress was made. John Wycliffe was the first to translate the Latin Bible into English prose, and to put it, without note or comment, into the hands of his countrymen. This great labour occupied him between three and four years. At the same time he engaged in it, he was old, feeble, and paralytic, but his spirit was fresh and vigorous as ever. "With one or two friends to help him," says his biographer, "he toiled at the noble work within the rectory of Lutterworth; toiled patiently, hopefully, for he knew that if once that book were in the hands of all, they might do as they liked with him, but the light so kindled they could never quench." Once completed, Wycliffe's translation was largely sought for and extensively circulated. The good Queen Anne became one of its earliest and devoutest readers. Many in the middle rank were willing to assist in the work of multiplying copies without remuneration; and Wycliffe had already organized from the ranks of the humbler clergy a devoted band of itinerant preachers, who took with them, in parts or in whole, the sacred volume, and read or circulated

it among the people. Such a work, however, could not be carried on in peace. From a hundred quarters arose the cry of heresy; but the reformer boldly stood forth to vindicate himself, and hurled the charge of heresy back on his accusers. "Those heretics," he declared, "are not to be heard who imagine that temporal lords should not be allowed to possess the law of God, but that it is sufficient for them that they know what may be learnt concerning it from the lips of their priests and prophets. The faith of the Church is contained in the Scriptures; the more these are known, then, the better, and as secular men should assuredly understand the faith that they profess, that faith should be taught in whatever language may be best known to them."

The Church of Rome has uniformly been consistent in opposing the spread of civil and religious liberty. The diffusion of Bible knowledge has always, therefore, been hateful to her. She condemned and attempted to suppress the Romaunt version of the Bible, and Wycliffe's translation met with similar treatment. In 1390, a Bill condemning and prohibiting its circulation was introduced in the House of Lords, but rejected through the agency of the Duke of Lancaster, that steady friend of national independence. "We will not," he exclaimed, "be the dregs of all, seeing other nations have the law of God, which is the law of our faith, written in their own language." Thwarted in Parliament, the clergy assembled a great convocation, which framed the Arundel Constitution—so called from the name of the presiding archbishop—one of which declared, "We decree and ordain that henceforward no unauthorized person shall translate any part of Holy Scripture into English, or any other language, under any text, book or treatise. Neither shall any such book, treatise, or version made either in Wycliffe's time or since, be read either in whole or in part, publicly or privately, under the penalty of the greater excommunication, till the said translation shall be approved, either by the Bishop of the Diocese, or a Provincial Council, as occasion shall require." Afterwards, the State lent their aid to the Church. It was made a civil crime to possess any portion of Wycliffe's Bible, and men and women against whom no other fault could be proved, were, on this alone, doomed to death. Wycliffe's version of the Bible has recently appeared in a printed form. An admirable edition in four octavo volumes, collated from no fewer than 150 separate manuscripts, under the joint editorship of the Rev. Mr. Forshall and Sir Frederic Madden, has issued from the press of the University of Oxford. It is a work of great historic and linguistic interest, for, in addition to other claims on our love and admiration, Wycliffe was one of the earliest and most successful cultivators of the English language. His writings are remarkable for force and precision, and he has as strong a claim to be considered the father of English prose as Chaucer of English poetry.

Wycliffe's profound and patient study of the Scriptures early convinced him that they alone supply a sufficient and infallible rule of faith and practice to the Church. This conclusion he announced

defended in his work "*De Veritate Scripturæ*." "God's will," he says, "is plainly revealed in the two Testaments, which may be called Christ's law, or the faith of the Church, and Christ's law sufficient of itself to rule Christ's Church, which law a Christian man well understanding may thence gather sufficient knowledge during his pilgrimage here on earth." Wycliffe's superiority to the false and superstitious beliefs of his time, his clear, firm, simple, Bible Christianity, form very remarkable features in his character. He repudiated the whole doctrine of the Papacy, as to the primacy of the Pope, his headship over the Church, the divine origin and authority of the hierarchy, the power of the priesthood, auricular confession, the celibacy of the clergy, absolutions, indulgences, interdicts, excommunications, the native efficacy of the sacraments, the adoration of saints, and the worship of images and relics. In 1381 he openly attacked the doctrine of transubstantiation, and published a paper at Oxford containing twelve conclusions directed against it, and a challenge to all the members of the University to meet him in a public discussion. The challenge was declined; but the whole power of the University was promptly directed against the bold challenger. He was ultimately obliged to retire to Lutterworth, in order to be beyond the jurisdiction of the Chancellor of the University, pleading an appeal, which he had taken from his judgment to the King and Parliament. At Lutterworth he devoted himself with characteristic energy to the care of his parish, and to preaching; and no fewer than 300 of his Lutterworth discourses have come down to us, in spite of the efforts made to destroy them.

In 1382 Constance, Bishop of London, Wycliffe's most powerful enemy, was elevated to the primacy, and lost no time in convoking a synod to condemn the heresies of the reformer. Twenty-six articles were selected from his writings, of which ten were condemned as heretical, and the remainder as erroneous. In defence of the itinerant preachers, who went about teaching his doctrines, and disseminating the Scriptures, and against whom a royal proclamation had been issued, Wycliffe published a treatise, with the title, "*Why poor Priests have no Benefices*," and also appealed to the Commons in their behalf. In this appeal he was successful, and the obnoxious proclamation was withdrawn. In 1783 he appeared for the last time before the convocation at Oxford, to answer for his teaching in regard to the doctrine of transubstantiation. He was alone, aged, feeble, unfriended; but he scorned to recant, and persisted in denying any material or fleshly presence of Christ in the sacramental bread. He, however, put forth his unrivalled powers as a master of the scholastic art, and confounded his judges by the subtilty of his reasonings. The result was that they passed no sentence upon him, but satisfied themselves with obtaining letters from the king, permanently expelling him from Oxford.

This was the reformer's last trial and last triumph; but, like a good soldier, he died in harness; for on the 29th December, whilst engaged in conducting divine service, he was struck down by a final stroke of paralysis. He was borne to the rectory, and there expired, full of hope

and peace on the last day of the year 1384, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. The dawn of Wycliffe's reformation, so bright and full of promise, was speedily overcast. King Henry IV. lent all his influence to suppress the movement, and it finally sunk under the weight of persecution. Wycliffe's writings were publicly burnt, anathemas heaped upon his name, and his very bones ordered to be dug up and thrown out of consecrated ground. In 1428—forty-two years after their interment in the chancel of Lutterworth church—his remains were disinterred, then burnt on the bridge that spans the little stream that flows past Lutterworth, and the ashes flung into the water. "This brook," says Fuller, "did convey his ashes to the Avon, Avon into the Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, thus into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe were the emblems of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

Brief Notices.

E NONCONFORMIST PULPIT.

'INE LIFE IN MAN. By James n Brown, B.A., Minister of Clay-Chapel, Clapham-road, London. 1: Ward and Co.

i. By the Rev. Henry John e, Author of "Paul the Apostle," ture Baptism," &c. London: now.

i. By Edwin Paxton Hood, er of the Offord Road Church and gation; Author of the "Earnest er;" "Wordsworth, a Biography;" Formation," &c. London: Judd ass.

NGREGATIONAL PULPIT. Con- by the Rev. J. G. Horton. Vol. London: Judd and Glass.

are certain truths which form ound-work of the whole n system, and on which its superstructure rests—certain erities, without which we can adjust and harmonise the statements and disclosures of istian Testament, than we can the sublime and beautiful ism of the heavens in the of those suns and centres which all the other bodies move. trine of the Atonement is the these. And if there be a full rty attachment to the doctrine st the Crucified, then in every ruth, whether more imme- or more remotely related to at central one, there will be confidence and repose; and e heart peacefully resting in iblime and saving verities, the r will desire, and labour, to *hem* known in all their gran- d entireness.

here we think Mr. Brown, in irable volume, which we have placed at the head of this article, has laid himself open to serious misapprehension. After setting forth, by a process of reasoning of the most forcible and conclusive character, the utter helplessness and hopelessness of humanity as the consequence of sin, and the need there is of some supernatural intervention on behalf of man, he proceeds to treat of the Gospel as the organ through which the power of God reveals and exerts itself in the reproduction of the Divine life in the soul. Now, it is just here that we should have expected to find some distinct and full deliverance on the nature and efficacy of the Atonement, as involving in itself every other fact and truth of the Christian system. But while he throws away from him the mere subjective view of the Atonement, in which it "is conceived of as simply acting on the human spirit, and setting right its relations to God by kindling its love;" while he believes that the Incarnate One was, "in some other than the subjective sense, wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities," he yet declines to "enter into what may be conceived of as the element of the Atonement." But why should Mr. Brown shrink from this duty? His volume has in it such a compass and power as to justify the belief that his hand might grasp the spear of Achilles with success. He admits that "the sense of guilt is among the most real and deep of human experiences," "and hence that while the first element of the power of the Gospel lies in the Gospel doctrine of sin, the second element is to be found in the atonement offered for the sins of the world." Then we ask, What is the Atonement? But instead of a direct

and explicit answer, Mr. Brown says:—

"The question must be fully considered by every thoughtful mind which seeks to attain to an intelligent creed, whether we are to fix our thoughts on the sufferings of Christ as so much mere suffering, and as offering, because it is suffering, a satisfaction to Divine justice, abstracting this from the choir of attributes amidst which it shines; or whether we are to regard the loving obedience of Christ, of which, in a body of sinful flesh, intense suffering was a necessary condition and illustration, as offering an altogether higher satisfaction to the Father than mere suffering could afford. I content myself with the broad fact, patent on every page of the New Testament, that the work of Christ, His life, death, resurrection, and ascension, did offer that before the Father on which, as on a substantial rock, the edifice of redemption could be built; and did bring out the whole harmony of the Divine nature in the forgiveness of the guilt of the world." We do believe that the life of Christ was just as redeeming as His death; but we do not believe, nor is it the belief of the catholic Church, that mere suffering, because it is suffering, constituted the Atonement. Patent as the broad fact may be on every page of the New Testament, that Christ did offer it *before* the Father on which the edifice of redemption could be built, it is just as patent that he *offered himself to God*, and that on this offering rests the whole scheme of remedial mercy. Mr. Brown concedes, that "man, strange and incredible as it may seem, is jealous of the honour of the Divine law;" that, "in vain had the Gospel —God forgives—been preached, if man had not been able to see that it is righteous and godlike in God to forgive;" and that "the awful expenditure of the agony of Christ was needed to give effect to the simple sentence, God forgives the sins of the world;" we go farther, and say, needed as a *basis* on which to rest that simple sentence; but, letting that pass, it is granted that "the honour of the Divine law" must be maintained and vindicated, to make even man see that it is righteous in God to forgive. For nothing more than this, so far as we know, does the most orthodox disciple of the most orthodox school contend. It gives us all that we can desire or ask on this vital and momentous point.

But we think we see where Mr. Brown differs from the generally received opinion. The great object of his work is to bring out the fatherhood of God in all its prominence and completeness, and it is on the fact of God's fatherhood that he rests the idea of God's sovereignty. We must first have the existence of a creation, before we can set up the machinery of administration; then we are to conceive that out of his paternity flows his authority—that his love is the foundation of his rule. But his fatherly love is abused, and the law which is based on that love is broken, and now what course is to be adopted? Is the Ruler to come out in the future conduct of the Father? Or is the Father to be revealed in the conduct of the Ruler? Mr. Brown believes the former view; we unhesitatingly adopt the latter, not because it is more in harmony with general consent, but because it is in stricter accordance with the teachings of the Christian volume. When it is said that "God hath set forth his son to be a propitiation through faith in his blood," it is not even hinted by the Apostle that this was done to express the exuberance of Divine love, or the riches of God's mercy, though these are involved in the fact, but "to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God;" and as if the Apostle wished to give emphasis to the truth of his assertion, he adds, "to declare, I say, his RIGHTEOUSNESS: that he might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." Here His righteousness is made the medium through

which to reveal the riches of His grace. So again in the words, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord;" the fact stands out with Divine distinctness, that the grace has revealed itself through the righteousness, and not the righteousness through the grace. In other words, it is because all the requirements of unbending righteousness have been fully met, that grace is so freely dispensed. The claims of righteousness being neither sacrificed nor modified, justice can lay no restriction on the exercise and the distributions of Divine mercy; it is upon the secure foundation thus established that mercy erects her throne, and scatters far and wide the blessings of a full and everlasting forgiveness. *Before the fall*, the righteousness of God revealed itself in and through His fatherhood; but now the fatherhood reveals itself in and through His righteousness—"He hath made him who knew no sin to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. *Through him* we have access by one spirit unto *the Father*. He is the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto *the Father* but by him. We have received not the spirit of bondage again unto fear; but we have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father."

We have written this in candid criticism of Mr. Brown's sermons, because we are convinced that Mr. Brown has looked at the subject of Atonement from a mistaken point of view, and because we believe the setting forth of this great central truth in its full integrity constitutes the life and power of the Christian Pulpit in our day—as it has done in the past, and will do through all time. But whatever may be the grave exceptions we are compelled to take to some statements in Mr. Brown's volume, it would seem like exaggeration to those who have not read it, if we fully expressed our idea of the ability, earnestness, and high-minded sincerity of its author.

Whether we consider its mental grasps, its hearty utterance, its rich and varied illustrations, its full sympathy with the sorrows and sicknesses of humanity, its depth of truth, and withal the originality and vigour both of its conceptions and style, this volume of sermons is a production of rare merit, which will command the attention and quicken the best feelings of every reader. To some minor defects, however, we must refer. The style, we have said, is remarkably good—vivid and affluent, almost classical in its accuracy and refinement—but it is a little too feverish and uniform in its emphasis, and is occasionally disfigured by an awkward Latinism and Helleneeism. We have also been offended by a slight infusion of conventional phraseology in the somewhat frequent recurrence of such phrases as "the echoes of the ages," "the wisdom of the ages," &c., which smack strongly of that odious modern "Carlylese," which a writer of pure English will jealously avoid. Then, there is a sort of chevalesque Quixotism; indeed, a certain cliquishness in Mr. Brown's exclusive reference to living men, which is open to censure. The dedication of his volume to J. A. Scott, his commendation of Mr. M'Leod Campbell's dubious book on the Atonement, his unqualified and invidious eulogy of Mr. Maurice, are the only references in the book by which we can gather Mr. Brown's relation to living thinkers, or to any existing section of the Church of Christ. Now, we regret this, because it either shows a narrowness of theological reading and sympathy, which we will not impute to Mr. Brown, or it arises from an unwise charity, that seeks especially to exalt and eulogize these men because he thinks they have been peculiarly disparaged in his own denomination. As to the dedication, and the commendation of Mr. M'Leod Campbell's work, we have little right to speak, save to

declare that we cannot endorse the latter; but in Mr. Brown's reference to Mr. Maurice he has given us cause to demand a retraction or fuller explanation of the terms in which he speaks of that voluminous writer. He implicates and identifies his ministerial brethren with himself in the lofty eulogium, and the expression of profound indebtedness, he tenders to him. We do not know what ground Mr. Brown may have for speaking in the name of his brethren, but it is a serious matter to commit a whole denomination to such an exaggerated and, we believe, erroneous estimate of Mr. Maurice. We believe Mr. Brown has spoken out of the fulness of his own heart, and has imagined it impossible that others should not coincide with his judgment of a man for whom he has so great reverence; but we know they do not; and we trust that in the new edition of his volume about to be published, the unguarded phrase to which we allude will be erased, for we speak of our personal connections and in the name of many men of Mr. Brown's age and position in his denomination, that we regard Mr. Maurice's theological teaching to be throughout unreasoned, crude, and mystical; while his expositions of cardinal articles of Christian doctrine, such as Inspiration and Atonement, are allied to, and borrowed from, the Socinian theology, and are alike unscriptural and irrational, as they are opposed to the "communis sensus" of the catholic Christian church.

The sermons of Mr. Gamble give less scope for criticism. They are altogether of a different order from Mr. Brown's, but they have a charm and potency of their own which give them a distinguished place among the many pulpit contributions to our literature made recently. Mr. Gamble has chosen to exhibit the inner experimental truths of religion; consequently there is a quiet grace, a thoughtful repose in the sentiment and style of his sermons, which is appropriate to such an aim, and which contrasts strikingly but [illegible] with the rapid energy and [illegible] Mr. Brown's. These are [illegible] With lucid, even lustrous [illegible] Mr. Gamble descants upon [illegible] throwing about it the warm [illegible] light of a healthful, fruitful [illegible] thoughts have a murmurous, [illegible] tive chime in their flow; [illegible] clear as running streams, [illegible] freshing. Few sermons [illegible] read have won us more by [illegible] plicity and beauty of their style [illegible] the pastoral freshness of [illegible] rous expositions of and [illegible] of Scripture.

In Mr. Paxton Hood we have [illegible] that is strong and stirring [illegible] discourses are better [illegible] public delivery than for private [illegible] ing. In him we have a [illegible] type from either Mr. Brown [illegible] Gamble, and he should [illegible] brought into comparison with [illegible] He is, in some respects, [illegible] and of his productions we [illegible] accordingly. There is in his [illegible] much that we like; but [illegible] lished discourses give us [illegible] of the man. In their [illegible] has not done himself [illegible] public will demand something [illegible] ent from what we have [illegible] next takes up his pen for [illegible] of composition. He is fully [illegible] something of another order [illegible] therefore, we accept the [illegible] volume only as an instalment.

The "Congregational Pulpit," [illegible] which this is the eighth volume [illegible] outgrowth of many minds, [illegible] volume of not entirely [illegible] materials, it scarcely is [illegible] laws of ordinary criticism. [illegible] however, high pretensions [illegible] its claims. These we [illegible] and within the range of [illegible] there is much that is [illegible] highest commendation.

Having read these volumes [illegible] some others,* which [illegible]

* Two volumes [illegible] Truths," by Rev. C. [illegible] Cavendish Pulpit," by Rev. J. Parker.

cently published, we feel warranted in making the assertion, that the Nonconformist pulpit of this nineteenth century is equal to the pulpit of any preceding age. With a few not very notable exceptions, there is a tone of health and vigour in it which is truly promising and prophetic.

Everywhere, and in everything, men are in earnest; and in earnestness the preacher should exceed all others. Christianity supplies not only the highest verities for his theme, but a language of matchless compass and power in which to clothe them. The preacher's aim should be not so much to be great as to be true. As in painting, so in preaching; one man speaks to the imagination or the taste, another appeals to the heart, and the heart is touched. The preacher should deal with the conscience rather than with the intellect—with the affections much more than with the imagination. There must be no corrupting of truth; no deceitful handling of the Word of God; no reserve and no concealment; no attempt to depreciate any fact or any doctrine; no effort to lower the tones and the teaching of inspiration. The Gospel must be preached in its simplicity and its fulness; the man throwing heart and soul into his every utterance, and proving by his every look, and tone, and gesture, that he is absorbed in his work, and then the pulpit of England will be felt and acknowledged to be a power second to none in its influence and its sway over the heart and the life of her people.

IS IT NOT WRITTEN? Being the Testimony of Scripture against Romanism. By Edward S. Pryce, A.B. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.

WE have read no book so concise, argumentative, and complete as this on the Romish controversy, and we are grateful for having read it. Many, we believe, will share our gratitude. Now-a-days we see the Romish faith gradually diffusing itself through the highest and the lowest classes of society. Happily the middle classes are as yet sound in their Protestantism. By a facile descent numbers of educated men every year glide from the Anglo-Catholicism of Oxford to Romanism. The time accordingly may not be distant when we must grapple with the hydra-headed, as the first Reformers did. At any rate information, clear and authoritative, is required upon the actual tenets and practices of the Romish Church, and such information is supplied in this volume. Catholicism no longer skulks in dark corners, she vaunts herself, and seeks the high places of the earth. We are glad of this. She challenges by this bravery inspection and controversy which will lead to her hurt. Mr. Pryce has not merely stated with great precision and fairness the dogmas of Romanism, but he calmly argues them, and exhibits in contrast the Protestant faith and the grounds on which it is held. The subjects treated include all the fundamental differences between Romanism and Protestantism. Are the Holy Scriptures the only rule of faith and practice? The right of private judgment. The doctrine of the Church. Justification by administration of sacraments or by personal faith? The supremacy of the pope. Transubstantiation. Mass. Purgatory and indulgences. The idolatry of Romanism. On each subject a compendious view of the arguments advanced by either party is given with great impartiality. Though Mr. Pryce is a Protestant, and gives plainly enough the reasons why, he is scrupulous to state the utmost that can be said by Romanists, and takes no unfair advantage. We feel confident that by this simple handbook, Mr. Pryce has done more to enlighten and thus to warn his countrymen as to the specious errors of Rome, than if his book had been bulky in volume and rabid in tone, than if he fulminated Pope-like anathemas against Catholics, or weighted his book with useless

learning, which would have blunted his arguments and repelled purchasers.

THE ATONEMENT: Its Relation to Pardon: An Argument and Defence. By the Rev. E. Mellor, M.A. Second Edition. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

WE purpose soon exhibiting the argument of this most valuable little book in a lengthy article upon the subject which it so ably discusses, otherwise we should have noticed its publication earlier. We cannot refrain, however, from announcing and welcoming the issue of a second edition, which we trust will be more speedily exhausted than the first. A clearer, bolder statement, or a nobler defence of the great doctrine of Substitution, the main question at issue in recent controversies upon the Atonement, has not been made. Mr. Mellor's disciplined and scholarly mind is eminently fitted for theological exposition. He has been trained in the schools and has schooled himself in honesty, and so is quick in exposing the fallacies, nor slow in denouncing the duplicity, of some sophists who have made much noise in these days. Cloudy figures they are, big in bulk, but vapourous and vague. Of course, Mr. Mellor and no one else can be said to have combatted and overthrown these aërial giants. They are invulnerable as the continuous air. Their misty shape allows no firm grasp or close encounter

> If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
> Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
> Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
> For each seemed either.

But through some of these clouds Mr. Mellor has flashed an electric stream, which has precipitated their watery contents, and reduced them to some sort of tangible expression; and the glowing, misty mass, when so condensed, shows but a miserable driblet of not the purest water. We thank Mr. Mellor for his most timely and able tractate. The teaching of Scripture is rigorously expounded in it, and the philosophy of the Atonement, *i.e.*, in its adaptation to human consciousness and relation to Divine Government, is lucidly shown. It is small in size and cheap in price in order to a wide circulation. We most earnestly commend it, especially to young men who wish a guide for a clear and masterly exposition and defence of the doctrine of Atonement.

DISCOURSES. By William Anderson, LL.D. Second Series. Glasgow: Bertram.

THE announcement of a new volume of sermons by Dr. Anderson created high expectations. The public knows well his oratorical power, his fervour, his manliness, his passionate love of freedom, his thorough detestation of conventional shams, and his elastic attitude towards many of the idols which society delights to worship. His style is vivid, picturesque; lightning precedes his thunder. His love of argument is great, but his logic is neither dull nor formal; he reasons straight to the point, and as he moves along he strews the path with clusters of beautiful flowers of illustration. You never weary with him. As your attention begins to flag, out flashes some sarcasm, or some brief and pointed anecdote starts into startling distinctness, or you are suddenly arrested by some tone which vibrates with pathos. Dr. Anderson does not always, in recent places, his theological views, in which they perhaps in his previous [illegible] these opinions are [illegible] and of [illegible] impression that while they [illegible] spontaneous, they are [illegible] courted and consciously thrown [illegible] bold relief.

The volum r pı s what we have so ori of its discour ıv great. Let any reader u to discourse headed, "Uncharitable Judgments Judged," or to "The Missionary Plea," and he will note the truth of our remarks. The author says in his preface that he does not feel "warranted to send to the press for perpetuation and general dissemination either extemporized thoughts or extemporized expressions of th ' and he has acted accordingly. w volumes of sermons display h mental powers and such m l peculiarities. It is refreshing as as edifying to read it, though we cannot but regret the footnotes w are generally disconnected with text, and being of a personal na manifest an egotism which probably in a greater or less degree belon all men of Dr. Anderson's temp ment. We cordially commend volume, and hope soon to see a cessor to it.

THE WORDS OF THE RISEN SAVIOUR, and Commentary on the Epistle of St. James. By Rudolf Stier. T. and T. Clark.

THERE is something profoundly interesting in collecting the "words of the Lord Jesus from heaven," and the practical worth of the study surpasses even the sublime attractiveness of the theme. Lengthened commendation of Stier is wholly unnecessary. The student will discover the same minuteness of inspection, the same copiousness in research, the same devout simplicity and spiritual precision which belong to his previous volumes on the "Words of the Lord Jesus." The "Commentary on the Epistle of St. James" belongs to another class of compositions. It is the reproduction of a series of unwritten discourses delivered to the congregation. It requires a kindred genius to expound this invaluable and neglected epistle. We scarcely hope to see lectures in the style of the original, abounding in sentences of aphorismatic brevity, vividness, and pungency. The author displays great sympathy with the ethical spirit and purport of the epistle, and cannot be consulted without profit; but we lack the racy and angular force of the apostolic moralist.

COMMENTARY ON THE PENTATEUCH. Translated from the German of Otto Von Gerlach. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

THIS is a book for the general reader; is devout in its tone and evangelical in opinion. It contains little or nothing which is not already provided in ordinary British commentaries. It is expository, not critical, and unlike most of the works issued by this enterprising publisher, is of comparatively little value to the scholar and the student.

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1. CHESS PRAXIS: a Supplement to the Chess Player's Handbook. By H. Staunton. London: H. G. Bohn. 1860.
2. MORPHY'S GAMES OF CHESS. With Analytical and Critical Notes by J. Löwenthal. London: H. G. Bohn. 1860.

THESE two volumes form a most valuable addition to English Chess literature. The former brings up our knowledge of the science to the present day, in a clear and easily intelligible form. Mr. Staunton is certainly second to none in his power of conveying chess instruction. It is much to be regretted, however, that he should have allowed certain private matters to influence so evidently the *animus* of this otherwise excellent book. The covert reflections continually directed against Mr. Löwenthal, and the attempts to depreciate Mr. Morphy's play are in exceedingly bad taste. Why is it, also, that in a work professing to *complete* the analysis of the openings, there should be no mention of an important defence to the Bishop's Gambit, introduced into England (if not invented) by Mr.

Morphy? We allude to the third move in the defence, Kt. to K. B. 3. Surely as used by such a player, it was worthy of some mention.

Mr. Lowenthal's edition of Morphy's Games is an invaluable contribution to chess. The notes, partly compiled with the assistance of Mr. Morphy, are highly instructive, and furnish almost of themselves a complete treatise on the openings. The absence of personalities is also greatly to be commended.

AGAINST WIND AND TIDE. By Holme Lee. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1859.

MADEMOISELLE MORI: a Tale of Modern Rome. 2 vols. London: J. W. Parker & Son. 1860.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW ACQUAINTANCES. By Agnes Strickland, author of "Lives of the Queens of England." London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1860.

THE lady who writes under what we suppose to be the *nom de plume* of Holme Lee has decidedly attained the rank of a popular favourite, and deservedly so; for although her works are, neither as to artistic arrangement, force of thought, or brilliance of expression, approaching to the first rank of excellence, they are pleasant reading, have generally a healthy tendency, and never offend the taste—qualities not to be predicated of the majority of our novelists. "Against Wind and Tide" will scarcely be considered, however, either the best or pleasantest of her works. The subject is not a grateful one; a peasant girl is wooed and won by a baronet, who appears subsequently to have another living wife. The subject of the work relates to the different manner in which the unfortunate circumstances of their birth affect her two sons, Cyrus and Robert Hawthorne. The former rebels throughout life against his position, and is always miserable; the latter accepts and makes the best of it, and is happy and prosperous. The moral is good enough, but the devel[illegible] rather tedious and [illegible] We know and recognise the [illegible] but we care little for any [illegible] except Robert's young [illegible] however, very soon dies. By [illegible] measures all is made smooth [illegible] the ungrateful Cyrus, at [illegible] we are left to suppose and [illegible] he will settle down after [illegible] into the steady and happy [illegible] family.

"Mademoiselle Mori" is [illegible] relating to that portion of [illegible] of Rome involved in the [illegible] Pius IX. It is essentially a [illegible] novel, and so, almost [illegible] eminently a failure as a w[illegible] tion, if it be read as such. [illegible] a very good history, but [illegible] written with much power, [illegible] cations of great aesthetic [illegible] certainly very heavy reading [illegible] sidered as a romance.

Miss Strickland has published [illegible] selection from her former [illegible] tions to various journals, [illegible] new sketches, under the [illegible] Friends and New A[illegible] Most of them belong to [illegible] class; and since they [illegible] have become so accustomed [illegible] authoress, in another and [illegible] tive capacity, that we feel as [illegible] these tales, good as they [illegible] way, scarcely add to her [illegible] tation. They are, however, [illegible] and should they be well [illegible] writer promises another [illegible] trative of "Life and its V[illegible] especially in the Eastern C[illegible] We feel sure they will be w[illegible] a large class of readers.

THROUGH THE TYROL TO VENICE. [illegible] Mrs. Newman Hall. London: [illegible] Nisbet & Co.

A MOST graceful and [illegible] volume of travels, as clear [illegible] ling as the playful [illegible] breezy dawns that [illegible] authoress in her Tyrolese [illegible] chantment it must have [illegible]

of these blithesome things
sed the writer and pho-
her page. There is no
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this simplicity, this sunny
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the book. We do not
where we have so fully
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Pass, we have cogitated on
of the Amphitheatre at
id swept soundlessly over
ing water-streets of Venice,
with the gold of heaven,
y with our fair authoress,
part regretfully, but bearing
easant souvenirs.

VOUR: His Life and Career. H. Cooper, B.A., of the Uni-f London. London: Judd & ew Bridge Street, and Gray's l. Pp. 200.

nd career of Count Cavour
the history of the develop-
Constitutionalism in Sar-
d this is the two-sided
ly treated in this volume.
is for the most part a
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r testimony, along with the
's, to the high character and
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nslation has been admirably
English is vigorous, idio-
l free from all that foreign
hich renders many transla-
alatable to English taste.
spect the work is a remark-
ess, and reflects, we think,
lit on Mr. Cooper. The
nerit of a translation is
ad like one. A schoolboy
late words; only a scholar
fuse living thoughts from a
nguage into his own.

WORK AND CONFLICT; or, the Divine Life in its Progress: A Book of Facts and Histories. By the Rev. John Kennedy, A.M. London: The Religious Tract Society.

PART I. contains the Soul's Work; the World's Work; Social Work.

Part II. contains Conflict with Sin; Conflict with Despondency and Doubt; Conflict with Death.

These subjects Mr. Kennedy handles with his usual felicity and abundance of illustration. Facts interest and instruct the general reader more than speculation. They are flesh and blood arguments, and have a thrill about them that moves when logic is powerless. So Mr. Kennedy, with a wise reference to the wants of Christian people, has made his book a book of life. It is crowded with brief biographies, which point and urge his moral well.

MODERN EUROPE: a School History. By John Lord, A.M. 9th edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1860.

THIS excellently got-up work extends from A.D. 1400 to the peace of Villafranca. It is exceedingly well adapted for the purposes of schools by its copious indices, table of contents, marginal references and dates, and the series of analytical questions added at the end. It may also with advantage be consulted by those older than schoolboys.

A LIFE-LONG STORY; or, Am I my Sister's Keeper. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

THE history of a young zealous minister of the cross and of his brave-hearted wife, who lost her patrimony by her marriage, and after his premature death, wore her strength out at embroidery work in order to support her two children and herself in one of the London suburbs. So stated this seems a meagre twice-told tale, but delineated by the clear-etching pen of the authoress, and the acces-

sories wrought out with pathetic simplicity, it becomes a dramatic and powerful picture. It is not the tale, however, that constitutes the chief interest of the volume, but the aside-passages where the womanly soul of the writer breaks out in lamentation of the woes that overrun our Christian land, describing with vehement and almost prophetic tones, the wrongs and misery—the blinding tears and bloodless deaths, that waste and blast the helpless, oppressed, tempted, fallen women of our large towns, and imploring with an earnestness that must awake the stoney-hearted confessor of Christ to witness and work against those evils in trade and social life that wreak such woful consequences on the Weak and Fair.

THE SIDEREAL HEAVENS. By Thomas Dick, LL.D. 6th Thousand. London: Ward & Co., Paternoster Row.

DR. DICK has for many years been, perhaps, our most popular writer on subjects connected with astronomy. The present work in its successive editions cannot fail to sustain his very high reputation. The matter is good, and our knowledge of the science brought up by it to the present year. The illustrations are very beautiful; and the whole forms a very cheap and valuable compendium of starry science.

A VISIT TO THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. By Sir John Bowring, LL.D., F.R.S., late Governor of Hong Kong, H. B. M.'s Plenipotentiary in China, &c., &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1859.

IN the course of a few weeks' holiday from the cares of his colonial government, Sir John Bowring paid a short visit to the Philippine Islands, during which it is evident his time was not wasted, but devoted with characteristic energy to observation of the capabilities of the soil and climate, and of the manners and customs of the people. In this he was [illegible] assisted by the advantages [illegible] "from immediate and constant [illegible] course with the various [illegible] and the most friendly [illegible] the natives of every class." The [illegible] is a most pleasant and readable [illegible] containing a vast amount of [illegible] tion connected with the present [illegible] dition and prospective [illegible] these hitherto little-known [illegible]

Although these islands are a [illegible] colony, the number of [illegible] Spaniards settled here is very [illegible] indeed compared with the [illegible] and mixed races. The entire [illegible] lation is supposed to be [illegible] millions, of whom 1,787,[illegible] native Indians, paying tri[illegible] 78,400 are mestizos and [illegible] tributaries. The remainder, [illegible] the number is necessarily [illegible] are natives not under gover[illegible] inhabiting the mountains. The [illegible] cipal part of these are Pagans, [illegible] though there are many exce[illegible] cases. For instance, in the [illegible] Mindanao, there are many M[illegible] dans, "probably of Malayan [illegible] The enmity between these a[illegible] Spaniards is constant and [illegible]

There is an interesting [illegible] given in the chapter on "P[illegible] and Races" of some inhabi[illegible] the remote mountainous re[illegible] Mindanao—"a race in the very [illegible] stages of barbarism, I cannot say [illegible] civilization, for of that they pos[illegible] no trace. They are said to w[illegible] garments, to build no houses, [illegible] no food. They wander in the f[illegible] whose wild fruits they gather by [illegible] and sleep among the branches [illegible] trees by night. They have [illegible] of government, no chief, [illegible] usages of any kind. I saw [illegible] race who was brought for sale as [illegible] wild animal might have been [illegible] governor of Zamboanga." Y[illegible] clearly and satisfactorily pro[illegible] these people are susceptible [illegible] vation, civilization, and Christ[illegible] tion.

On Ethnology, Sir John h[illegible] remarkable and certainly [illegible]

Instead of agreeing with the tendency now in vogue, to varieties of mankind and of e to one common origin, or me) to a few defined types, so far as to imply that the now observed are few in compared with those that y existed; and that the same se as regards languages. "I there are more varieties of the family than have hitherto ecognised by physiologists, whom *no* affinity of language ound. The theories current he derivation of the many of the human race from a mitive types will not bear tion. Civilization and educa- modify the character of the d the differences between the f the same people are so great fy any general law of classifi- The further back we are to go, the greater will be the on of types and tongues; and e seen that the progress of d commerce, and knowledge, nization, has annihilated many pendent idiom, as it has de- many an aboriginal race) One remarkable fact ad- ith regard to the wild races, reat separation of the toes, the foot to be used in great hand. Were this *proved* to *riginal* endowment, it would go far to support the theory sity of race. We think it necessary, however, to state in no degree acquiesce in our ethnology.

stablished religion is that of ish Church. As to the wild nd the Mahomedans De Mas that the Spanish Government *buy them* and *convert them!* oloy them in agriculture.

reat characteristic of the na- anners and customs is strange Cock-fighting; its preva- beyond all description. The for it is "a delirium, and no heck the number or the dura- he fights: . . . there are cocks in every house, at every corner, at the foot of every tree, along the quays and shores, on the prows of every coasting ship, and as if the living were not enough, they are sculptured, they are painted, and charcoaled (not artistically), on every wall for public admiration, and public admiration recognises the portraiture, though the information is not placed there—as by the painter of old—to announce 'This is a cock.'"

Tobacco constitutes the staple trade here, rice is also grown very extensively, and sugar to some extent, but the climate is not particularly favourable to general agriculture, being specified in a Spanish proverb as "six months of dust, six months of mud, and six months of everything." Indigo and spices might be grown to much advantage, but they are neglected. The forest trees seem destined to form a considerable part of the riches of these islands. Gold is found here, and coal, but of inferior quality. The chapters on commerce, education, and government are full of instructive matter, and the most valuable suggestions; but they must be read entire to be appreciated. Altogether the work is most interesting and instructive, though largely made up of extracts and sentiments—not always acknowledged—from other writers. It is also agreeably illustrated with good lithographs, and forms a valuable contribution to our knowledge of tropical countries with their associated habits and capabilities.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND SPENSER; with Memoir and Critical Dissertations, by George Gilfillan, in 5 volumes. Edinburgh: James Nichol, 104 High-street.

THIS splendid edition of Spenser is now complete. It contains "every line extant of the poetry of Spenser," and is presented in such a compendious, attractive, and useful form, that it cannot fail to become *par excellence* the popular edition of

our beloved allegorist. We have not noticed this edition during its issue, believing we could render greater service to its spirited publisher when it was completed, and we could inform our readers, not that certain felicitous improvements were projected in this edition, but that they had been made. What these are we can best indicate in the words of the editor, Mr. Gilfillan—"Among the learned, to whom the presentation of an antique page forms no barrier, but acts often as a zest, there are few poems in our language more admired than 'The Faerie Queen,' but to the general reader, the old spelling is felt to be so repulsive as to make the work appear a sealed book." We have felt the difference in reading a page of this *emended* orthography, as compared with the old, to be as great as the difference between the *medal* rough and discoloured by rust, and when burnished and clean. The work done by Mr. Gilfillan for Spenser had been done long ago for Shakspeare, and now Spenser is as easily read as his great contemporary. The explanations given of obsolete terms are neither prolix nor meagre; usually one word suffices, and the glossary being put at the side of the page, the reader glides along without the slightest interruption. Every obstacle being now removed to the full enjoyment of our glorious romantic poet, the flower of chivalry, we trust that every student of our language and literature will now avail himself of the privilege. The introductory essays by Mr. Gilfillan are worthy of his high name: one exhibits the construction and moral of the allegories of the several works another, the life of the poet a third, a dissertation on his poetry; all of them graphic and instructive. The type is doubtless familiar to our readers, and will be no mean charm to them when they indulge in the luxury of buying and reading this standard edition of Spenser.

Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. A New Edition, Revised by the Author, with further Revisions and Introduction by his Eldest Son. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

This is a charming gossipping volume, written in Leigh Hunt's happiest style. Its entire length is a literary picture gallery, where the portraits of his friends are preserved, and the host, in taking us through, knits and interweaves with his talk pleasant reminiscences of the hours he spent with each of them. The greatest literary men of the past and present age are thus introduced and described to us. Coleridge, Keats, Byron, Campbell, Shelley, Carlyle, and Dickens. Leigh Hunt was intimate with them all, and here, as in a magical mirror, we see them pass before us, in the vraisemblance of life, along with a number of others their associates and friends. Leigh Hunt's vapourous religious sentimentality hangs like a mist over portions of the book, damping and darkening the reader's mind as it does the author's. Otherwise, a pleasanter railway or after-dinner companion could not be desired.

The Public Speaker, and How to Make One. By a Cambridge Man. London: James Nisbet.

If the title-page were an advertisement, stating what the author wanted to know, we could direct him how to get instructions how to become a public speaker; but we would warn readers not to expect such information from this book, which only tells how; it does not tell how to do it. Perhaps the advice be sufficient which, we may say, three words what our author says in over 120 pp. Question.—How to become a Public Speaker. Answer.—Be one, and be.

MAURICE'S SOCIAL RELIGION, exemplified in an Account of the First Settlement of Christianity in the City of Coerludd. By the Rev. Matthias Maurice. Seventh Edition. Edited by the Rev. F. Nicholas, Professor of Theology and Church History, Carmarthen College. London: Ward & Co.

A reprint and revise of a quaint, rich, old, unforgotten book, written by a contemporary and neighbour of Doddridge. Being a Welshman he reproduces an old Celtic city into which Christianity is just introduced, and illustrates the constitution and working of the apostolic churches from the fictitious history of the young church in Coerludd. The framework of the narrative is cumbrous wood-work, for the Rev. Matthias was no cunning workman in words or fancies; but the matter enclosed is solid and precious. Like bullion-boxes, inside the rude carpentry there are pure and weighty ingots. Further, there is a severe realistic manner about the Puritan's fiction, which gives it an amazing hold on the imagination, so that these early Christians, despite their Welsh and unpronounceable names, excite deep and growing interest as we read of them.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

AFTER Mr. Hawthorne's long residence in this country, many of his admirers no doubt expected from him some work embodying his impressions of English scenery and English life. Liverpool, with its intense business energy and its entirely modern character, was scarcely a fitting home for the poetic or the romantic, but there were phases of its life of which we should all gladly have received his impressions. Picturesque glimpses of scenery there are too in its neighbourhood, as Mr. Hawthorne learned in his wanderings on the New Brighton shore, and among the Eastham woods, where the dreamy, absorbed demeanour of the romancist not unfrequently puzzled the quiet Cheshire country people. We must own to a feeling of disappointment that after a silence of several years Mr. Hawthorne should make even Italy his first theme. He has written his name after those of De Stael, and Tieck, and Andersen, and many others from lands not Italian, who have made Italy the home of their ideal creations. Some curiosity must be felt as to the manner in which an author who succeeded in drawing a veil of old-world mystery and romance even over Boston can avail of the exhaustless materials which lie heaped around the Capitol and the Coloseum. We must frankly declare our opinion that the attempt has not been successful, and that the Romance of Monte Beni* will not add to the fame of the author of the Romance of Blithedale. Mr. Hawthorne seems to have concentrated in his latest work all the peculiar defects even of his best productions, and to have diffused over it less of his peculiar charm of thought, and style, and touch, than are apparent even in the slightest of his previous efforts. It is scarcely possible to arise from the perusal of this book without a feeling of disappointment and a sense of wasted genius.

Mr. Hawthorne is unquestionably a man of genius, and of characteristics thoroughly unborrowed and original. When his name first became known in English literature, a place among the foremost of his own art was readily and justly accorded to him. There appeared something in his writings which indicated the latent existence of a power yet to be developed and made profitable to the world. With the lapse of time it seemed almost certain that this vagueness and want of purpose would crystalize into clearness and well-directed force.

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* "Transformation: or, the Romance of Monte Beni." By Nathaniel Hawthorne. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

It is not surprising that Mr. Hawthorne's earlier works aroused the attention of a public languid from very satiety of novel reading. There was genius in them entirely peculiar, and almost inexplicable. Hawthorne took his reader with him into the centre of busy, bustling, and modern Boston, drew his magic circle, spake his conjuration, and the very spirit of the antique arose in gloom and cloud upon the scene. In his descriptions of some old Massachussetts family name, or some Governor's council chamber, the very soul of the elder world seems to descend and hold communion with the reader. Occasional glimpses, too, of a gentle and tender feeling revealed themselves. The opening chapter of the "Scarlet Letter," describing the little custom-house of Salem and its officials, was as quaint and genial as if it were a lost leaf from the essays of poor Elia. But there was a power in the "Scarlet Letter" rarely united with such quiet pathos. Scarcely is there in literature a contrast and a junction more terribly dramatic than those which separate and yet link together the Puritan preacher and the branded wearer of the fatal symbol. Is it not Maclise's painting of the play-scene in "Hamlet," in which the artifice of the painter has caused the shadow of the stage-murderer to fall across the chamber right upon the figure of the fratricide King? It is thus that in the "Scarlet Letter" the shadow of the degradation and the guilt of the lost woman darkens the form of the preacher, and seems to mark out a black space upon which those two beings stand alone, appallingly distinguished from the pure brightness all around.

The "Blithedale Romance," in many respects the best, was surely the saddest of the author's productions. It is a dreary retrospect of enthusiasm uselessly expending its powers, and prematurely expiring: passion misdirected, and turning back to prey upon itself: principles the most unselfish and exalted worked out without judgment, and either degenerating into melancholy monomania or breaking out into a wilder madness.

But the author ought to have grown to something still better, artistically and morally. The defects of previous labours would have been compensated had the interval of years which followed the publication of the "Blithedale Romance" been the precursor of a work wholly healthy and manly in tone, and which while developing to the fullest the high imagination and the spiritualized feeling of the author should borrow no unreal, delusive, and disappointing attractions from the morbid, the mystic and the supernatural. Such a work the "Romance of Monte Beni" emphatically is not. It has all the special defects of its predecessors, and not many of their peculiar merits.

The "Romance of Monte Beni" is at least original in its structure. It is the story of a being almost entirely animal in its origin, developed into emotion, painful struggles, and final exaltation by the remorse which follows a sudden deed of crime. In the old classic legend the higher life lights up in the animal nature at the first glimpse of human beauty. In the German story a soul enters the sprite-form of Undine with the visitation of human love. In Mr. Hawthorne's novel the nature of the Faun grows humanized and ennobled through the painful medium of remorse and despair. It is not difficult to see how the story gradually developed itself in the author's mind. Mr. Hawthorne when gazing on the marble Faun of Praxiteles in the sculpture gallery of the Capitol fell into his peculiar and dreamy meditations upon the mythic nature of the being who held that strange place between man and animal, having some of the form and some of the character of each, capable of a higher joy and love than the one race, incapable of the aspiration, the sorrow, the exaltation of the other. The strange desire seized upon the author's

ation to weave a modern ro-
around a central figure in
being the elements of the wild
Faun nature were blended
a hereditary source. "The
here represented is endowed
o principle of virtue, and would
ıpable of comprehending such,
would be true and honest by
his simplicity." Donatello,
o, is the heir of a line of Etrus-
ıcestors whose origin is traced
y the legends of the region in
their hereditary castle stands
vanished race of the Faun
once peopled and made living
kling depths of Tuscan forests.
den deed of blood, in defence
he loves, first wakens sorrow
morse and finally human aspi-
and hope in the joyous, animal
f the nineteenth century Faun.
im mystical method brightened
by some flashes of beauty and
of genuine feeling is this moral
ıt out. The theme is repulsive
f, and Mr. Hawthorne has not
oured to soften or relieve, ex-
ı rare instances, its repelling
s. The other creatures of the
are unfortunately but too
r to Mr. Hawthorne's readers.
highly-gifted, beautiful, proud
ı, hunted down by some vague
rrible destiny, and eternally
d by a mysterious and abhorred
ıtor; the fragile, spiritualized
the earnest, aspiring artist—
ıre forms we have met in all
uthor's previous works. But
olours have begun to fade.
stically, as well as in a higher
this book seems to us a failure.
ıoral it professes to teach is
open to the gravest exception.
before, at least in the literature
day, has crime been made the
ng furnace from which the soul
out refined and glorified. Ar-
ly the story is complicated and
ed, its characters feeble, and only
idents and reflections striking,
its conclusion is scarcely intel-

Why should a man of
e and natural power convert
himself into a kind of literary Cagliostro? Might not the words Mr. Hawthorne has applied to our English sculptor be, with far greater strictness, now applied to himself? "Gifted with more delicate power than any other man alive, he has foregone to be a Christian reality, and perverted himself into a Pagan idealist, whose business or efficacy in our present world it would be exceedingly difficult to define."

It would, indeed, be unjust not to declare that there are many scenes of great power, vivid descriptions of town and forest sights, quaint scraps of suggestive thought, and gleams of irresistible pathos scattered over these volumes. Some of the sketches of Italian scenery remind the reader of Mr. Brett's marvellous Vale of Aosta, with its sun and shadow, its thunderclouds, its vines, its rocks, and its radiant colours; and here and there a stray passage of a quieter and homelier kind reminds us that we are communing with the author of the "Twice-Told Tales." Here, for instance, are a few genial sentences in which Mr. Hawthorne meditates over his heroine, as she sits and mends a glove:—"There is something extremely pleasant and even touching—at least, of very sweet, soft, and winning effect—in this peculiarity of needlework, distinguishing women from men. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play, aside from the main business of life; but women—be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty—have always some little handiwork ready to fill up the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the feelings of them all. A queen no doubt plies it on occasions; the woman-poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have greatly the advantage of us in this respect.

The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences of which do so much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker-chair of the humblest seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than while so occupied."

THE ECLECTIC.

JUNE, 1860.

I.

OUGHTS ON THE REVISION OF THE AUTHORIZED VERSION.

:RY few years the press teems with discussions of this subject; ı pamphlets, speeches and letters about it; the controversy then away, and in a year or two revives again. The reasons of periodic resuscitation of the topic are very obvious. Every king person must, we suppose, admit, (however paradoxical it appear), the two statements on which the disputants on both s chiefly rest; one of which leads to the perpetual renewal of strife, and the other to doubts of any practicable method of ling it. The first is, that it must be, and ought to be, the ı of every Christian to remove every speck and flaw from the ror which reflects Divine truth to us; and that therefore, if e be any such in the common version, it can never be our to perpetuate them. The second is, that though this is unde-ıle, our common version is so near an approximation to fidelity, is so masterly in point of expression, that it may be feared that extensive tampering with it would deteriorate instead of im-ring it; and that any gleam of stronger light that might be wn on an insulated point here and there, on some small angle ruth, might be more than counterbalanced by a frequent, though ight be slight, impoverishing of the expression. To this it is ed, that the fabric of popular association, which has gathered, in and reverence, for more than two centuries about the *Bible as it* ught not to be lightly touched; that the very words and phrases, which our fathers lingered, which consoled them in sorrow sustained them in death, and which are diffused through the extent of our religious literature, are consecrated to the ılar ear, and that no substitutes can have an equal charm. confess that much is to be said on both sides of this con-ersy.

Whenever the controversy is renewed, we are sure to find the customary exaggerations. Men speak as if there were the most urgent reasons for an instant decision of it; extravagant statements are indulged in as to the magnitude of the errors [illegible] corrected in the old version, and the wonderful advantages [illegible] secured by a new one. One would imagine, to hear some [illegible] folks talk when under the polemic orgasm, that there was [illegible] danger of a plain man's missing his way to Heaven, [illegible] had a more accurate chart of the voyage than that laid [illegible] the old Bible, which nevertheless has brought so many [illegible] in peace to their "desired haven." At present, as we have [illegible] men's minds seem to be more calm, and to feel that it is a [illegible] versy which need not be decided in a hurry; that what [illegible] increase of accuracy might be attained by a new version—[illegible] though it were absolutely perfect—is but infinitesimal as [illegible] with the approximate accuracy of the version already in [illegible] body's hands; that it can but give circumstantial exactness [illegible] what already has substantial fidelity; that the little [illegible] truth which a new translation would give us, when summed [illegible] so scrupulously, must be but a very minute fraction [illegible] with the entire mass of shining bullion which the common [illegible] faithfully secures to us.

Freed from all exaggerations, however, the subject is of [illegible] cient importance to deserve and demand repeated discussion [illegible] we are not sorry to take an opportunity of recording [illegible] views of it, when, as we have said, there is a temporary [illegible] the gusts of controversy, a lull in public feeling. In [illegible] a moment, we shall best keep our own mind, and the [illegible] the reader, free from the exaggerations incident to a [illegible] in full flame, as well as from all impatient solutions of the [illegible] lem submitted to consideration?

We shall endeavour, without prejudice, and with the [illegible] sobriety, to state the reasons for and against alterations [illegible] current version; the limits within which any such alterations [illegible] either desirable or necessary; and the modes in which, [illegible] conceive, they may be most unobjectionably attempted; [illegible] not only without any injury to the Authorized Version, but [illegible] is most desirable, so as not even to involve any solution [illegible] tinuity in the associations of love and veneration with which [illegible] people regard it, or any abrupt transition of feeling [illegible] from the old to the new. To avoid this evil, even if [illegible] reason, we should deprecate, in the strongest terms, [illegible] to commit to any body of men, be they who they may, [illegible] of giving us an entirely new translation of the whole Bible [illegible] "common version." We shall endeavour to show, before [illegible]

have done, that, in all probability, though they were more learned, as they might very well be, than King James's translators, they would give us a translation, on the whole, much inferior,—certainly inferior in popular power and idiomatic energy,—to that we already possess.

The utmost that any reasonable man would ask is, that unquestionable blemishes should be removed and proved errors corrected, leaving the substance of the sacred volume untouched. Certainly in our judgment nothing but unnecessary risks could ensue from attempting a new translation altogether, if, for the reasons we are about to state, the probability is that a new translation, even though it might successfully achieve the rectification of some trivial errors, or the recovery of some stray particles of circumstantial truth, would be less idiomatic in its general expression, and, consequently, less forcible. The little gained here and there, in a particular passage, would be too dearly paid for by a generally-diffused deterioration of form.

But even were a new translation abstractedly equal in point of expression, it would be mere folly *needlessly* to disturb the charm of association with which, in millions of minds, the very words of the present version are regarded, and which wanton innovation, even though the diction were not deteriorated, must, according to a universal law of our nature, impair.

In fact, however strong reasons justify a doubt whether, in the *present* condition of the language, even the best taste and the most severe self-control on the part of modern scholars could give us, as a whole, so magnificent a specimen of English as our present version. Every cultivated language has its historic development, and there are epochs when, and when alone, relatively to given purposes, it is *in perfection*. Perhaps the period in which the translation of the Scriptures was made was the one in which not only the sinewy strength of the vernacular was unimpaired, but also in a condition of receiving, in relation to popular expression, the *maximum* aid from the foreign and classical elements. A generation afterwards, we may see, in the diction of Jeremy Taylor, Donne, Thomas Brown, and a host of similar writers, how a pedantic (or unconscious) imitation of classical terms and idiom had impaired their use of the vernacular; and how, if *they* had been among the translators of the Bible, it might have coloured and tinctured their diction. In our own day, though the ancient pedantry be gone, yet the infusion of the foreign element, owing to the demands of increasing knowledge and science which, in the altered structure of our language, could not be supplied from the vernacular sources, is so enormous, and literary taste is so familiar with that element, that it is very pro-

bably not in the power of any body of Englishmen to turn … such a piece of genuine English as our common version—at least not *naturally*;—it could only be by a perpetual vigilance, and incessant artificial care which would impart coldness and constraint to their work. That our vernacular tongue is as strong as it is, is owing, in no small measure, to the common version of the Bible. Amidst incomparably higher benefits it has conferred upon us, its literary value has not been small. It has maintained the Anglo-Saxon element in its vigour; it has acted as a breakwater against those encroaching restless waves of change and caprice which are perpetually undermining and breaking down portions of a language, and rendering words, and idioms, and constructions obsolete or obsolescent.

For these reasons, a modern translation of the entire Bible might be more minutely exact; and yet, on the whole, a less luminous and powerful reflection of Divine Truth.

It is observed by astronomers that the planet Venus sometimes shines brightest, not when she is in that part of her orbit which she presents to us her fullest disc, but when she is at that nearer point where she is most intensely illuminated. We see somewhat less of her, but she shines brighter. It is much the same with translations of a book. A little less of the original may be seen in one than another; nevertheless, preserving substantial accuracy of meaning it may, in addition, be so strongly illuminated—as to felicity or energy of diction, so influence the imagination and affections of the reader, as to be incontestably superior, and present the essential spirit of the book incomparably better.

If any one wishes to see the extent to which infelicities of idiom and style may dilute even the spirit of the Bible, wonderfully as it is constructed to aid the translator, and naturally as it clothes itself in the most idiomatic forms of every language into which it is rendered, let him compare some of the passages of the New Testament in the common version with those in the Catholic translation of the Rheim's New Testament. Most thankful we ought Protestants to be that such a translation is in circulation among British Roman Catholics; for faulty as a translation it … may be, it is impossible for *any* translation … of the essential facts and doctrines. … even the … [illegible] … [illegible] … [illegible]

though our friends of the Roman Catholic Church feared there would be an explosion if they did not fix the light of truth in a "safety-lamp," and interpose between its flame and the eye an obscuring gauze. Take the following examples:—

"Who will *reform the body of our lowness?*"—Phil. iii., 21.

"In like manner, ye young men, be subject to the ancients. And do ye all *insinuate humility* one to another."—1 Peter v., 5.

"God is charity, and he that abideth in charity abideth in God."—1 John iv., 16.

"And every spirit that *dissolveth Jesus* is not of God."—1 John iv., 3.

In like manner, the frequent substitution of Latinistic terms for the strong and homely vernacular; as "solicitude" for "care," "longanimity" for "long-suffering," "recede" for "go back," "injustice" for "unrighteousness," "divesting" for "spoiling," "obscenity" for "filthiness," "benignity" for "gentleness," and so on, gives the whole version a certain foreign air, and produces an impression, as we read it, as if a thin veil had been drawn over the words.*

We cannot say that there are many cases in which the *meaning* is unintelligible, even in this version; but it is made much less vivid by the diction employed, which, even in the last revised edition of the version, is far too full of book-words. The style of the Bible is so marvellously constructed for transfusion of its thoughts into all the dialects of the world; it has such strong affinities with whatever is most energetic, simple, and idiomatic in them, that only a translator very skilled indeed in translating badly can render the histories of the Old Testament or the Gospels of the New *very* faulty as regards diction. But, nevertheless, one version, even of those parts, may be indefinitely better or worse than another.

But dismissing the idea of an entirely new translation, or, which would come to much the same thing, the consigning of the entire "common version" to the unlimited tinkering of any man or body of men *on their sole authority*, it must be confessed that a revision rigorously restricted to the passages in which error or other grave defect, (as obsolete forms), is charged, is a totally different thing. No such sweeping changes as might, and pretty certainly would, attend an entirely new version need be introduced in a cautious revision of the old. *Comparatively* few, (however numerous absolutely), are the passages which require any alteration, and the

* An amusing collection of portentous Latinisms are given from the Rhenish Version in Trench's "English, Past and Present." "Impudicity," "ebrieties," "commessations," and "longanimity" would certainly need a dictionary for the bulk of common readers.

difference between re-touching these and giving us an entirely new version, would be as the difference between repairing a [illegible] dilapidation in an old fabric, and razing it from the foundations to build it afresh. The accumulations of sacred science during [illegible] centuries and a-half are sufficiently large, at least, to justify [illegible] attempt at revision, and modern scholarship is fully equal to [illegible] task of pronouncing on the value of any proposed emendations.

But even then, we confess reluctance to allow any [illegible] of critics, however learned and cautious, to undertake and [illegible] the work without, in some sense, the co-operation of the [illegible]; that is, we should not like it to be performed on their sole responsibility; we should not like the Bible to be given (so to speak) into their hands, to expunge and alter at their pleasure, and then to be handed back to us as a "Common Version," with the so-called emendations already made, which (without a voice) we are required to accept. We should like the public to have a choice in the matter; to have means of comparison, and time to form a judgment—the learned, on the value of the interpretation; and the general reader, on the merits of the expression in the altered passages.

We will briefly state what seems to us the most unobjectionable mode in which this end might be effected.

We should like, then, to see certain public bodies, which have the requisite wealth and learning (as, for example, the Universities), or the wealth that might hire the learning (as some of the great religious societies), enlisting in the service a number of the first scholars of our day, and assigning to each a moderate portion of the sacred volume for revision. After a diligent examination of the text, and the due use of all philological and [illegible] lights, each might suggest what alterations, in his judgment, were required in the portion consigned to his care; the suggestions of each might be submitted to the rest, and, at last, such emendations as had the general concurrence might be introduced—not into the text of the common version—but into an edition of it, [illegible] double columns; one of which should be devoted to the text of the common version itself, and the other to the proposed alterations—this latter column, where no alterations were necessary or proposed, being left blank. The emendations should be [illegible] against the verses which they affected; and, perhaps, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] readers who could not purchase the more bulky volume. This would obviate the objection that the public would be left, for the time during which opinion was forming on the merits of the

proposed emendations, in ignorance of what scholarship and research had done for the sacred text and its interpretation during the last two centuries and a-half. The people would have the results, though not incorporated in an edition of the common version, and they could make the comparison for themselves.

It is not for us to suggest the public body or bodies who might take *upon themselves*—for we would have it undertaken *by* themselves—this responsible task. One naturally looks to the Universities as the parties by whom it might be most hopefully entered upon. But, in fact, if the work were attempted simultaneously by two or three public bodies, it might be as well.* No harm could well follow, and some good might. Larger resources of learning, critical skill, and taste would be pressed into the service, and a wider basis of ultimate comparison and selection would be secured; while agreement (and in the majority of cases there would be substantial agreement) would be an additional argument for the soundness of, at least, the *interpretation* arrived at.

Supposing such emendations made, we would then have them, as we have said, left in the hands of the people; that a public opinion might gradually grow up, and express itself about them, before any attempt was made to substitute them for the corresponding passages in the current version. Apart from some such ordeal, by which the value of these emendations might be tested, we fancy that the nation would be loth to give any body of men, however learned, the liberty, and that *they* would be equally reluctant to accept the responsibility, of using the sponge to any part of the received version, and summarily substituting something else in its place. Whatever is done should be done before the eyes of the public, and with the fullest means of judging of its propriety.

Hence the importance we attach to the condition that the proposed alterations should be deliberately submitted to the public eye; not merely that the criticism of the learned might be heard as to the interpretation, but, (what is scarcely less important in such a case), that the voice of the intelligent, though *not* learned, public might be heard on the translation itself; on the merits of the diction and style; whether the words substituted worthily replaced the strong sinewy English of the present version, or whether learning, as so often happens, had diluted the force of expression by fond preference for a classical diction.

Nor let it be supposed that the instincts of unlearned, unsophisticated English ears would be of little value. We have already

* Some of the great societies, the object of which is the diffusion of religious knowledge—and of which the revenues are princely—might legitimately devote a moderate grant from their funds, for a series of years, to so good a work; and if several of them were to join in the object, the tax on each would be light.

said that it would be very possible for a number of learned men to give us a really more accurate translation by availing themselves of all the aids of modern learning and research, and yet systematically deteriorate the whole by dilution of phrase; by a want of tact for perceiving the full force and energy of vernacular idioms and constructions, which, by the way, is usually one of the weak points in men of mere erudition. No wonder that it is so, for learned men read much in foreign languages, and are chiefly conversant with English books in which there is an undue proportion of the foreign element; they are also very often segregated, to a great extent, from the walks of common life, in which the life of the vernacular diction (the Saxon) chiefly circulates. In English, the native and the foreign elements, the confluence of which forms it, are both very large; an immense number of our synonyms are derived from both; but it is those derived from foreign sources which are most naturally suggested to habits of learned thought. Unless, therefore, erudition is conjoined with unusual activity of the imagination (and great linguistic and philological talent is seldom allied to a poetic temperament); unless it also has its tendencies corrected by perpetual familiarity with the literature in which the dialect of common life is principally found, the diction it employs is certain to be coloured by an excessive infusion of the classical elements of our language.

Take, for example, Lowth, a man, not only of learning, but of elegant imagination and accomplished taste. His translation of Isaiah bears witness to his possession of all these qualities: yet how often has he diluted the force of the diction in his attempt to mend the common version! No doubt his translation has still graver faults; he is often bold, even rash, in his interpretations, founded, as they not seldom are, on conjectural, or very partially sustained emendation of the text; and this shows us, by the way, how unwise it would be to give any individual men authority to substitute their translations for those of the common version till general criticism has thoroughly sifted them. But, to waive that, for it is in point of diction that we more particularly speak of Lowth's version at present. It cannot be denied that he has, in many cases, made real improvements, so that, on the whole, he has produced a version of great merit and elegance: yet it is equally undeniable, we think, that an ear thoroughly attuned to the vernacular, will detect a pervading languor of expression as compared with the energy of the common version, arising from the insensible preference of a highly-cultivated literary taste for the classical elements in our language. To go no further than the First Chapter for a specimen, who can endure the substitution of the frigid, general term "possessor" for the appropriate word

"owner," or the "crib of his lord" for "his master's crib;" where the latter has not only the advantage in the terms, but in the brief construction also? "The ox knoweth his owner," says the common version, "and the ass his master's crib." "The ox knoweth his possessor," says Lowth, "and the ass the crib of his lord." Isaiah i. 26, "Afterward thou shalt be called the city of righteousness, *the faithful city*"—C. Version. "And after this," says Lowth, "thy name shall be called the city of righteousness, the faithful metropolis!" In this passage, surely the affected phrase "faithful metropolis," equally injures the diction and the rhythm. Chap. i. 29—36, "For ye shall be ashamed of the *ilexes* which ye have desired. . . . When ye shall be as an *ilex* whose leaves are blasted." What is the particular advantage that is to countervail the introduction of the "ilex," in place of the "oak" of the common version, we know not. It may be said, perhaps, that an "ilex" *is* an "ilex," and there is an end of the matter. But Lowth himself acknowledges that the meaning of the Hebrew term is dubious; he might, therefore, have left the word as it was. It had the merit of being, at least, intelligible to the common reader.

In short, we will venture to say, that where there is no change of meaning—Lowth's substitution of terms, or changes of construction, are for the worse, either in point of energy, or rhythm, nine times out of ten.

Hence, in our judgment, the necessity that popular *feeling*—the intuitive taste of those who cannot criticise the rendering, but can criticise the diction, should have opportunity of declaring itself.

But to return. If the cautious and temperate emendations, proposed and published in the way described, were laid before the people, a public judgment with respect to them would, in time, be expressed; learning would canvass the interpretation, and even the common reader would compare, and try by the ear, the merits of the expression. Of many minute changes the obvious justice would be recognized at once; and, with regard to others, though it would not be possible to count votes, a general concurrence of approval or disapproval might and would be inferable from the verdicts of the organs of public opinion. Thus to sift and canvass the work of critics, and to afford opportunity to public opinion deliberately to give or withhold its sanction, might take a score of years or so; but that would be of little consequence as compared with the importance of the object, and its satisfactory ultimate attainment; and, at all events, as we have already said, none, during this interval (be it long or short), would be defrauded of any of the lights derivable from modern learning and research—

It will be seen from our remarks, that we attach an importance to the *manner* of translation, to the *expression*, only inferior to that we attach to the *matter*; and, in the case of the Bible, most justly; for there the *form* is also of the *essence*. In all works of genius, indeed, the connection between thought and its symbol is indissoluble, and, to injure the diction is to rob the thought; but, most of all, in that book in which the genius that composed it was, without a figure, "divine;"—informed and animated by the inspiration of that spirit which "knew" perfectly "what was in man"—all the avenues to all his faculties; and which designed the Bible not only to convey truth, but to convey it in a manner adapted to lay hold of all the constituents of our nature—to seize alike the memory, the imagination, the affections, and the heart.

To sum up what we have said:—That a temperate revision of the "common version" should be attempted we have no doubt, provided only these conditions be secured:—1st. That the task can be achieved without introducing more error than will be corrected; and this danger can hardly be, if, leaving the bulk of the present version as it is except where error is charged, the small portions in which it *is* charged were adjusted to the interpretation which two centuries of investigation may have established as the *true*. 2ndly. Supposing the infinitesimal increase of accuracy thus conferred on the translation is not more than paid for by impoverishment of diction or style; and this again could hardly be, provided the bulk of the authorized renderings remained unchanged, and criticism only ventured to deal with those in which the advance of philological and historical knowledge had discerned a flaw; and, 3rdly, provided there was no summary foisting of these supposed emendations into the text on the sole responsibility of any learned man, or body of learned men; or till the public could form and express its judgment respecting them.

If these conditions for the safe performance of the task be secured, we deem it plain as any proposition can be made, that it should be *attempted*; and for this simple reason already urged, that it must be the wish of every Christian man to render the translation of the Word of God as perfect as it can possibly be made; and, therefore, not to plead for the perpetual retention of any removable errors or blemishes, great or little. This we regard as a self-evident truism to every Christian, and beyond all doubt or dispute. To present an exact mirror of the meaning of the Word of God, even to the minutest part of it, without flaw, or speck, or distortion, must be the wish and aim, at least, of every one who knows what he means, when he says that he believes the Bible is the "Word of God."

And that the *effect* of the sum of the many little improvements

that might be introduced—minute though they severally be—would not be inconsiderable, may be easily imagined. Who can doubt it, that considers the immense labours that have been expended on the text itself—on the grammar and philosophy of the sacred languages—on the more accurate investigation of oriental history and antiquities, manners and customs, since our venerable translators completed their work? Though in such revision no one passage of importance were altered, the collective effect of a number of minute improvements (like the last touches of the sculptor's chisel or the painter's brush when the work seems, to every eye but the artist's, finished), might greatly add to the beauty of the whole; as, on the other hand, the collective effect of a number of deteriorations, though each trifling, might greatly *impair* that beauty. Hence, effectual securities are necessary that any alterations should be improvements, and that there should be no rough handling of such an heirloom as the English nation possesses in the common version.

A certain class of minute improvements, that would commend themselves to instant and universal approval, would alone add not a little to the elegance, and detract nothing from the fidelity of the version. They are too obvious to need mention. Our translators have unhappily adopted certain literal translations of Hebrew idioms, which having passed into common speech, suggested nothing coarse to oriental ears, and would also sound less coarse in our ancestors' ears than in our own. They might be readily exchanged for modes of expression which, being the correspondent idioms of our own speech, mean with us just what the original expressed to the Hebrews, and would, therefore, be in fact a more *faithful*, though a less literal, reflection of the sense. We need not particularise any of these few expressions; for which, indeed, the common sense of the public reader generally substitutes a ready equivalent. But it is well to get rid of them, if only to silence the prudery of a captious infidelity which, amidst the often unutterable impurities of its own literature, is apt to be seized with qualms of scrupulous delicacy when it is its cue to dilate on the grossness of the Bible! The grossness consists, however, in renderings ill-adapted to our Western ears, not in idioms of the East, which, as commonly received forms of speech, conveyed none of the indelicacy which we fancy in them to those who daily used them.

Similar observations apply to the translation of some of the oriental tropes. These are sometimes rendered, not as they ought to have been, in accordance with the principles of *really* faithful translation, into equivalent tropes of our own language, but into the terms which literally stand for them. It is justly remarked

by Campbell in his "Philosophy of Rhetoric," that different nations, following different analogies or fancies, or the notions of their current physiology, have assigned very different organs of the body as the habitat of the very same emotions. In every such case, truth of translation would require that the trope should be rendered into correspondent tropes, not into the literal terms, which in the language of the translator may have, and generally have, no tropical equivalence. For example, the word "bowels" when used metaphorically for "compassion" should be rendered by the word "heart," which we westerns have generally fixed upon as the symbolical seat of the same emotion. When once such a symbol of speech has become the *established sign* of a purely mental conception, those who ordinarily use it think no longer of the original meaning of the word—of the organ which has given origin to the metaphor. When the Hebrews or Greeks used "bowels" for "compassion," they were doubtless as little troubled with any ludicrous visual images as we, when we speak of a man of a tender "heart," are led to think of the physical organ—the cone of flesh—so called. Yet, because we have a different trope from theirs (though they had ours too), the use of the word "bowels" in some contexts gives our translation a ludicrous air; just as to an oriental many of our metaphors, for which they have no literal counterpart, would also sound uncouth or ridiculous. The true method of giving the faithful translation of all such expressions would be to render them, not into their literal, but their tropical equivalents.

Another obvious improvement would be the getting rid of by far the greater part of the italics with which our too scrupulous translators have loaded the sacred page, and which give the ignorant reader an idea that they have added a great deal of their own, whereas in nine cases out of ten these italics simply express what is included essentially in the Hebrew and Greek forms of speech, in the idioms and inflections, and are a substantive part of the rendering.

Other, and still more important emendations, such as improvements occasionally in the syntax, the getting rid of forms once current, but now truly archaic; and, in not a few instances, the correction of positively obscure or erroneous translations, will be found specified in Chapters V. to X. of the interesting work by Dean Trench, recently published, and entitled "On the Authorised Version of the New Testament, in Connection with some Recent Proposals for its Revision."*

* An obvious improvement in *form* would be gained by the adoption of the principle of the paragraph Bible. The convenience of the old division into verses, for the purpose of reference, might still be secured by printing the numbers, as in that Bible, in the margin, without making each verse a paragraph in itself.

Some translations of insulated portions of the New Testament have recently been made in this country with the professed object of "improving" the common version. The attempt which has excited most attention is that undertaken by Dean Alford, a writer of considerable reputation for talent and learning. Dean Alford is one.

This attempt, at all events, illustrates one point—the limited amount of change that any judicious editing would make in the "common version." It is impossible not to award high praise to our "five divines" for moderation and self-restraint in a case in which there are so many temptations to innovation, and so slow to critical acumen that the task is not a simple one. But instead of indulging the love of novelty, they have followed the principle of doing a minimum: and the consequence is that we may read page after page of their new translation without finding only a few verbal changes: not always, by the way, improvements; and we must add not always, in our estimation, for the better. We cannot, for example, say that the words, "My Father's will of my Father" are improved by the form, "My Father, *to wit* the will of my father;" nor, as we think, is the change in John, viii. 23, at all to be commended. The word *from* seems to us the only genuine English word which can express the preposition; and as the modern custom at meals is to "help from," we cannot see what evil is answered by its rejection. [1]

[1] We wish we could say as much for the "first part" of a New Version of the New Testament by the Rev. T. S. Green, M.A., of Christ's College, Cambridge, and the Bishop of the Bermudas. It has many merits, and is certainly as free from *mistakes* as any; but it strikes us that the author has in many instances sacrificed the spirit of the original to the letter. We think that it is very possible to be too literal in a translation of the Scriptures, and that in many instances a freer rendering would be more faithful to the original. Mr. Green's translation of the word [illegible] by the word *Assembly* is, we think, a case in point. [illegible] Mr. Green's rendering, by the word *Assembly*, is not only unfamiliar, but it is misleading. [illegible] "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Matthew, Chap. xviii. 20. Or, "If he neglect to hear them," Matthew, Chap. xviii. 17. Or, "And if he refuse to hear them," Matthew, Chap. xviii. 17. Or, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake," Matthew, Chap. v. 10. "And if thy right eye offend thee," Matthew, Chap. v. 29. "Whosoever shall say, Thou fool," Matthew, Chap. v. 22. "Whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca," Matthew, Chap. v. 22. "Whosoever shall say, Thou shalt not kill," Matthew, Chap. v. 21. "Whosoever shall say unto this mountain," Mark, Chap. xi. 23. "And if thy brother shall trespass against thee," Luke, Chap. xvii. 3. "Whosoever shall say unto this sycamine tree," Luke, Chap. xvii. 6. "Whosoever shall say unto this mountain," Matthew, Chap. xxi. 21. "Whosoever shall say unto this mountain," Mark, Chap. xi. 23

the word into the phrase, "reclining at meat." We may say the same of several verbal alterations which appear to us to convey neither more nor less than the terms which were previously used, and which might therefore have been retained. "Thou wast *altogether* born in sin" seems to us every whit as good as "Thou wast *wholly* born in sin," which change of word is the only alteration in the verse. In like manner, some of the transpositions of words, where no change of them is proposed, are, we fancy, wholly unnecessary, and occasionally render the passage less musical. "Neither pray I for these alone" does not seem to us to be improved by the form, "Yet not for these alone do I pray."

On the whole, however, these tentative efforts of our five divines deserve high praise; most of all for the severe self-control which the editors have exercised, and their superiority to the littleness of ostentatiously innovating for innovation's sake. Of one thing we are certain, that their labours must have a happy tendency at least in checking all exaggerated estimates of the error which remains to be corrected in the common version, and of the improvements of which it is susceptible. We entirely agree in the statements with which their modest preface commences. They say, "Refraining altogether from any expression of opinion respecting the desirableness of an Authorized Revision of the existing Version, we have thought that the best method of allaying agitation, and enabling those who cannot examine the question for themselves to form a correct view of the real state of the case, would be to offer as faithful and complete a version of a portion of the New Testament as it was in our power to construct. In so doing, however, we have kept two objects distinctly in our view: the one to exhibit in the fullest, most honest, and most loyal manner the actual meaning of the inspired Word of God, allowing no subjective preferences or preconceived views to interfere with this simple and faithful exposition in English of the original text of Holy Scripture; the other, to show, as far as is compatible with this first and chiefest object, that the Authorized Version is indeed a precious and holy possession, and that the errors of it are very slight and few in comparison of its many and great excellencies."

We commend the whole of this preface to the attention of the reader, as well as the very interesting and able work of Dean Trench. Both will have the effect of healthfully stimulating public attention to this important subject, and of helping to form public opinion upon it.

II.

LIFE AND HEALTH ASSURANCE.

THERE are few financial arrangements connected with personal prudence and foresight with which it so much behoves the public to be acquainted, and with which, nevertheless, they are so little acquainted, as Life Assurance, or a provision against the calamity of premature death; and also under those various other aspects in which it presents itself as an alleviation of misfortune and sickness in association with Friendly and Benefit Societies. The causes of the prevailing ignorance on these matters are due partly to the general indifference of mankind respecting the future, but principally to the lack of accessible and readable information about them. This latter cause, again, is traceable to others, such as the inherent difficulty of popularizing purely technical and financial subjects, and the number of subsidiary topics which spring up at every attempt to make the science intelligible, each of which seems to demand explanation before proceeding further. The number of persons possessing an accurate and extended knowledge of Life Assurance principles and practice has hitherto been very small, nor is it large even in our day. Actuaries* have not been so much specially educated for their profession, as inducted into it by fortuitous occurrences. Even though the number of competent persons may be larger than it once was, yet these professional men seldom have the faculty of popular exposition, or in the few cases where they possess it, they are commonly so lucratively and thoroughly occupied, that they are indisposed and unprepared to spend time in teaching elements, and in addressing the common people in unauthoritative and unpretending modes. There are, indeed, numerous self-styled Lecturers on Life

* It may be well to explain at once and for all some principal terms. An *Actuary* is the financial manager of an Assurance Company, and, either by himself or with assistants, its computer and accountant. *Directors* advise, with the *Medical Officer*, upon the acceptance or rejection of lives offered for assurance upon certain rules called *premiums*. These are founded upon *Rates of Mortality*, and are graduated according to the age at the time of Assurance. The term *Life Office* is the most convenient designation of the Company, or Society, or Institution which assures lives, and which may either be *Proprietary*, or founded upon shares for which interest is paid, or *Mutual*, in which case the assurers all form a co-partnery; or *Mixed*, in which the two other principles are combined. The *Policy of Assurance* is that parchment or paper document which the assurer receives upon paying his first premium, and which binds the office. A *Life-Assurance* contract, in its simplest form, is a contract entered into by a public society to pay upon the death of a subscriber to its funds a fixed sum of money, either with or without additions derivable from its surplus funds. On his part the assurer engages to pay a premium, or computed equivalent for the assurance, either annually, during life, or for a fixed number of years. All the more complex, or more peculiar contracts of Assurance are founded upon similar conditions, varied according to the diversities of the several cases and customers.

Assurance who visit provincial towns and villages, and placard the walls with their announcements; but it is soon discovered that these gentlemen are the agents, or paid advocates, of particular societies or offices, a discovery which naturally rather weakens their hold upon the public, and destroys their claim to pure benevolence in the proclamation of their knowledge.

Such are a few of the more obvious ways of accounting for the prevailing ignorance. It is our present intention to endeavour, within moderate limits, so to expound the principles and practices of Life Assurance against death and personal incapacity, that our readers may gain a vantage ground from which they may, at any time, scrutinize more effectively any particular project or proposal laid before them for the purpose of obtaining their patronage and personal connection with it. In so doing we shall employ the plainest language, and avoid all technicalities which can be avoided, while we shall explain the few we are compelled to employ. Our aim will also be, not so much to explain what is already explained in one or two tracts or tractates upon the subject, as to unfold what is not usually explained, and to give our readers the fruits of a good deal of research and inquiry which they will not easily find elsewhere ready to their hands. We shall rather place them in a position to judge for themselves, and to follow their own conclusions, than enlarge upon themes and schemes in a manner better suited to a special pleader than an instructor. Nor is it an unimportant point that the writer is unconnected with any Office or Society, and that he therefore speaks without any bias to particular persons or plans, and purely with a view to the information and interest of his readers.

First, and principally, with reference to Life Assurance—a Company established for the purpose of assuring lives, proposes to convert a physical uncertainty into a pecuniary certainty. Proverbially, one of the most uncertain events in the whole round of occurrences, is the time of any individual's death, but although the duration of one person's life is so uncertain, the duration of a considerable number of healthy individuals' lives can be reduced to an average of figures, which long experience has proved to be as fixed as any law of Nature. Not more assignable is the course of the sun and the orbits of the stars, than is the collective duration of human life in a large number of ordinarily healthy men and women. The great aim has been to arrive at the *precise* knowledge of the duration of Assurance life collectively, and not to conjecture it loosely and vaguely—as for many years even professional men were compelled to do; with this aim a true Rate of Mortality has been sought after by noting the births and deaths of a given number of persons in a town or district. From observations of this kind at Northampton and Carlisle arose the two well-known Mortality Tables, termed, respectively, the Northampton and Carlisle. The former, being earlier, was the table adopted by the earlier offices; the latter, which is the later, and far the truer, is the basis of most modern business. But, since its adoption still truer Tables have been formed, which are

founded on the returns made to the Registrar-General, and these are called the English Life-Tables. Dr. Farr, attached to the Registrar's office, has carefully observed the Registration returns, and improved the Life-Tables; so that now we have really correct and reliable data of the expectation of human life from any given age up to death. We are so near the real mortality, that future knowledge will not probably materially interfere with practical results in Assurance business.

Let it be, then, distinctly understood that, although different offices have, from their dates of establishment, employed different Tables, simply because they could only take the best of their own day and date, yet, from the Tables we now have we can predict, with certainty, the duration of a sufficiently large number of lives to afford us an *average*. This last point is important; for, if the number be too small for an average, we tend towards the uncertainty of individual life; but, if the number be considerable, then whatever casualties happen (short of a raging pestilence, or an unforeseen calamity of an exterminating nature), the shorter lives of some will be compensated by the longer lives of others. Every person, upon admittance to an Assurance Company, undergoes a medical examination; and, upon his health being pronounced fair, he is enrolled amongst the assured; and the experience of every such office has shown that the mortality recorded has always been more or less within the limits of the tabular expectation. As the old Tables, particularly the Northampton, were too imperfect for accurate results, the offices adopting them have had to make use of a counterpoise, by a special arrangement in the distribution of their surplus; and thus the evil has been compensated in some degree, though not altogether, because some gain what others have lost. For instance, the old Northampton Table (constructed about 1782) was the basis of the calculations of the great Equitable Society. As it represented human healthy life to be shorter than it really was and is, the rates charged upon that Table are too high; and, consequently, the Equitable Society have had a difference from the true rate, in its own favour, of from 55 to 26 per cent., according to the ages of the Assured; and its own more recently published experience of its own mortality proves that its charges have been too high by one-half at several ages, and by one-quarter at others. These differences of Tables and charges in the various Companies create difficulties of adjustment and valuation in the periodical investigations of the affairs of those Companies; but upon them we shall touch as little as may be—at least, in this present Paper.

When we have obtained a true Table of Mortality, we have what may be said to correspond to the cost price, or producing price, of a shopkeeper's or manufacturer's goods. A Life-Assurance office will not assure lives upon this cost price, but upon such addition to it as will leave a margin for all expenses and contingencies, and a surplus after all deaths. Its directors and managers, therefore, have the tabular rates properly calculated for all ordinary business—a Table

of Mortality, which shows them, as it will show all, the net cost of the article in which they deal—viz., Assurances of human lives. They are sure, from general and infallible experience, that this net price will not greatly vary within any given period. A manufacturer can make cheaper at one time than another; the Life-Assurance Company never can, as the law of mortality seldom greatly alters. All that need be said on this point is, that human life has markedly improved within the last thirty years, owing probably to increased medical skill and advanced *hygiene*—or, the science of health. But life may now be regarded as a known and fixed quantity; and so also is its pecuniary value, which any man can ascertain for any age by an inspection of the Carlisle or English Life-Tables.

The net cost of assuring life is called the *pure premium*, and the gross charge made by a Life office is called the *loaded premium*, or, in plainer language, the *gross* or *tabular premium*—being that which stands opposite to each age in the Tables issued by the various offices. Now, the addition made to the pure premium, in order to constitute it the loaded premium, is usually from 25 to 30 per cent. No ordinary person, probably, will concern himself about the net or pure premium, that being held to be an office secret. Take an example: A man of thirty years of age next birthday would find the net cost, or pure premium, for assuring £100 at his death, to be £1 18s. 6d. per annum—that being the sum which actually represents the risk incurred by the Company every year in guaranteeing him £100 at death. But in the Tables of Premiums issued by the Companies there will be set opposite to age thirty, charges of from £2 13s. 5d. per annum to £2 5s. per annum, varying according to the particular office, its plans and its practice; yet in every office the cost to it is the same, whatever its charge may be. The expenses of conducting the business vary greatly in different offices, but not the actual prime cost of the business transacted. It will considerably facilitate the understanding of office procedure, if this truth be borne in mind; and it may, therefore, be repeated that, so far as the mere net cost goes, no one office has any advantage over another. Equally certain, too, is it that every office must receive the premium intact every year, in order to meet the ultimate demand to be made at the payer's death; and, until that event takes place, it must put out these sums to the best interest. The charges are made upon this presumption. Multiply the number of such cases to any amount you please, and you have the simplest and purest forms of Life Assurance; which, in other words, is the careful preservation and continual improvement, at interest, of annual payments regularly made by the Assurer to the office.

Out of the addition made to the net premium or the actual cost, the office takes its expenses of conducting affairs; and from that addition also derives, if things be carefully managed, a considerable surplus, just as, in every-day trade, the shopkeeper or master lives out of his profit and lays by a surplus, if any be derivable from his business. It is, therefore, in all cases out of the margin that Life-

Assurance offices and common tradespeople thrive. If in any instance a man spends more than his margin, he comes into difficulties, and so also does a Life office, and the cause of failure in such an institution never can be a failure of the principles of the science; but either a prodigal expenditure, or a lack of business, the latter not being always disconnected from the former, since a company seeing its business decline, too frequently spends what ought to be reserved in the hope to procure more by advertising and canvassing. We could easily show how continuous a parallel might be drawn between the ordinary requisites of common commercial life and those of a Life-Assurance company in these respects. There has never yet been an instance of the insufficiency of the science of Life Assurance as now understood, or the failure of any office, merely in consequence of the incorrectness of the principles of the science. They may be considered as incontrovertible and infallible. If we could insure good conduct, as we can insure good lives, there would never be any cause of complaint. The principles of the business are *mathematical*, the conductors of it, alas! are *mortal*, not merely in the business sense of that word, but also in its moral acceptance.

It will now not be difficult to explain and understand what are meant by the so-called *Profits* of a Life office. Strictly speaking, there are no profits; this term being a misnomer as applied to a business, in which there is little or no ground for speculation, and in which events can be pretty accurately foretold upon the broad scale. As, however, various companies advertise their profits, and are compelled to retain an objectionable mode, *surplus* would be a better term, and deceive no one. Surplus or profit simply arises from the excess of charges which offices make over the net or cost price of assurance, and must be chiefly* derivable from the additions made at every age to the pure premiums. As there are mostly 25 or 30 per cent. more than is really necessary, out of these there will, in due time, accrue a considerable surplusage. This will not be to the amount of the whole additions to the pure premiums, because the expenses of the offices must also be paid out of that fund: but in all cases where the business is judiciously and economically conducted, a surplus will accrue out of the whole additions to the pure premiums, less the expenses of the management, and it will form a reserve fund for the apportionment of *bonuses* or additions to policies —the term *bonus* being alike objectionable to the well-informed, and attractive to the ignorant. There cannot be a *bonus* where all consists of repayments of what has been overcharged—of returns of what the assured have paid in excess.

* We say *chiefly*, because we wish not to embarrass the statement with a multiplicity of details; but, if we were writing technically, we should particularize four or five sources of surplus, and especially, 1, the improvement of the premiums at a higher rate of interest than that assumed by the office as its basis. 2. The diminution of mortality amongst the Assured below the rate calculated upon, according to the Table of Mortality adopted. These two sources are the principal ones which can now be relied upon to any extent.

These simple explanations, if rightly understood, will dispel a large amount of illusion as to the peculiar advantages of some puffing offices. One office cannot, in the very nature of its business, so greatly exceed another as to give much higher and equitably apportioned "bonuses" with safety and prosperity. They all deal in the same commodity—at the same cost price—and in the same public market. Differences of conduct, of zeal, prudence, and economy will, of course, create considerable differences in final results, but not so much amongst high and honourable offices as is commonly imagined. Investigation would soon show the unsoundness of certain advertised advantages in this or that office, but we have not space for more than a few sentences on this head.

In comparing any two Life offices, it may be found that one charges a higher premium at the first entrance than the other by (say) 10 or 15 per cent. Let the higher charging office be A, and the lower charging office B. Now A will have more of surplus to divide than B, because it has, every year, charged and received more money, and has put out that excess to interest. But the Assurer in B, though receiving a less addition to his policy of Assurance, has obtained the equivalent in his original saving by paying a lower premium every year. We have made numerous calculations, showing that such a present saving is equal to a deferred bonus, if such saving be put out to interest. Let the following tabular extract suffice:—

COMPARISON OF PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE ADVANTAGES OF A AND B OFFICES, IN ASSURANCES OF £1,000.

Age of Assurer.	Premiums in B.			Premiums in A.			Annual Saving in B.			Equivalent to a present bonus of			Sum assurable at once in B for the higher prem. of A.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
25	19	0	0	22	2	6	3	2	6	164	0	0	1,164	0	0
30	20	15	0	25	1	8	4	6	8	209	0	0	1,209	0	0
35	23	8	4	28	14	2	5	5	10	226	0	0	1,226	0	0
40	27	7	6	33	2	6	5	15	0	210	0	0	1,210	0	0
45	32	17	6	38	13	4	5	15	10	170	0	0	1,170	0	0

It is manifest, in the above tabular comparison, that a person wishing to assure at (say) age 30 for £1,000 at death, has the choice of a present and continued annual saving of £4 6s. 8d., or a deferred advantage called a bonus, according to his preference of B or A. Both he cannot have. The only question is, which will he forego? Nor can A be said to be a better office than B, merely because it gives larger additions to a policy. It charges more at first, and gives more at last. Thus the same charge which A makes at first will in B procure at first a larger assurance, that is, £1,209, instead of £1,000 in A. The above figures are founded upon the actual rates of two existing offices—B representing nearly the lowest charge of any office, and A the ordinary charge of most of the higher offices, though not the highest.

Much mystery prevails in connection with the mode of calculating and apportioning the shares of the profits, or surplus, to the several Assurers in a Company. This is, indeed, the most abstruse and really difficult part of the whole management of the funds of a Life office. The Actuary who devotes himself to this department, is generally well informed upon these his special topics, and most commonly does and advises much as he pleases in relation to them; Directors and the Assured themselves—particularly the latter—neither understand, nor care to study, such purely technical and often complicated details. Here, then, there is much room for delusive representation, if it be designed; and as even Actuaries themselves are scarcely agreed upon the best or the most equitable modes of valuation of a Company's affairs, and distribution of its surplusage, a wide difference of advertised results is observable. The uninitiated Assurer may be thoroughly perplexed upon these points, and find them so hopelessly intricate, that he will probably content himself with confidence in the officers of the Company. *There*, with nearly all Assurers, the whole matter begins and ends. The Directors, too, have their own affairs to trouble them, and conceive it enough to provide and pay highly a well-recommended Actuary. With this officer, then, ultimately, the whole management and responsibility rests. He *may* carry out his own views for a long series of years, to the serious detriment of the Assured; or, on the other hand, he *may* (and happily it may be affirmed that he now generally *does*) act carefully, conscientiously, and correctly. It is not, however, the best mathematicians who always make the best Actuaries. High conscientiousness, and a genius for practical finance, are of more consequence to such an officer than high mathematics, which are seldom brought into use in ordinary Assurance business. There are also eminent mathematicians who act privately as Consulting Actuaries to the various Companies, and who, in cases of difficulty, or at the periods of valuation of the Company's assets and liabilities, are frequently referred to as being able to give an authoritative and valuable opinion. No Company, therefore, need go far wrong, even under somewhat inferior but honest management, while a few pounds will secure the advice and direction of an acknowledged authority, well versed in the intricacies of Assurance and finance.

There are now in existence, in our own country, about one hundred and sixty Life-Assurance offices, which in the aggregate guarantee assured sums amounting to little less than two hundred millions sterling! Their aggregate annual income probably exceeds seven millions sterling, and they probably expend half-a-million annually in transacting their business. These are, indeed, wonderful results, when we call to mind how recent has been the date of extensive and accurate Life-Assurance contracts, and how slow the progress of knowledge on the subject. The earliest Mutual Life Assurance Corporation was not invested with the power of granting Assurances at rates of premium calculated according to age, until the 8th of October, 1807; and it was only as recently as the 8th of May, 1845,

general is to secure for the public a better article at a lower price, d even to create a market where none previously existed, as well to promote the use of commodities on an extended scale, so, nilar advantages—*mutatis mutandis*—must follow from the esta- ishment of new Life-Assurance Companies; that the old and ex- nsive Companies will be compelled to be more liberal; and that gilance and devotion to the interests of the office will be largely in- eased. To a limited extent, some of these pleas may be applicable; it certain essential differences between the business of Assurance fices and that of other mercantile concerns must be observed. In e extended use of the necessaries of life, and in the increased nsumption of manufactured articles, the cost of produce and pro- uction, or manufacture, may be diminished by the profits creating pital, which will return into the respective businesses; thus more illed labour will be brought into action, and then will follow a bdivision of labour in the several processes of production. Nothing nalogous to this can take place in Life offices, unless it be found the employment of the highest medical science in advising upon ie acceptance of the proposed lives. Such advantage, however, simply a closer approximation to the true mortality of select lives nongst a class which is superior to the average, and to whom the remiums charged in the Tables do not really apply, as they were unded upon the average of society at large.

Certainly, in so far as this truest law of mortality is ascertained, iere may be ground for some reduction of the premiums. Let us, ierefore, consider to what such reduction would lead. Nearly all ompanies, arguing from the ascertained experience supposed, would e induced or compelled to reduce their premiums, and the necessary gilance in selection would be relaxed to a greater or less degree; iat is, the experience of the company which had the best lives ould be accepted as the rule for many, if not all others. Thus it clear that, under such a procedure, the *benefit of selection* would isappear; for all cannot have the best lives, and, in proportion as ie lives of the general population were insured, so there would be continually increasing approximation to the average mortality of ie nation—the advantage of the few would be given to the many, nd cease to be an advantage.

Every office thrives in proportion to the selection of its lives. The iore cautious the admission, the more continuous the season of rosperity. What is technically termed "the benefit of selection," simply the benefit of early and continual caution in rejecting un- ound lives. Relax your strictness, and you relax the sinews of your rength. The Scylla and the Charybdis of Life offices are—scarcity f good business, and abundance of bad business. To one or the ther they are constantly tending, in these days of striving and eating about for lives to assure. No one knows the keenness of ie competition until they are engaged in it. We have counted iore than *two thousand Directors* of British Life and Fire Insurance ffices. Every one of the two thousand is a secret friend to his

policies include a few annuities, yet they are for small amounts only :—

NEW LIFE ASSURANCE IN 36 COMPANIES.

Years.	Policies in Number.	Amount Assured.	Average of each Policy.
		£	£
1852	18,103	6,361,620	351
1853	21,920	7,460,868	340
1854	23,795	7,745,719	326
Total	63,818	21,568,207	338

It will be seen, by reference to the Table preceding the above, that the total business of Life Assurance may be supposed to have increased much more rapidly in the three years 1852-53-54, than in the three years 1849-50-51. In 1850, the increase was 6·1 per cent. on the business of the year 1849; in 1851, it was 5·8 per cent. on the year 1850. The largest increase, however, was 17·3 per cent. on 1852; which will account for the increase in 1854 being only 3· per cent. on 1853. Thus, in the two years 1850-51, it increased 11·25 per cent. on 1849; and in the two years 1853-54, nearly 21·8 per cent. on 1852. Presuming that the new business thus so largely increased be sound and of average value, the above statements must be most gratifying to all who are interested in the social progress of the community.

A subject of hot controversy, within the last few years, has been the expenses to which offices are put by the prevailing competition for Life-Assurance business. Admitting that there are about one hundred and sixty existing offices, and that the annual expenses of each are, on the average, £3,000 per annum (and certainly very few offices conduct their business for less, while many spend much more), then their aggregate annual expenditure is £480,000 per annum, or, in round numbers, £500,000. Hence the question has been eagerly discussed, whether this sum could not be reduced. It assuredly could, if there were no need for advertisements, or agents (who are paid high commissions), or Directors (who have high fees), or Actuaries of eminence (who have high salaries). But the offices will say they have more need than ever of such auxiliaries, and that, while the keen competition of younger and more active rivals diminishes the business of the older ones, it rather increases their expenses. In truth, it is a matter of serious doubt whether some of the numerous existing offices can stand their ground against the unremitting endeavours of their competitors to outbid and outdo them in the race for the public favour.

From these remarks we may be thought to be unfavourable to the wholesome stimulus of competition in these important institutions. It may be objected that, as the effect of competition in commerce

in general is to secure for the public a better article at a lower price, and even to create a market where none previously existed, as well as to promote the use of commodities on an extended scale, so, similar advantages—*mutatis mutandis*—must follow from the establishment of new Life-Assurance Companies; that the old and exclusive Companies will be compelled to be more liberal; and that vigilance and devotion to the interests of the office will be largely increased. To a limited extent, some of these pleas may be applicable; but certain essential differences between the business of Assurance offices and that of other mercantile concerns must be observed. In the extended use of the necessaries of life, and in the increased consumption of manufactured articles, the cost of produce and production, or manufacture, may be diminished by the profits creating capital, which will return into the respective businesses; thus more skilled labour will be brought into action, and then will follow a subdivision of labour in the several processes of production. Nothing analogous to this can take place in Life offices, unless it be found in the employment of the highest medical science in advising upon the acceptance of the proposed lives. Such advantage, however, is simply a closer approximation to the true mortality of select lives amongst a class which is superior to the average, and to whom the Premiums charged in the Tables do not really apply, as they were founded upon the average of society at large.

Certainly, in so far as this truest law of mortality is ascertained, there may be ground for some reduction of the premiums. Let us, therefore, consider to what such reduction would lead. Nearly all Companies, arguing from the ascertained experience supposed, would be induced or compelled to reduce their premiums, and the necessary vigilance in selection would be relaxed to a greater or less degree; that is, the experience of the company which had the best lives would be accepted as the rule for many, if not all others. Thus it is clear that, under such a procedure, the *benefit of selection* would disappear; for all cannot have the best lives, and, in proportion as the lives of the general population were insured, so there would be a continually increasing approximation to the average mortality of the nation—the advantage of the few would be given to the many, and cease to be an advantage.

Every office thrives in proportion to the selection of its lives. The more cautious the admission, the more continuous the season of prosperity. What is technically termed "the benefit of selection," is simply the benefit of early and continual caution in rejecting unsound lives. Relax your strictness, and you relax the sinews of your strength. The Scylla and the Charybdis of Life offices are—scarcity of good business, and abundance of bad business. To one or the other they are constantly tending, in these days of striving and beating about for lives to assure. No one knows the keenness of the competition until they are engaged in it. We have counted more than *two thousand Directors* of British Life and Fire Insurance offices. Every one of the two thousand is a secret friend to his

office, and a foe to your peace until you are linked with him. You *must* either assure your house or yourself, or both, in his office.

What, then, are the limits of this competition? We may conjecture them to be as follows:—The average annual expenses of an office being £3,000 per annum, we must presume that it consists of 3,000 assurers, whose average annual payment is £10 per head, in order that the total annual income may be £30,000; and this income allows for a deduction of £10 per cent. for the annual expenses. These are supposed to be the elements of a fair condition of healthy existence. A smaller number of Assurers, and consequently smaller income, would leave the fixed expenses nearly the same, but make their proportion too heavy upon the smaller business. We have only to extend these elements, and we shall arrive at our limits.

What is the supposed number of assurable lives in the country? Mr. Edwin Farren and others have concerned themselves in answering this question, and they calculate that the number of good and assurable lives in this country, at any one period, and of the class likely to effect assurances that may cost £10 per annum on the average, is never more than 600,000 persons. Now, under the preceding case, as the office must have 3,000 customers, it clearly follows that 200 such offices would exhaust all the commonly assurable lives. Were there more than 200 such offices, the average annual expenses of Life Assurance would be greater than at present; and, therefore, its cost to the public, or the rates of premium, proportionably higher. If this view be well-founded, there is not a very large scope for many new offices. A few more may be founded, and, if well supported, flourish to a moderate extent; but recent experience has proved that their great and almost unavoidable expenses of establishment swallow them up, or lead to their speedy amalgamation with other older and abler offices. The lean kine have first attempted to feed upon the fat kine, but in the end the fat kine take their revenge upon the lean kine, who can but grow leaner if they refuse to fatten the fat kine.

Among the more recent allurements to Insurers, what is called the *half-premium* system is prominently put forward. It may be thus expressed:—"Half the annual premium on policies for the whole of life may remain unpaid for the first seven years, on the condition that 5 per cent. interest on such unpaid half-premiums shall be paid in advance." This is undeniably a great accommodation to Assurers who may be short of ready cash, and whose means are likely to increase in the course of the seven years. If the Assured should die within the seven years, the policy would be paid, after the deduction of the balance of half-premium unpaid. If the Assured survive the period, then, to retain the policy in force, the entire premium, as originally designed, must be annually paid, and the arrears of the seven half-premiums may be either liquidated at once, or still remain to be deducted from the claim at death, together with the interest then unpaid. This plan is so specious that we see it frequently advertised, and doubtless it is often adopted.

Let, however, the Assurer clearly understand the price he pays for this accommodation. At the day when his premium becomes due, he pays, first, half his premium for the current year; next, 5 per cent. on each half-premium unpaid; and 5 per cent. upon the half-premium just due, which he withholds. The office obtains a pretty safe investment of one-half of the premium at 5 per cent.: safe, if the Assurer decease before the septennial period; safe, if he abandon his policy before or after; while, when more than five years have elapsed, the half-premiums already paid are sufficient to cover the risk of the assurance for seven years. But the man who is thus drawn in to effect an assurance, must bear in mind that he is merely taking long credit from the office, and paying full interest into the bargain; and the chances are that he may be disposed, through unforeseen difficulties, to abandon his policy, or to allow the half-premiums to accumulate all his lifetime, and be deducted with interest at his decease, and thus greatly diminish his family's claim.

Nor is this practice to be commended to the consideration of every office. Directors should know that they cannot adopt it, unless the half-premiums paid, added to the interest on the half-premiums in arrear, exceed, on the average of seven years, the rate payable for a term-policy* of seven years. The plan, therefore, is most advantageous to offices charging high rates, and is not desirable when low rates are demanded; nor is it applicable to the *non-profit scale* of most offices. Another disadvantage to the office is that the Assurer, upon this plan, may continue his policy without re-examination of health, while he may (if the rates are low) have been paying little more than for a term-assurance of seven years. If it should be supposed that managers could adopt this plan for a longer period than seven years, it is to be observed that, although they thus put out their money at a high rate of interest (probably higher than that inscribed in their tabular calculations), yet the law of mortality is all the time in operation; and, if any considerable portion of their capital were thus invested, although the nominal assets of the Society may appear to be satisfactory, the available funds would not be sufficient to meet the claims, unless counteractive measures had been taken in other forms, which must be attended with corresponding disadvantage. Furthermore, when an office invests its money in mortgages and other similar securities, it frequently obtains additional business from the parties concerned; and all such business is forfeited in the case of half-premium assurance. Such a plan, therefore, will chiefly suit young offices with a large paid-up capital, or older offices charging high rates of premium.

One of the advantages secured, perhaps, by the competition which

* A *Term-Policy* means an assurance for a given number of years only, as five or seven; the premiums for which are naturally less than those for a whole Life Assurance, the risk to the office being reduced to a chance of death *within* the assigned term. After that, the contract ends. Such policies are frequently used to protect creditors in the business of loans, and are very useful as well as easy.

has made it imperative upon the older offices to become more liberal than was their wont, is this:—It had always been the custom to declare a policy wholly forfeited when one or more premiums were left unpaid; whereby a person who had for years punctually attended to the notice of the office, that his renewal premium was due—for one instance of neglect or inability, lost all the benefits of his punctuality. Now, however, it has become the habit of offices to return a certain portion of the premiums paid—always a satisfaction for the risk actually incurred. Such a concession has been considered to be the utmost that could be expected; but another accommodation has been proposed, and although not, we believe, adopted by more than one or two offices, yet it appears to be worthy of general adoption. No provision having hitherto been made for what, unhappily, is too common a case in the life, that large classes of persons whose incomes are derived from profes-sions, namely, a temporary failure of resource, perhaps at the very period when the insurance office remits its notice of the renewal premium being due—it occurred to an Actuary that a policy of suspension might be admitted, the effect of which is as follows. A party who may be insured, but from unforeseen emergencies may find himself unable to pay his premium, will be allowed once or twice in life to exercise the privilege of suspending the payment of such premium. (he having already paid three or more premiums at least,) and the policy will be endorsed with a concession of its continuance, the holder thereof having it in his power at any time to discharge the debt incurred upon it, of premiums unpaid, and interest thereon. Should he decease in the interim, the debt must be deducted from the sum paid to his executors.

Another improvement now frequently adopted is, the power that an Assurer may at any time terminate his future payments, either receive a return of a proportion of the premiums which have been paid, or an equivalent reduction shall be made upon the policy after his death. Very few, however, of the offices fix the scale of reduced assurance at the time of issuing the policies, as it is deemed any forego a reserved and arbitrary power of dealing with the Assurer as they see fit at the period of his difficulties. We have no objection to such a condition as the following being annexed to the issue of the policy: that after the payment of the first or second full annual premium, the Assurer shall be regarded as having effected a reduced assurance to be estimated by the subscription of the original amount of his policy that amount of assurance which the rate of premium would purchase at the advanced age of the party from all subsequent payments. Thus, if at one period the premium of assuring for a policy of £100 be £2 per annum, and at a subsequent period of payment of premium as the cost of assurance of the increased age would be £3 per annum, then £2 out of the £3 which would now have been charged in the annual payment for the security and expenses of the office, say £0 per annum, and the remainder, £2 per annum, is at the advanced age the rate

h would assure a new policy for £1,000. Now if £714 5s. is y (as it is) the sum which £20 would assure at the advanced then the original policy for £1,000 should be diminished by this ure, and the remainder, or the reduced policy, would be £285 15s. is plan were followed, the Assured would always be able to the minimum amount of Reversionary Assurance which they d certainly have secured by past payments.

e have a favourable opinion of a plan, or branch of Life rance, which is of recent suggestion, and has not yet, we think, fairly tried. Its want of success in one or two instances usly arose from the weakness or misfortune of the hands into h it fell.* There can be no reason inherent in the plan itself ist its success and extensive acceptance, except a partial and ary one—the expenses of its management in earlier stages. We e to the *Accumulative* or *Deposit* system of Assurance. By the plan a comparatively small annual payment secures a large red payment upon the death of the Assurer, whenever that may en, and by such plan the premiums once paid cannot be with- n, except in the form of a loan, and under fixed restrictions, acing a loss to the Assurer, and a corresponding gain to the . But permit Assurers to deposit at the Assurance office or at a small or large sums, not at fixed but at variable and convenient ds, and grant policies whose value increases with the number amount of the deposits made, with the additional benefit of able at any time, upon due notice, to withdraw the whole or of the money so deposited, with a corresponding endorsement the policies—and then, we think, a very large portion of the c would avail themselves of Life Assurance who now hold ely aloof from it. Such a plan, properly executed, and acted with undeniable credit, and by unquestionable men, would nt numerous advantages not probably to be secured in any manner. It would afford a secure investment for all spare of money at a continually increasing value, and procure an able Life Assurance at the same time, and in the same office. It d prevent any fear of loss of premium, and would afford an ement, stronger than now commonly exists, to husbands and rs immediately to place any unneeded monies in the office. It d combine an Assurance office and a Bank of Deposit in one. uld meet the case of that large number of the community who only fluctuating and precarious resources, and who are deterred Life Assurance, at present, by the prevailing fear of being unable ntinue the payment of the premiums. It is true that, even now, man can, in part, adopt this plan by payment of a single ium for an Assurance, but then he cannot withdraw. A person twenty may, by a single deposit of £100, acquire a policy of 12s. upon this principle, and increase that policy by occasional sits, or, at the age of sixty, withdraw £100 by surrendering

*One or two respectable offices now adopt this plan with modifications.

£138 13s. of his Assurance, and still the balance of £114 19s. will be paid to his representatives at his death.

We might allude to a variety of modifications of this principle, all of which could be worked out and safely adopted. For instance, the depositor might receive the interest of his deposits during his lifetime, and leave the principal for Life Assurance. An objection, taken against the system, as we have propounded it to Actuaries, is this:—Fresh medical examinations would require to be made upon any renewal or increased Assurance, and the perplexities thus occasioned would be insurmountable. This, certainly, is a difficulty, but not, we believe, insuperable. A large business would well pay for additional expenses thus incurred. Nor, upon consideration, would the Deposit office be in a worse position than other offices, if a rather higher premium were charged, and if small risks, comparatively, were successively incurred, even supposing that no medical examinations were made; for as ordinary offices must, by their terms of contract, continue in force their liability to pay, even when the health of the Assurer is obviously deteriorated, so the Deposit office would only, at worst, be in a like position, while, by easily-devised arrangements, it might be placed even in a somewhat better position—always provided that the public would largely patronize the principle. There seems to be no valid reason why the Government should not adopt it in connection with Savings' Banks, for they have all the machinery for raising Deposits already in action, and would only find it necessary to supply the medical examination.

The great majority of Life offices confine their attention to healthy and select lives, and reject such as are diseased or unsound; so large, however, is the proportion of the latter class, comprising, it is said, 20 per cent. of all who apply for Assurance at the various offices, that two companies have been established especially for their Assurance, and one of them, at least, has succeeded to a considerable extent. A few of the other offices will assure unsound lives at a proportionably advanced rate of premium, or by placing the diseased Assurer at a higher age and rate than his true age. But the only proper mode of assuring unsound lives, proceeds upon calculations of the mortality of diseased persons. It is a remarkable and little-known fact that diseased lives are subject to a law of average resembling that of ordinary mortality in its regularity, upon a large scale, and there is, in truth, little more risk in assuring diseased men than healthy men—the premiums being in due proportion. Unless a man, therefore, be very unsound, and very far gone in dangerous disease, he can obtain a Policy of Assurance, though at a heavy and sometimes oppressive cost. It is even said that, at such cost, the business of assuring unsound lives is more profitable than that of assuring sound lives at the lower charges—since the unsound man will take greater care of his life than the sound and incautious Assurer.

As this is a very curious and little-known branch of the business, we may mention that Mr. Farr has prepared a Decennial Life-Table

from the mortality of perons dying of consumption in the metropolis, from which we extract a specimen:—

EXPECTATION OF LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS.

Age.	Of persons who die of consumption.	Of ordinary Males.
10	29	44
20	22	36
30	17	29
40	12	22

According to this Table, a man in average health, at the age of forty, has the same expectation of living as a consumptive man at the age of twenty. It is obvious that, upon such data, enlarged and confident assurance business can be safely carried on; so that no man in good circumstances is excluded from the benefits of Life Assurance simply from ill-health. Various diseases have now been tabulated, and the singular result may be made apparent in the subjoined computation for one age:—

PRESENT VALUE OF £1,000 3 PER CENT. CONSOLIDATED ANNUITIES.

Age.	Carlisle, healthy.	Persons dying of consumption.	Dying of gout.	Dying of disease of the chest.
30	£586 13 7	£359 6 2	£591 4 7	£465 7 2

From which it may be seen that, while a healthy man, age 30, could obtain £586 13s. 7d. for the sale of his Life-Interest in the promise of £1,000, 3 per Cent. Consols when at par, the consumptive man could only obtain £359 6s. 2d.; and men otherwise diseased, in proportion. The great value of such data, in monetary transactions, must be obvious.

We now turn to a different kind of Assurance—namely, that against Sickness; which, however, is invaluable, when safely conducted, on a similar law of average. This branch of inquiry has, unhappily, been neglected until very recently. No attempt was made to ascertain, from registered facts, the quantity of sickness experienced by a certain number of persons of the same age, until the publication of the "Highland Society's Report" in 1834, and that of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge (by Mr. Ansell) on "Benefit Societies," in 1835. This latter work is accessible, though now scarce. But the valuable labours of Mr. Neison on "Vital Statistics," have more recently brought this subject within scientific investigation. The result of that gentleman's researches gives the quantity of sickness as much higher than other researches,

and it is now acknowledged that his form the only safe basis for the calculation of Benefit and Friendly Societies. In fact, it was found, at the time of his inquiry, that nearly all the Benefit societies were insolvent. They had proceeded upon very unsatisfactory and indiscriminating Tables, while it is now known that the quantity of sickness in every man's life is much modified by his locality and his occupation. Plumbers, painters, and glaziers, knife and blade-grinders, and the like, cannot be classed with ploughmen and open-air labourers, yet they were formerly so classed; and, even now, indiscriminating rates are too common. The injurious pecuniary results of such confusion and commixture will be best seen by an illustration. Suppose one Sick-Benefit Society to exist in a rural district, another in a town, and a third in a city district, and that each of the three Societies consists of 180 members; twenty of whom are of the age of 30, and as many of the ages of 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, and 70. The payment is to be £1 per week to each member during illness. In such cases, the probable amounts which each Society would have to pay during the ensuing year would be as follows:—

In the Rural District	£673	15	11
„ Town „	808	0	0
„ City „	633	7	6

Such an example at once displays the unexpected difference between town, city, and country, and the necessity for proportionate differences in charges.

The quantity of sickness experienced by any man during life is now reducible to a Tabular computation upon an average of large numbers, and also his expectation of sickness at any given age. For instance, at age 70, the experience of the Scottish Friendly Societies would lead to the expectation of ten weeks and five days of sickness in the ensuing year; the English Benefit Societies would give eleven weeks and six days; and the "Vital Statistics" of Mr. Neison, fourteen weeks. The difference of the authorities is considerable, but there is no doubt that the last is the nearest to the truth. It is manifest, therefore, that there is no chance-work in this matter; but the whole is capable of being placed on as sound and safe a basis as Life Assurance itself. Every Benefit or Friendly society should have its rates and rules certified by a competent Actuary, and no man should join one without satisfying himself of such certification. Moreover, unceasing vigilance should be exercised with reference to all officers connected with such Societies. Nothing should be taken for granted. Vouchers should be given for every item of expenditure, and the Banking pass-book regularly and frequently compared with the books of the bank. With such precautions, no failures can take place. The remedy for all doubts and defects lies within the power of the subscribers themselves. If they wish to reap pecuniary advantages, they must not only *pay, but* ***watch;*** they ***must*** *watch while they are well, that they may not want* ***when they are ill.***

In all that we have said, we have had one or two important practical objects in view. We have shown, as well as our limits will permit, that Life and Sickness Assurance proceed upon sure and undoubted experience and science, when these are called in for counsel; that the whole is the result, not of conjecture or of chance, but of mathematical certainty. Let us now, in a few sentences, place the principle clearly before our readers, as regards a Life-Assurance Company. The Assurer may inquire: How do I know that the Company can perform its part of the contract? We reply: It depends upon the truth of several postulates, which may now almost take the place of Assurance axioms. The principal of these are:—1. The average duration of human life is correctly estimated by the Company; experience has confirmed it. 2. The rate of interest assumed by the Company, for its investments, will be actually realized, and often exceeded; and the rate assumed is that which can always be fairly expected. 3. The annual surplus accumulated shall defray ordinary expenses of management, and contribute something to a Reserve Fund. 4. The lives assured shall be of average health and soundness, and enough shall be secured to obtain an average. 5. An equal, or nearly equal, amount of risk shall be distributed over all the lives assured. 6. Periodical and particular investigations, and valuations of the Company's liabilities and assets, shall place the whole state of affairs in a clear light; and the future shall be governed by such light.

These postulates being complied with, no man can have any good ground for doubting the stability of a Life office, and for abstaining from assuring his life on that plea. There are offices which will meet his views in almost every particular—either as to low premium at first, or high profits afterwards, or reduction of premium after a certain number of payments. We do not like to name offices, because we are strictly impartial; but we may affirm that there are in London at least fifty good and sound offices, in any one of which any man may assure with advantage. His particular wants can only be satisfied by either personal inquiry or friendly counsel—the latter being hard to obtain, apart from bias and inclination towards a particular company. What is most wanted of all things in this direction is a Public Adviser or two, who should be fully competent to advise on each case, and receive a moderate fee for a conscientious and carefully-founded opinion. The same things may be said—*mutatis mutandis*—of Assurance against sickness and incapacity.

The next main object, in our view, is to show that no man can do for himself what a good office or society can do for him. This will be admitted, when attention is paid to the main principle of Assurance—the law of average. An individual is never sure against death for an hour; the office assures the loss which this uncertainty may render, at any hour, a melancholy fact. Numerous little books and tracts have been printed, which are full of instances of sudden death, and the painful consequences of a lack of pecuniary provision; and, on the other hand, of certain cases where the benefits of Assurance

have been derived after the payment of one or two premiums. It seems strange that such narratives are needful in a dying world; but the old line is still applicable—

"All men think all men mortal but themselves."

Certain it is, that any family man who neglects to assure his life, and yet has no provision ready for his offspring, is chargeable with a social delinquency which, were it less common, would be publicly reprobated.

Then, again, as to the individual's becoming his own Assurer, on the assumption that he does live the usual term of life—at all times, and in all cases, an unwarrantable assumption—and that he does save: Will he always leave his savings untouched? Will he invariably and regularly put them out at compound interest? Will not the consciousness of their existence and ready accessibleness lead to a sudden draw upon his banker, or drain upon his secret hoard? Lastly, can the individual obtain compound interest upon small sums as the Life office can upon large ones? Can the man with ten or twenty pounds put out to interest as well as the office with ten or twenty thousand? On no assumption whatever can the husband and father, who lives upon precarious income, be excused from the incumbent duty of assuring his life; and—what we especially have in view as a consequent duty—on no ground can the said Assurer excuse himself from the pains of making himself acquainted with the principles and practice of Life Assurance, so as to secure the best office for his purpose. At present, he can hardly do this by proxy; and, therefore, he must needs do it personally. Had some of us ourselves followed the advice we now give to others, we should have been, pecuniarily speaking, happier men. It is very remarkable that the affairs of institutions, guaranteeing at this time about £200,000,000, should be, for all practical purposes, totally exempt from public check and inquiry, and by no means intimately known to their own constituents. Confidence is good when well founded, but not when it verges upon mere credulity.

All the arguments employed to induce men to assure their lives will bear, with redoubled cogency, upon working-men with reference to the assurance of their health. These men stand in the same relation to Benefit societies as those above them, in the social scale, stand to Life offices. The working man, indeed, is rather the more bound to enter a Benefit or Friendly society, because his health is his only capital, while the Assurer may continue his Premium after he has once paid it, whatever his health. But he who does not make any provision against sickness, is living daily upon a diminutive and diminishing capital. Nor does he know how soon he will exhaust it. An accident; a cold, long neglected; a contagious disease; any one of the thousand contingencies upon which bodily vigour and capacity depend, may, at one moment, make him bankrupt and beggar. Can any rational, much more religious man, dare to tempt the future so recklessly? Ought friends and families to suffer for this neglect?

Should not clergymen, Dissenting ministers, and employers, all combine to enforce these things upon the thoughtless artizan? Let lectures be given in popular forms, and frequent illustrations be adopted, and every encouragement afforded to those who need to make such provisions; and who, without them, ever hang over an abyss of poverty and suffering, both in their own persons and in those of their innocent families, from which every good man ought to seek to warn them by every method and measure within his reach.

III.

"BY THE RIVER'S SIDE."

HERE, beside Westminster Bridge, this bright May morning, it is pleasant to watch the crowds passing and repassing above, and the well-laden steamers gliding underneath, and the busy workmen pulling down the old bridge on the one side, building up on the other side the new, and all the while that human tide pouring so unceasingly along; and pleasant is it to look on that broad current below, spanned now by so many bridges, and bordered by so many lines of building—graced, too, by that truly royal structure that rises so queen-like on the very site of the old Palace of Westminster—and think over the changes of only three or four hundred years. It is a place to dream of the past in, although modern buildings are around us; for yonder are the old towers of Lambeth Palace, and not a stone's-throw from us that shrine of historical recollections, the Abbey; while, as though compelled to yield to the presiding genius of the place, even that stately New Palace is true, from base to turret and topmost pinnacle, to the traditions and the architecture of the "olden times."

Pleasant is it to picture to oneself this "silent highway," as Charles Knight rather affectedly calls it—inappropriate enough is the title *now*—when it bore the gilded barges, with their dainty freight of beauty, from the gardens that bordered its northern bank to the gallant tournaments of our later Plantagenets, or the quaint jousts of the days of Elizabeth in the Tilt-yard, when Lambeth was still little more than a mere wide tract of marsh-land, and the stately swans sailed forth in snowy fleets from their reedy coverts, fair and graceful as the "fayre damsels" who glided by;—or that earlier day, when the Old Palace of Westminster arose on the water's edge, and the Abbey lands were half-submerged during the rainy season, but when high festival was held each Christmas, and Pasch, and Pentecostide, and the King summoned "all good men

and true," with herald-call and trumpet-blast, to feast right merrily "at our royal Palace of Westminster;" and the solemn procession, with the monarch crowned and sceptred, swept along each day in gorgeous state to the Abbey close by, welcomed by the Abbot and his train with chant and incense, taper and banner. Yes, many changes has that old river seen, and many have been *its* changes, since that far earlier day—not the apocryphal one of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who tells how, some two thousand nine hundred years ago, Brutus wandered by "the silver Thames," and chose the site of his city Troynouvant, but some eighteen or nineteen centuries ago,—when "the city of the waters—Llyndun," a mere collection of wattled huts, the giant cromlech probably crowning the green eminence on which it stood—was first gazed upon by the masters of the world, who afterwards named it, in unconscious prophecy, "Londinum Augusta."

And this river, world-famed now—did it flow on then, bearing on its swelling current the carved and gilded galleys of the Roman legions? Few are aware of the changes our ancient Thames has passed through, for few are aware of the changes which, even within the limits of the historic period, have passed over our land. Tradition records—in Brittany as well as in Cornwall—that the whole space between St. Michael's Mount and the Scilly Isles was once a fertile territory; they named it the district of the Lyonese, and told how that, in King Arthur's day, it boasted many a fair church and strong castle: this is unlikely enough, but that the Scilly Islands formerly joined the mainland, is a fact accepted by every geologist. That the Goodwin Sands extended over land once, both cultivated and inhabited, has also been asserted by tradition, and also been assented to by geologists, who consider that, at a comparatively recent date, the district through which the Thames flows was a great basin, "confined on the southern side by the range of the Surrey Hills, and on the north by those high lands of which Highgate forms one of the highest northerly ridges"—a wide estuary, in fact, subsiding into bog and morass.

Strange enough does this appear to us; and strange enough would this view appear to our forefathers even five or six hundred years ago, when they were almost as proud of their river as they were of their ancient city. But there are many incidental facts which corroborate it—facts which have never received the attention they deserve, inasmuch as, while learned dissertations enough have been written upon rivers of "classic fame," it has been thought a task only worthy of some dull, plodding, London antiquary, to trace the history of that noble stream which bathes the metropolis of the world. Now, we have seen that the name of the city—the original Celtic name, "Llyndun"—is, "city or town of the waters;" and we find that the name of the river—Celtic, too—"Tam-Ise," means "a collection of waters:" a name that obviously could not have been given to a river, but characteristic enough of the alternate marsh and lake which subsiding waters would form. Indeed, we

may remark that Ptolemy, the first writer who mentions the Thames at all, and who flourished in the reigns of Trajan and Hadrian, expressly terms our modern river "*Tamessæ estuarium.*" It is by Tacitus that Londinum is first described, and he notices it as a flourishing city, celebrated even then for its wealth and its mercantile importance; but he, as well as later writers, is silent as to any water-way, and we know that merchandise, even until the twelfth century, was conveyed along the direct road from Dover to London.

A goodly city was Londinum Augusta, exceeding in extent any other Roman town in the kingdom, and, from a period very early in the second century, unquestionably the capital of the rich and fertile province of Britain; a fair city, too, with stately buildings—temple, and palace, and forum; and adorned with noble statuary, and rich with tesselated pavements, in which *glass* tesseræ were mixed with the coarser material, and decked profusely with paintings which, from the small fragments Mr. Roach Smith has preserved, show to what high perfection art-culture had arrived, even in the capital of a remote province of the Roman empire. But while Roman London was thus flourishing, and her redundant population extending into Southwark, where the remains of many richly-decorated houses have been found, it is strange that we do not find the name of a single place for miles round bearing either Roman or Celtic designation, save "Isel-dun." All the villages that cluster round London—many now actually forming her suburbs—have strictly Saxon names. May we not, therefore, believe that during the five hundred years and more of Roman domination, the accumulated waters were gradually subsiding, leaving tracts ere long to be inhabited; and that the noble river, probably as yet almost tideless, was slowly shaping out its future course? That at this period, and centuries after, the Thames encroached largely on its present boundaries, seem proved by the name assigned by our Saxon forefathers to the road now at some distance from the northern bank, "the Strand." It would be difficult to account for the application of such a name, unless the Saxons, on their first arrival, viewed the Thames as an arm of the sea. The name they gave, too, to that portion of the river, below bridge, and which is still retained, "the Pool," is utterly unintelligible as applied to a swift flowing river, for "pool" is the Saxon for lake; but, ere the alluvial deposits that form the headlands on either side of that part of the river were formed, the wide, tideless, accumulation of waters there must have spread out, just below Londinum Augusta, in a broad lake-like expanse—and, doubtless, thence the name.

How much there is that it would be pleasant to know about Roman London! Many thanks to Mr. Roach Smith for all he has done; but, after all, how very fragmentary and disjointed are its scanty records! During the later period of her history the walls were built. Tradition has assigned their erection to the Empress Helena, herself an Englishwoman; and perhaps in this instance, as

in many others, the tradition may be correct. Stout and strong, fitted to endure for many a long century, were these walls; built, doubtless, for protection against the rude tribes who, during the decline of the Roman power, were attracted by the wealth and treasures of the chief city. But strange is it to find that a wall, though of a somewhat later construction, extended along the river-side. Fitzstephen, in the twelfth century, refers to it, although then no longer standing; but many antiquaries have disbelieved his statement. The careful researches of Mr. Roach Smith have, however, shown that a wall of considerable strength—from eight to ten feet thick—certainly did extend along the river-side; for portions of it, far below the ground, still exist. It is curious to find that this wall, although strong, had been built up in many parts with sculptured stones—some of them portions of friezes—as though the inhabitants, unable to procure fresh materials, and perhaps in immediate apprehension of danger on the southern side, constructed it from the remains of buildings close at hand. Such a wall could never have been built—indeed, could scarcely have been needed—had the Thames *then* flowed with the vigorous current of after-times.

But while we can obtain only very scanty notices respecting Roman London, her history, from the decline of Roman power even to the days when the kingdom of Mercia received its name and its wide heritage of English ground, might be written in a few lines. Who subjugated Roman London? How did it fall? By sudden attack of fierce, resistless barbarians; or did its wealth purchase, from time to time, a temporary respite, and its inhabitants, impoverished, diminished by continual exile, by war—perhaps by pestilence, too—at length became merged in the new dynasty? Probably the latter; for there is neither tradition nor history to show that the inhabitants of London, like those of Anderida, sustained a long siege, and eventually were put to the sword, and the whole city burnt; and we find notices, too—would that they had been more specific!—even in middle-age writers, which seem to prove that many remains of Roman magnificence were even yet to be seen; just as the stately forum and gilded tiles of her palaces were seen at Caerleon by Giraldus, even in the twelfth century. It is suggestive, too, that Aldhelm, in his curious Latin poem addressed to the convent-maidens of the newly-founded convent of Barking—he died in the year 709—alludes to luxurious habits of living, to costly jewellery, and varied and splendid apparel, as though London, in the seventh century, still contained—in part, at least—a highly civilized population.

Up to this period, whatever might have been the appearance of the Thames below London, it seems, westward of the city, to have been a mere collection of shallow pools, except in the rainy season, when it flooded the low lands and extended far over Lambeth and Westminster. The legend of Thorney Island proves that this was the case; and, silly as is the story, it is worthy of preservation for its topographical details.

Long had the fisherman lingered beside his boat and his nets, for not a single fish had rewarded his toils, and the night was far spent, when a venerable old man suddenly appeared, and asked to be rowed over to Thorney Island. The legend tells us a church had been lately erected there by Sebert, King of the East Saxons, and it was now awaiting consecration. Much marvelling, therefore, what the aged man's errand could be, the fisherman rowed him over to the island—so called from the thorns and briars that overran it—and saw him enter the lowly church. But, behold the miracle! A blaze of light surrounded that aged man, in whom the awe-struck fisherman at once recognized St. Peter; angels filled the church, angelic voices sang the service; and thus, by no mortal hands, and amidst the songs, not of an earthly choir, but a heavenly, was the minster of St. Peter consecrated. The saint, his duty over, was rowed back again to land—he might as well, we heretically think, have descended on the island at once, and saved himself the trouble of being rowed over—and then he bade the fisherman cast his net. It was filled with the finest Thames salmon; and the saint, bidding the well-pleased fisherman go to the King and detail the wondrous events of the night, bidding him also never fail to pay tithe of salmon at his high altar—an injunction dutifully complied with by the Thames fishermen even until the sixteenth century—vanished from sight.

This legend contains the first notice we have of the Thames salmon—a fish which, in after-times, divided with its swans the admiration of mediæval London. We may remark, ere passing, that, although this goodly legend professes to refer to the seventh century, there is no doubt that it is a fabrication of later date; for, although there was a church, and probably an abbey, on Thorney Island toward the close of the eighth century, it scarcely received even a passing notice until Edward the Confessor laid the foundation of the new abbey-church—the first erected in the Norman style, and "with courses of hewn-stone so neatly fitted that the joints are scarcely visible," as William of Malmesbury admiringly records. From that proud time the monks, no longer of the Thorney Island, but of the royally-endowed Abbey of Westminster, manufactured legends, and forged charters, and indited marvellous chronicles, to the praise and glory indeed of St. Peter and King Edward, but also for the special emolument of themselves. Indignant enough were the Dean and Canons of St. Paul's at the honours bestowed on the rival church of St. Peter, and a most pious warfare commenced between them. Talk of rival sects, of "opposition chapels" in a country town! the feuds of these holy men would make the bitterest contest ever waged between such appear as merest child's play. The St. Paul's party, however, were certainly the least to blame, and so thought their fellow-citizens; for, while the monks of Westminster were always boasting of "royal gifts" and "royal favour," the Canons of St. Paul's held to the popular side, and welcomed every triumph of the popular cause; sang *Te Deum* with heartiest goodwill when the Great Charter was wrested from John, and joined

as heartily in the anathema pronounced on all those who opposed it. The monks of Westminster were sorely moved at this; for the wealthy Londoners lavished their gifts upon St. Paul's, and, thanks to the progress of free opinion, many of the inhabitants of Westminster thought proper to do the same. Hence arose that well-known proverb—the spiteful ebullition of the monks of Westminster—"Robbing Peter to pay Paul." But this is a digression, and a very wide one; for, when the unpretending church on Thorney Island was built, we doubt whether the Chapter of St. Paul's even heeded its erection, for these were the early days of the Saxon kingdoms, and beyond the walls of London little toward the westward, save uncultivated land, met the eye.

Few notices can we find of our river during the earlier period of Saxon rule. We think it probable that our Saxon forefathers used it far more than the Romans, for the Saxon, like the Dane, was almost "to the water born;" and difficult must have been the navigation, and perilous the shores, along which their long boats would not find out a way. Was it to protect the city from these more enterprising foemen that the wall by the river's side was built? Ineffectual enough it proved, if so; and the Saxons, ere long, let it sink into ruin. It is now that we find settlements near, although not exactly "by, the River's-side;" and deeds and charters even thus early give us the names—genuine Saxon—of the villages founded by them. Meanwhile, Londinum Augusta had fallen upon evil days, and been reduced from the metropolis of Roman Britain to a mere third-rate city, the capital of the little tributary kingdom of the East Saxons. Subsequently, London became the capital of the more important kingdom of Mercia; but little account have we save that, "in this year there was great slaughter at London;" "now there was war against the Pagans;" and eventually, in 851, we are told it was attacked, and the Mercian king forced to flee. Convenient enough did the fierce Vikings find the river-way; and from the mouth of the Thames to Southwark their tall ships, "the dragons of the ocean," swept in triumph.

On Alfred's accession, all the eastern portion of England was subjugated by the Danes; but by battle and by treaty he regained Mercia, and often was resident in London. With his illustrious grandson, however, the history of London and her noble river begins. Of all our kings, Athelstan alone has bequeathed his name to posterity in two important localities of the ancient city. "King Adel Street," now "Addle Street," has told, for more than nine centuries, where the great Saxon monarch convened the "good men of London," and gave them their highly-prized "Customs;" while "Addle Hill" still marks the chief approach to the palace-stronghold where he dwelt. Many blunders have been made about King Athelstan's palace. The Scalds, when they celebrated the prowess of their Vikings, frequently refer to the Castle or Tower of London; and it has been hastily concluded that this was the Tower. But the Tower was a much later erection, built by Gundulph, the great engineer as

well as architect of his day; but not to "guard" London, as some writers have sillily thought, but to overawe the Mercian city, which never yielded more than a sullen homage to the Norman sovereigns.

A hearty and spontaneous homage, however, was yielded by the fathers of the city to Athelstan; for he quitted royal Winchester—then and for two centuries after the chief city of the land—to dwell among them; and he elevated the Mercian capital to an equality with Winchester by appointing for London an equal number of mint-masters, and regulated their civic proceedings; and, above all, enacted that law which gave the right to every merchant who had made three successful voyages to claim the dignity of Thane. A proud eminence this: to wear the golden bracelet, and sit, as of right, in the King's halls, and drain the mead-cup with the hereditary nobles of the land. No wonder Athelstan was long remembered in London, for from his days "the port of London" became a recognized phrase, and each year saw the Thames more crowded with vessels, and the barques of the enterprising trader spreading their sails to more distant regions, until, even in the twelfth century, Fitzstephen could boast that luxuries from all parts of the world found a mart in London.

But disastrous days, ere the close of that century, drew on; for the feebleness of the later Saxon monarchs disgusted a haughty people, and during the reign of Ethelred the Unready, the Saxons, who sought in their king a "Bretwalda"—a leader in war and a legislator in peace—but had found only a slave of the priesthood, or a glutton and wine-bibber, invited over the gallant "Svend of the forked beard" to oppose their despised king. That the Danes, however unwelcome to Ethelred, were welcome enough to the inhabitants of London, seems proved by the fact that Svend entered the city without opposition, and his fleet quietly anchored just below. We must bear in mind that the inhabitants, as "Angles," were more closely allied to the Danish race than the West Saxons. But Ethelred, however cowardly, could not see the greater part of his kingdom wrested from him without a struggle; and he invited the aid of King Olaf of Norway, and retook the city. But Svend was not to be baffled. Unable to pass "the bridge," which we now read of for the first time, "he came with his ships to Greenwich, and from thence to London," says the venerable Saxon chronicle, "and there they sunk a deep ditch on the south, and dragged their ships to the west side of the bridge." A very creditable piece of engineering for the beginning of the eleventh century, for King Olaf's Saga informs us that it was "a great work, of large ditches with bulwarks of stone, timber, and turf." Ethelred again fled away, and Svend's fleet sailed in, and, passing up the Fleet, anchored just on the site of King's Cross. How strange this reads! Some writers have supposed that the Danish vessels must have been very small to have anchored there, but the narrators of this incident give us no reason to believe that they were other than the vessels that had brought his army from Denmark; and we know that their ordinary

ships were of very large size, often with forty, and sometimes even sixty, banks of rowers. But from early notices of that hapless river—so different in its fate to all the other Thames' tributaries, treated as a mere sewer in later times, and now absolutely buried out of sight, from its mouth even to its source—it appears to have been a stream, not merely possessing a very rapid current (whence its name), but to have been probably as wide near its junction with the Thames as the River Lea.

But the bridge, now for the first time noticed in the venerable Saxon Chronicle: by whom could it have been built? Such a work could scarcely have been undertaken by the Saxons. Was it a remain of Roman London—built, not across a strongly flowing stream, and with lofty arches, but a mere, long, raised causeway, to connect the city with Southwark, and with no regard to the waterway? We think this was the case, not only from the fact of Svend digging the trench because his vessels could not pass the bridge, but from the more important fact that when, on the death of Svend, Ethelred with King Olaf laid siege to London, Olaf actually pulled the bridge down to force a way. Here is the story from King Olaf Haraldson's Saga, as Snorro Sturleson has preserved it in his spirited "Heimskringla." Ethelred and Olaf steered to London, and sailed into the Thames with their fleet. "Then King Ethelred ordered a great assault, but the Danes fought bravely, so he could make nothing of it. Between the castle and Southwark there was a bridge, broad enough for two waggons to pass; and on the bridge were towers and wooden parapets breast high, and underneath piles driven into the bottom of the river. Now the troops stood there, and defended themselves; and then King Olaf said he would lay his fleet alongside of it, to break it down. King Olaf ordered great platforms of floating wood to be tied together with hazel-bands, and with these, as a roof, he covered over his ships. . . . Now, when all were ready, they rowed up the river; but when they came near the bridge there were cast down upon them so many stones, and arrows, and spears, that neither helmet nor shield could hold out against it, and many ships retreated. But King Olaf, and the Northmen's fleet with him, rowed quite up under the bridge, laid their cables round the piles that supported it, and then rowed off with all the ships as hard as they could down the stream. The piles were thus shaken in the bottom, and were loosened under the bridge. Now, as the armed troops stood thick upon the bridge, and there were likewise many heaps of stones on it, and the piles under being loosened and broken, the bridge gave way; and a great part of the men upon it fell into the river, and all the others fled, some into Southwark and some into the castle. Now, when the men in the castle saw that the Thames was mastered, and that they could not hinder the passage of ships, they became afraid, and surrendered the Tower, and took Ethelred for their king; and, therefore, sang Ottar Swarte:—

"'London Bridge is broken down—
Gold is won, and high renown.
Shields resounding,
War-horns sounding,
Hilda shouting in the din!
Arrows singing,
Mail-coats ringing,
Odin makes our Olaf win!'"

ed verse;—would that the whole song had been preserved The reader will, however, perceive from this account, that mes could not have flowed with the rapid current of later

ed did not long enjoy his triumph—he soon after died in ; while King Olaf, after "taking scott (tribute) of the and plundering where it was refused," passed over to from whence, having fought his twentieth battle, he returned vay. Olaf subsequently became a Christian, and was so o the clergy that—although he seems to have ever been a rce and rapacious Viking—he received the doubtful honour ization. Olaf certainly was a "muscular Christian" of the ler; and perhaps this was the reason why, although he had r plundered England, and done such grievous damage both lon and her bridge, no less than three parish churches in were, and are still, dedicated to his honour—for our bel- forefathers heartily loved a good fighter.

nd Ironside, who succeeded his father, also dwelt in London, Athelstan's castle, which, as we have seen, was viewed as s stronghold. But Svend had bequeathed his claim of sove- to his son Knut, that "noble barbarian," as he has truly led, and he, after a fierce fight, took the castle; and then his fleet" passed on, as his father's had done, up the Fleet nd anchored at Battle Bridge. A goodly sight must that e been—picturesque indeed, moored in those bright waters, the foot of the uplands—where now the north-western of London extend—but then rising in slopes, thickly clus- er with the oaks and the beeches of the old forest of Mid- And there, against that fair background of foliage fading blue distance, lay "the dragon-ships," with carved and rows, glittering in the sunshine, and with sails "striped e, and green," for gorgeous were the vessels of those sea- nd proud were they of the barques that bore them to wealth own—proud as the knight of his war-steed—proud almost iselves were of the snow-white maidens for whose smiles countered the perils of the deep.

eason had London to regret the accession of Knut; her ce increased under his sway, and perhaps more rapidly he river continued unspanned by any bridge. Probably he interval previous to the Norman Conquest we must place tty legend of the Maiden of the Ferry, whose father, unable

longer to ply his calling, committed the charge of the ferry-boat to her; and how she plied the oar, and ferried the passengers over in safety, while many marvelled that so fair and so delicate a maiden should so toilsomely earn her daily bread; and how, putting her trust in Heaven, she toiled right willingly for her aged parents, while "Our Ladye" smiled upon her pious endeavours; until, at length, every duty fulfilled, and age drawing nigh, she relinquished the ferry, and built a convent on the farther side of the river, dedicating it to "Our Lady of the Ferry," and peacefully closed her days as its prioress. Often, in childhood, was this legend told us, and with no common interest did we gaze upon the fair towers of the church that now occupies the site of the lowly convent; and ever as the pleasant chime of the bells of St. Mary Overies flung their sweet melody across the river, did the vision of the fair and pious maiden guiding her little boat across the wide waters rise vividly before us.

Ere long, the bridge, though but a rude structure, was built again. There are no records to tell by whom, and it was destroyed by fire ere the close of the century. Still, London's commerce increased, and in the reign of the Confessor we meet with a list of duties paid at the port of London, which would rather surprise the reader. All kinds of spices are named, silken goods, as though of comparatively common use, and the precious gold-wrought stuffs from the East. It is difficult to account for the attachment expressed by London toward the Confessor, Norman as he was by long residence with his mother's relations, and still more Norman in tastes and habits. We have the testimony of Ingulf that his court was as Norman, even to the language spoken there, as the Conqueror's. And then he was not content to dwell in the palace of Athelstan; but far up the river, all among the swamps, and morasses, and scarcely-drained islands, sought to build his new palace of hewn stone. His life-long devotion to the chief Apostle, however, and his long-expressed determination to build him a fitting minster on the site of the little church of Thorney Island, were probably excuse enough to the devout Saxons. Of this palace we have scarcely any contemporary notices; it seems doubtful whether it was finished at his death; but we know that succeeding monarchs largely added to it, and also repaired it. This circumstance, together with that of the neighbouring Abbey and Church being twenty years building, seems to prove that the ground was, even then, scarcely settled enough to bear so ponderous a structure. It is corroborative, too, of this view to remember that this church, built by the chief Norman architects, actually was in ruins ere two hundred years had passed. Now, the Norman work of our cathedrals, executed only a few years later, is firm even to the present time. On Holy Innocents' Day, 1065, St. Peter's Minster was consecrated with royal pomp; but eight days after King Edward was no more, and the body, crowned and arrayed in regal garments, lay with folded hands before the altar where so lately he had knelt.

A legacy of strife and bloodshed did the superstitious Confessor

bequeath. London, and the whole of Mercia, rallied heartily around Harold,—a claimant of the crown, though with no hereditary right; but then hereditary right among our Saxon forefathers was always subordinated to fitness, and Harold had been chosen war-king in full folkmote; and, therefore, willingly the men of Mercia went forth with him to battle. But Harold was slain, and there was treason toward the people; and so, partly by his sword, but more by crafty policy, William the Norman seized the crown. It is a singular proof of the rising importance of our city that William hastened hither immediately after the battle, although Winchester, the royal city, was nearer; and Wace, a *trouvère* Norman born, tells us that he, the stern conqueror, actually asked the fathers of the city "by what laws they would be governed?" Doubtless, we may well disbelieve this, but that he sought at London *some* recognition of his claim, we may believe; and perhaps as a bribe, or a reward, William then gave that precious slip of parchment—so small, but so precious, and well worthy, for its suggestiveness alone, of a visit to the Library at Guildhall—which ensured them their Saxon birthright.

And, from henceforward, how did the commercial prosperity of the good city increase! Ere the close of the century, we find foreign merchants not only visiting but dwelling in London, and quays, even then populous with mariners, "by the River's-side;" and ere long the fair towers of St. Mary Overies surmounted the more humble church; and beyond that stern Tower—built, doubtless, to overawe, though it could not crush, Saxon freedom—rose the hallowed towers of St. Katherine's;—those towers always hailed with thanksgiving by the returning mariner, who, with glad thoughts of home, reverently lowered his topsail as he passed: and then, ere the twelfth century closed, that great work was undertaken—the Thames embankments.

Strange is it that of so important and so extensive a work so little should be known. From the appearance of the embankments near Thames-street, Sir Christopher Wren assigned them to the Romans, so strong and so excellent was the workmanship; but late researches have proved that they were the work of the Middle Ages, and a recent writer, Mr. Cruden—whose views have not hitherto received the attention they merit—proves, in his "History of Gravesend and the Port of London," that they were certainly begun, although perhaps not completed, during the reign of our first Plantagenet. It is further proved, too, that this mighty work was undertaken at the cost, and under the supervision, not of the monarch, but of the city authorities—so early was self-government claimed and asserted by our forefathers. It was doubtless from the immense outlay involved in this undertaking that, although "the silver Thames" bathed the King's own palace (the Palace of Westminster) on the one side, as it flowed past the city, and the King's own stronghold on the other (the Tower), still, the subject river owned no royal jurisdiction, but was, even in the thirteenth century, almost as much the property of the city as a railway is of its company. Very amusing were the contests waged between the city authorities and the Earl-Marshal

of the Palace of Westminster, or the Constable of the Tower, chiefly on account of the swans, which now were kept in large numbers; but sometimes the fat salmon. Many a milk-white swan, sailing too near the wall that bounded the palace on the river's-side, was seized—"feloniously," the fathers of the city would say—by order of the Earl-Marshal or his subordinates; and many a net was furtively thrown, on summer nights, from the water-gate to intercept the huge salmon, as, betrayed by his silvery scales, he glided by. And then, if perchance news of these enormities came to the ears of the civic authorities, how proudly they bore themselves, and passed more stringent enactments for preservation of their rights, and threatened the King's officers just as though they had been mere Thames fishermen. We may smile at these contests, but, after all, we can scarcely over-value the importance of these early struggles of the civic with the royal power, when we view their ultimate results.

And now the fair river, deepened and flowing with a stronger current, could no longer be spanned by the fragile bridges of ancient days; so the crowning work, the stone-bridge with nineteen arches, was begun. Had the improvements of the river been encouraged by that chancellor, whose memory was so dear to the citizens as their martyred saint, Becket? We saw, when reviewing his life, in our March number, that he was certainly looked upon as a great benefactor to the city; might he not, therefore, have encouraged the work, even though he might not have suggested it? We cannot but incline to this view, when we remember that midway on that noble bridge stood the beautiful chapel of St. Thomas; that thither, at appointed times, the city authorities went in state to worship; and there Peter of Colechurch, who began, although he was not spared to see his noble work completed, prayed to be buried.

Perhaps no event ever dwelt on the minds of the inhabitants of a city so strongly as did the building of London Bridge. Some tale or other connected with it is linked with almost every tradition of old London; and that Peter of Colechurch was a mighty magician—not a bond-slave of the Evil One, but a "philosofre," who by his knowledge controlled even him—was the faith of many ages. This is scarcely to be wondered at, when we observe the stirring times in which this bridge was built. Its foundations were first laid when the whole nation was chafing against the King as the author of Becket's murder. During the long contest with Longchamp, Cœur de Lion's hated chancellor, the work was slowing proceeding; and it was finally completed in 1209, when the nation was not merely engaged in warfare against John, but during the time of the Interdict. Doleful stories are told about this Interdict in "popular" histories, but, from the testimony of contemporaries, our fathers seem to have taken it very easily. Certain is it that the King feasted right royally both at Christmas and Paschaltide, and his subjects, doubtless, in this case followed his example. Numerous

charters were granted to towns; London received confirmation of her charter, and witnessed the completion of her proudest work—her Bridge.

From henceforward, very suggestive is it to remark how, "by the River's side," became the chosen site for great public establishments. The Fishmongers built their stately hall at the bridge-foot; the Hanseatic merchants of the Steel Yard built there their warehouses, and that tall minaret-like watch-tower, that looks so picturesque in the old views of London. The merchants of the Vintry—no longer dwellers at Southampton—reared their "fayre stone houses" along the Vintry Quay; and many a stately mansion of the London merchant and the noble graced Thames-street. And westward arose the convents of the Black Friars and the White Friars, close to the water's edge; and then the noble Preceptory of the Templars, with its fair gardens—gardens which have not, even now, wholly lost their greenery; and still farther, the splendid palace of Peter of Savoy, and the mansion of the Archbishop of York; while the newly-built Abbey, and the stately Palace of Westminster, closed the view "by the River's side." Beautiful certainly was mediæval London, and very stirring her history; suggestive, too, each building—Convent, Preceptory, Merchant's-Hall, Royal Palace, and right Royal Abbey. We must, however, close here; but perhaps we will take, ere long, dear reader, another walk "by the River's side."

IV.

A CHAPLET FOR THE HERO.

I.

Flowers amaranthine! leaves of changeless green!
Hearty acclaim from all the good and true;
Beauty's pure homage, graceful honour's due:
Hail for the hero; hail! and world-wide scene.
There strideth hitherward, strong man, I ween,
Proudly defiant, while the concave through
Ring trumpet clangour, and a wild halloo;
And sword and breastplate flash their lightning sheen.
Ha! but there trails behind a moaning crowd,
Hearts desolate and homeless; and there rise
Sad lamentations, and despair avowed;
The widow's wail, and children's orphan-cries.
Honour the brave! the claim though disallowed:
War has too solemn woes and miseries!

II.

Who is the Hero? lo, in grand array,
With panoply, and pageantry of state,
And glittering garniture, and welcomes great
In lusty tones, from hosts beneath his sway;—
Room for the rich! free largess strews the way,
And hand profuse makes reckless pact with fate,
Doling out purchase fee at thronged gate,
Where luxury *fêtes* its humour day by day.
Alas for riches! when the rebel heart
Makes golden calf out of its proper good;
And, apathetic, worships all apart;
Diffusive impulse slighted or withstood.
Hero not thou; from out life's sordid mart,
However bold and arrogant thy mood.

III.

Leaves evergreen, with fresh and fragrant flowers!
Who cometh then, the chaplet-wreath to claim?
Hark! the tumultuous voices shout a name,
While Flattery boasts incomparable powers;
The eloquence that upward grandly towers;
Climax concentrated, and pith of fame,
Moving a nation or to praise or blame;
While foes retire, and opposition cowers.
A-well-a-day! while flattered and upraised
To giddy eminence of thankless toil;
Thy brow is furrowed, and thy heart amazed
Knows and laments the swell, and sharp recoil
Of popular voice, and how the eye is dazed
With the world's turbulent mockery and moil.

IV.

Give place! to grouping of wild revelry:
The joyance and frivolity of cheer;
Glad songs, melodiously thrilling clear;
And tales of merry times that used to be.
The minstrel roundelays, and fantasie
Of fairy lore, that young heart loves to hear;
And narratives of times of stirring fear,
Plague or the famine, moaning dismally.
Lo, many a hand is stretched to seize the prize,
And crowding friends, presuming, claim the right;
But wisdom listens with averted eyes,
Profound repugnance, and a stern affright;
Till the loud tumult with its mysteries,
Whirls, trackless, through the gloom of starless night.

V.

Wreath amaranthine for a hero's brow!
Who is the hero that shall win and wear?
Alas, amid the gaudy haze and glare,
Where votaries to various influence bow,
And multitudes a grovelling faith avow,
With reckless aptitude to do or dare;
And little time to think, and little care;
And scanty heed, though pureness disallow.
O bauble-hunting world, with gaze depressed,
And greedy habitudes all purposeless;
To wait on thee, of hero-life in quest,
What vexing, wandering, and weariness!
How false and foolish, charged with all unrest,
Thy promise, fashion, prattle, and impress.

VI.

Listen! from out the depths where dull despair
Holds its unsunned abode, and sorrows deep
With mildew taint, in dismal silence creep;
Where wants are many, hope and comforts spare;
With soothing words of solace for life's care.
And ministry of help to hearts that weep,
And urgent rousing to resist the sleep
Of drear dismay—there comes a voice of prayer!
While kind, true hand, uplifts the veil that hides
The daylight, from the dark where wretches grope;
Till into unaccustomed haunts there glides
The promise and expectancy of hope;
While patience to time's brighter aspect guides,
And teaches faith a holier creed and scope.

VII.

O brave and beautiful! the earnest zeal
Self-sacrificing, with its holy aim,
Life's ease and quietness, its wealth and fame,
To mitigate its sorrows, and reveal
Thoughtful solicitude for other's weal;
Bold disregard of worldly scorn and shame,
Folly's loose merriment, and scandal's blame;
Strong faith to persevere, and love to feel.
The gentle touch that would not pain, but cheer;
The whispered word suggesting hope and joy:
O blessed consecration in the fear
And love of God, to His Divine employ.
The welcome toil, to bring Christ's Gospel near,
That souls may know the peace without alloy.

VIII.

Who is the Hero? he who, strong and true,
In God's loved service renders devoir free;
Teaching what blessedness and peace to be
Christ-like, so rendering the homage due,
With adoration ever glad and new:
Helping the throbbing heart to feel and see,
The happiness of holy fealty;
The bliss of patient waiting, life-time through.
Lo, with a loving heed, and gentle tone,
With quiet words and aspect calm and bright;
Strong in a strength far mightier than its own,
And humble-minded in the world's despite;
No hero this by poet's record known,—
Yet grandly good in wisdom infinite!

IX.

Hero! to whom life is a battle-field;
Whose faith is steadfast, and whose hope serene:
Unselfish and unfearing, though the scene
Of labour never recompense may yield:
True hero! God will help thee still to wield
Thy weapons deftly, as thy wont hath been;
And amaranthine chaplet, fresh and green,
Is thine, albeit yet bearing spear and shield.
Good angels watch thee with a thankful gaze;
The spirits of the just thy deeds approve;
God helpeth mightily thy righteous ways,
And waits to comfort with untiring love.
Courage! rejoicing in eternal praise
There cometh rest, and perfect peace above!

H. B.

V.

DOWN IN A DIVING-BELL.

OUGHT a man to be blamed if he feels somewhat nervous when he is lowered, for the first time, into the waters of the ocean? I think not. Let every one who holds a contrary opinion try the experiment. Heroes have faltered when required to bathe, and valour of the highest order has not always proved insensible to the miseries of a momentary dip. Courage under water is a different thing from courage above water, and it would be hardly logical to assume that a person who could go through a battle with composure, might not feel rather faint when

ınd himself hanging in the deep with nothing but a great bubble
around him to preserve him from suffocation.
us suppose, good reader, that you and I have taken our seats in
ng-bell. It shall be one of the open style—such as they used to
y at the Polytechnic in Regent-street. You know the principle of
ıstruction? Place an insect or two upon a cork in a pail of water
ɔrt a tumbler over that cork—then push the apparatus to the bot-
f the vessel; and, on raising the glass to the surface, the little
ɔrs will come up perfectly safe and unsoaked. The bell is *our*
er: the sea is our tub; and we are the insects in question
ɔs undescribed).
› tackle begins to creak, and the mouth of the machine dips into
ater. I look rather pale, don't I? Quite natural! You feel
much as if you were going to the place of execution? Nothing
ɔasonable! I should like to know who would not share in my
and your perturbation, if forced into a similar situation. Some
duals might indeed attempt to conceal their emotions; but let us
ıest, and confess that we are dreadfully alarmed!
ɨt of all, it occurs to you that the bell may perhaps tilt up or turn
n one side just as would happen to the tumbler if it were not
uiet. And such might be the case, were not the machine weighted
lower part so as to preserve it perfectly upright in its descent,
of currents or other disturbing causes. Dismiss your fears,
ɔre, on this score; we shall go down as straight as a plum-
nd come up again—so I fervently hope, and so you fervently
.d—without ever deserting the true perpendicular.
ɔhe next place, you will naturally feel some solicitude respecting
ɹpply of air. I do. Show me the man that would not, if he
a particle about the chemistry of respiration. Shut up in a
vessel like this for more than a few minutes, we should perish
ıe poor mice which philosophers have occasionally subjected to
fic torture in an exhausted receiver. Let a man be fastened up
stminster Hall, every crevice in the building being hermetically
, and the prisoner would go on abstracting oxygen from the
ɔhere until it became thoroughly vitiated, when of course death
promptly ensue. Hence the due renovation of the air is a vital
in the management of the diving-machine. The force-pump is
fest contrivance for feeding the apparatus with this cheap, but
ensable element. Dr. Halley employed a couple of barrels, which
aised and lowered alternately, like buckets in a well. The con-
f each cask were successively decanted into the machine through
ıern pipe, a hole being left in the lower part, in order that the
re of the water might drive out the air. A valve, at the top of
ell, permitted the diver to discharge the corrupted atmosphere
ime to time; and then a rush of bubbles to the surface covered
ı for some small distance with white foam, and made it boil as
emoth were disporting himself beneath. By these means, the
: was enabled to remain under water for four hours and a-half;

and, enchanted by the success of his contrivance, he intimates that he might, perhaps, have tarried there all his life, if he had liked. Instead, however, of renovating the air by mechanical means, some persons have proposed to restore it to purity by chemical processes. Cornelius van Drebbell (better known as the inventor of the thermometer) is *said* to have possessed some plan by which he could renew the tainted atmosphere of a submarine vessel; and, in proof of this, he went down with some rowers in the Thames, and remained under water for a considerable period. And does not Father Mersenne speak of a French diver, one Barricus by name, who could continue submerged for six hours together (and burn a candle to boot), with only a cubic foot or two of air at his disposal—though it is known that, during this interval, the contents of fourteen or fifteen hogsheads would be required for the service of a single pair of lungs? Mr. Babbage suggested that the carbonic acid emitted by the pulmonary organs might be fixed by means of lime or ammonia in solution; and that condensed oxygen might be hoarded up for the renewal of the atmosphere of the machine.

By this time we are fairly in the water, and I observe that you carry your fingers to your ears, and look as if you were rather troubled in that region. It is the same with myself. We begin to complain of a horrible pressure upon our "drums." We are both of opinion that they will give way in case we are not speedily relieved. We feel, indeed, as if some invisible sprite were thrusting quills into the auditory passages. The philosophy of the nuisance is this, the atmosphere of the bell necessarily grows denser as we descend, because it is crushed into smaller compass by the increasing weight of the water; consequently, as the air within the cavities of the ear is thinner than that without, the intervening membrane will be cruelly stretched, it might possibly be ruptured, unless the equilibrium were restored. On one occasion, a diver attempted to protect himself by filling the external chambers with chewed paper; but on arriving at the surface, he found that the pieces had been wedged in so forcibly that they were extracted with considerable difficulty. Fortunately the remedy is very simple. You must pretend to swallow air as you would swallow soup. In the act of deglutition, the condensed fluid around you finds admission through the eustachian tube to the interior of the organs, and thus by equalizing the pressure on both sides of the tympanum the pain is removed. But this process must be repeated at intervals as we advance, and similarly when we return—I hope we *shall* return—though the conditions are then reversed. It is decidedly not pleasant to feel as if a quill were poked into your ear at each step of your progress.

We proceed slowly. Perhaps you think the men who are lowering us are anxious to make the most of our agony. It certainly looks very like it; but there is one good reason at least why we should sink in a leisurely fashion. Triewald mentions a diver who was let down precipitately for the space of a fathom, owing to the carelessness of the people who worked the bell. The result was, that the rapid condensa-

tion of the air forced the blood out of his nose and ears, and compressed his body as if it had been suddenly loaded with lead. Let us hope, therefore, that the men will be particularly cautious on this point, for a run of a few feet would be highly objectionable.

What is that you say? It is growing excessively hot, you think. Undoubtedly. This is another consequence of the pressure to which our little atmosphere is exposed. Air contains a quantity of caloric, which may be squeezed out of it as water is squeezed out of a sponge. Let a piece of fine tinder be placed in a tube closed at one extremity, and provided with a piston at the other; give a smart blow to the latter, and sufficient heat will be developed to inflame the susceptible material. Were the atmosphere of our globe suddenly and extensively compressed, its caloric would be expelled so copiously that it might set fire to every combustible thing, and melt or vitrify the whole surface. Besides, as the warmer and lighter air always ascends, the upper portion of the bell (the place where our heads are at present stationed) must necessarily be the hottest latitude in the machine. You begin to fear, therefore, that you will probably faint; and you wish to know whether my sensations are the same. I will give you an explicit reply. I scorn to use any disguise. I have the honour to feel equally uneasy with yourself; and I candidly confess my apprehensions that if the temperature should continue to rise until it reaches the swooning point (unmarked on most thermometers), our friends on *terra firma* may have reason to regret that we have ever ventured upon this perilous enterprise.

Remembering, however, that fainting has become quite unfashionable, and that we are all strong-minded men and women now-a-days, I make a vigorous effort to master my emotions, and request your attention to the fact that whilst the air appears to grow hotter the water in reality becomes cooler. For, as the warmer, and consequently the lighter, fluid (down to about 40° F.) must float upon the heavier, the sea will gradually increase in chilliness until (if deep enough) a certain point is attained; so that even within the tropics, where a blazing sun is playing upon the surface of the ocean, water has been hoisted up from below at a temperature not many degrees above the freezing point. And here, also, I am reminded of another little philosophical peculiarity of our position. Your voice sounds rather thin and feeble; and I notice that you do not seem to catch my words as distinctly as might be expected, considering that we are in such friendly proximity. How is this? It is well known that the loudness of a sound is affected by the density or tenuity of the air. Every person who has read Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues," or "Brewer's Guides" is presumed to be aware of the fact that when a bell is rung in the receiver of an air-pump, the noise grows fainter as the winch is worked, until at length you see the clapper wag, but hear no merry tinkle. The converse should, of course, obtain if the atmosphere is compressed; and hence a pistol, which would produce an explosion like that of a cracker on the top of a high mountain, ought to go off like a little cannon when discharged in a

diving-machine. Long ago, however, it was ascertained by M. Colladon that men did not talk like Stentors whilst descending in the bell, but seemed to roar pretty much like Bottom's sucking doves. Müller ascribes this apparent anomaly to the fact first indicated by Dr. Wollaston, that when the membrana tympani is rendered tense from any cause, partial deafness is produced. So long as the acoustic curtain is strained by atmospheric pressure on either side, the faculty of hearing is impaired; but, of course, when it recovers its natural laxity, and is at peace within and without, the increased density of the air will be recognized in its sonorous results.

Talking of sound, however (and I do not think it beneath me to acknowledge that I turn philosophical for the purpose of keeping up my courage, and of diverting my attention from the horrors of our position), you must observe that a noise will travel with greater facility through water, when excited in that fluid, than it does through the air. Colladon found that a bell could be distinctly heard across Lake Leman, a distance of nine miles, when the vibrations were transmitted by a purely liquid route. In fact, they traverse an aqueous medium four-and-a-half times faster than they do an atmospheric one. Hence, if a merman has anything to say to a mermaid (which, I suppose, will sometimes happen), or if a Triton blows his trumpet to summon the sea-gods to a council (which, I imagine, rarely occurs in these unclassical days), the sound will rush along with great velocity, and diffuse itself through a sphere of considerable extent. All submarine conversations, as sea-nymphs are well aware, should therefore be carried on with caution, if it is important that they should not be overheard.

Meanwhile, we continue to descend inch by inch. The light, of course, becomes dimmer as we proceed. Should the water be at all turbid, we are soon shrouded in what Halley calls "perfect night." Should it prove tolerably pellucid, we receive a softened sort of radiance, which is green where the liquid is fresh, blue where it is salt.

Ah! what is that I hear? You don't like the present state of things at all; you have a strong objection to darkness, and particularly to darkness in a diving-bell. Why, my dear friend, these are precisely my own sentiments; but I am afraid we cannot give the signal for recal with any credit, until we have gone a little farther into the deep. Undoubtedly, if we were to sink as far as 700 feet—I trust my tones are not becoming unduly tremulous—scarcely a ray of the sun, generally speaking, could follow us there. It is calculated that, at a depth of 200 feet, the lustre of that luminary is only equal in effect to the light of a farthing candle shining upon you at the distance of a foot. Let it not be supposed, however, that the beams of the great orb are stripped of their fire and heat by plunging through a stratum of the coldest water. A workman employed on the Plymouth breakwater went down in a diving-bell which had a convex glass fixed in the top for the purpose of letting in light. The glass unexpectedly operated as a burning lens, for the poor fellow soon discovered that a conflagration was raging on his head, his paper cap

aving come into focus, and his scalp being perilled by this touch of olar pleasantry.

And since without light there can be no colour, it has been observed hat the hues of animals, which dwell at various depths in the ocean, ecline in intensity until a certain limit is reached; and if, beyond hat point, life still exists, it appears to be as pallid and cadaverous as f it were already on the brink of death. The late Professor Edward 'orbes established a kind of chromatic scale amongst the Testacea of he Ægean Sea. Ranking them in zones according to their different abitats, he found that the liveliest tints and gayest combinations of olour were to be discovered in the shells which occupied the upper- ıost, or littoral, belt. Whilst the species near the surface were renched in prismatic glories, the denizens of the inferior regions grew ıore modest in their markings and adornments, until at last even the ıint flush of colour discernible amongst these creatures seemed to be 'ell-nigh extinguished, and the few specimens which survived were, or the most part, wan and lustreless things. Out of 18 shells raised 'om a depth of 100 fathoms and upwards in the Mediterranean, only ne presented any decided tintings; and, in our own seas, every indi- idual drawn from a similar depth proved to be wholly without hue.

Further and further we continue to sink. The time we have con- ıumed, and—let us be frank—the trepidation we have endured, might lmost induce us to believe that we had descended some thousands of ;et into the watery abyss. And yet a few fathoms will measure the 'hole distance we have described. Since the height, and consequently he weight of the fluid above us is increasing at every step of our rogress, it follows that the space reserved for air within the bell is ɔnstantly contracting. You observe that the liquid is gradually rising ı the machine. You have had to double up your legs already, I erceive; and if we proceed much deeper we shall be immersed to our hests, and almost strangled in the embrace of the floods. For, at a epth of about thirty-two feet, we are exposed to a pressure equivalent ɔ that of a double atmosphere. In other words, an additional weight f from fourteen to fifteen pounds is put upon every one of our square ıches. The same invisible sprite who amuses himself by poking ıvisible quills into your ears has been silently piling up several undredweights upon our frames, so that each of us now sustains a urden of more than twenty tons. "What Atlases we must be!" ou exclaim. Fortunately there is no vacuum within the body, other- ɔise it would collapse and shrivel beneath the prodigious incubus. If diving-apparatus were a closed machine, it might be lowered to a reater depth than an open bell; but it would be necessary to con- ɔruct it of stout materials in order that it might resist the powerful ɔrain to which it would be exposed. Sir John Herschel mentions an ıdividual (probably Mr. Day) who fitted up a vessel for recovering ɔeasure from sunken ships, and who went down by way of trial, but ever returned to the light; for, as no adequate allowance had been ıade for the increased pressure of water, the frail fabric was crushed

like a band-box in the coils of a boa-constrictor. Or, to put the matter in a more pleasing form, let me recommend you to take a bottle of pure sherry (if such a phenomenon can be discovered in Europe), and, having corked and sealed it, send it into the depths of the ocean by means of a sounding line. Haul it up, and take a glass—I beg to decline for myself—and what will be the result? Why, you will find that a vertical voyage does not improve the quality of wine as a horizontal one is presumed to do. The liquid which went down price six or seven shillings the bottle will come up at considerably less than a farthing the barrel. The superincumbent weight of the ocean has, in fact, so compressed the cork that the contents will be little better than mere brine. Need I say, therefore, that no merman accustomed to sport in deep waters could ever wear such a head-dress as a terrestrial hat, for it would be forced down upon his skull like an empty egg-shell; and certainly no sea-nymph would dream of employing garments stiffened by crinoline or expanded by slender steel hoops, like their sisterhood of the land.

But here you remind me that a curious question is sometimes raised—occasionally, too, amongst very intelligent people—respecting the effect of deep water upon sinking substances.

What excellent nerves you must have to propound a philosophical thesis at this depth below the surface! Such composure of mind is exceedingly uncommon in a diving-bell. I will endeavour to wind up my courage to the height of your argument. Now, what is your difficulty?

This: it has sometimes been contended that as the weight of water constantly increases there must be a point, if the sea be deep enough, where electric cables will float, and where even cannon-balls must refuse to sink any further. This conclusion, however, arises from some confusion of idea in regard to pressure and compressibility. If water were a "squeezable" fluid, like the air in the bell, a given quantity taken from the surface of the ocean—say, a pailful—would be gradually reduced in bulk the lower we descended, until it might be contained in a common tumbler. But in that case its density—that is, the quantity of matter included in a determinate space—would be proportionately augmented. Now, the only condition on which a cubic inch of iron or other heavy substance could remain in suspension at any particular depth, would be that it weighed neither more nor less than a cubic inch of the surrounding fluid. But it so happens that water is virtually an incompressible liquid. Its particles won't consent to be forced into closer proximity. The Florentine academicians thought they could subdue its stubbornness by subjecting a sphere of gold filled with the fluid to enormous pressure; but the drops oozed through the metal rather than compromise their character by the slightest concession. Subsequent experiments by Canton, Perkins, and Oersted have indeed shown that there is some small contraction in bulk; but it is so trifling that the last-named philosopher estimated it at one part in forty-six millions for each additional atmosphere.

Since, therefore, at a depth of thirty-two feet, a cubic inch of water will have yielded to this extent only, we may consider that for all practical purposes the liquid is incapable of condensation.

On the other hand, if a body when carried down into deep water admits of reduction from the pressure of the fluid, or if its structure is so porous that the liquid can be readily forced into the interior, its gravity will be considerably, and (it may be) grotesquely increased. A piece of wood once carried to the floor of the Atlantic would lie there like a piece of metal. Scoresby tells us of a boat which was dragged down by a wounded whale, and which required five-and-twenty men to raise it to the surface. It was found to be so heavy in consequence of the injection of water into its tissues that two other boats —one at each extremity—were necessary simply to support it; and splinters flung into the ocean sank as if they were strips of iron.

But here our discourse is interrupted by a slight shock. I don't like it at all. My nerves unfortunately are not in the best possible order for such an excursion, but I trust I am not going to be seriously frightened. You, too, begin to feel strongly impressed with the solemnities of our position. Quite reasonable that you should! If Dr. Johnson refused to envy the man who could stand unmoved at Marathon or Iona, we may decline to be the individuals who could sit phlegmatically in the sea, and not experience an emotion of awe when we thought of the great abyss of waters in which we were immersed. Sir, we ought not to come down here like brute beasts. A little faltering in the voice, a little fluttering at the heart, a little perspiration on the brow, are but fitting expressions of homage to the majesty of the ocean.

The cause of the shock, however, is soon explained. The bell has grazed the side of a sunken rock, and, after a few concussions (which induce us to feel still more like the man at Marathon or Iona), it alights on the bed of the sea. Fortunately we have made our descent in a shallowish quarter. All divers are not equally happy in their landing, if it may be so termed. Triewald refers to one who came into contact with the bolt of a wreck, which pierced a hole in the side of his machine. The water began to rush in, the air began to rush out; and the big bubbles, gurgling to the surface, threw the attendants into great consternation. With remarkable presence of mind, however, the diver thrust his arm into the aperture, and, having given the signal, was drawn up in safety, thanks to this extemporaneous plug.

Once down at the bottom of the ocean, the diver may leave the bell if he is provided with aquatic armour, of which various kinds have been devised. These mainly consist of a stout helmet for the head, and of strong sheathing for the upper part of the frame, or else the person is protected by a sort of case from which the arms protrude for the purpose of gathering the treasures which somehow or other most people expect to find at the bottom of the sea. To supply the explorer with air a flexible tube is connected with the bell, or a sufficient allowance of breathing material is forced into a belt by means of a condensing pump. Thus equipped, I fancy that any sea-deity who may chance to fall in with one of these human monsters—foraging for

gold in his domains—will be well-nigh scared out of his wits by the uncouth apparition. Neptune himself would probably run away were he to catch a glimpse of a diver dressed after Klingert's fashion, with a tin-plate pot on his head, a brass-hooped cylinder round his loins, and drawers with an iron framing to protect his legs.

But even adopting the best of these devices, it is found difficult to venture upon any extensive explorations. That pleasant old prattler in science, Bishop Wilkins, who hoped to effect such wonderful discoveries in the bed of the sea by means of his "arks," where families were to live, and where children were to be born, would have been woefully disappointed had he learned how little man can still accomplish by his submarine gropings.

But as we have not provided ourselves with armour, and have satisfied our curiosity already, and have no great expectation of finding a fortune where Duke Clarence dreamt he saw such glorious wedges of gold and heaps of pearls, you become anxious that the signal for return should be given. I pull the rope accordingly. But the machine does not move! I begin to feel very uneasy. Horrible thoughts rush through my brain. *Can the men above have run away, and left us to perish?* People have done strange things before, why may they not do strange things again? There are scoundrels who would think it an excellent joke—really a superb piece of waggery—to let us lie here until we were drowned by the rising water, or choked with our own carbonic acid. Perhaps the rascals have gone to dinner, and not knowing anything about the chemistry of the lungs, imagine that we can make ourselves quite comfortable until they are pleased to return. Or, possibly—and the very thought seems to stiffen my hair into porcupine's quills—the tackling by which we were suspended may have snapped, and, if so, our case is perfectly desperate! Oh, why (I ask myself in agony) did I enter a machine not constructed upon Mr. Spalding's plan, for did not that ingenious grocer insist upon having a separate chamber in his apparatus, in order that it might be filled with water when he wanted to sink, but occupied with air when he wished to rise? My dear friend, if we had only come down upon *his* principles, we might have ascended to the surface at pleasure, and got amongst those miscreants whilst they were in the very act of chuckling over our fate!

But no! a jerk is felt. The bell begins to move. I recant my uncharitable surmises. Human nature, after all, is not so diabolical as many people choose to assert. There we go—sure enough—slowly cleaving the waters on our return to the warm precincts of day. Our spirits mount as we approach the surface, and particularly when we reflect that we have nearly accomplished a feat which few timorous mortals would dare to attempt. You may notice, too, that your appetite seems to rise as well. The fact is, that the compressed air of a diving bell sharpens it amazingly. Persons employed in constructing piers, breakwaters, or in other subaqueous operations, which compel them to work in a dense atmosphere, become uncommonly voracious. Inspiring, as they do, a larger quantity of oxygen than usual with every

act of inhalation, a quicker waste of the bodily material ensues. To make this good, fuller or more frequent rations are required. Let no man therefore invite a person to dinner who has just been down in a diving-machine, unless he is prepared to see his guest make havoc with his provisions.

At last, with a great "plop," such as an inverted pail or tumbler makes when it leaves the water, we emerge from the bosom of the briny deep (to use the language of poets), and are immediately brought to bank (to employ the homelier phraseology of pitmen).

But after all, you ask, What is there to be seen at the bottom of the ocean? Ah, good reader, if you could walk across the bed of the Atlantic or Pacific, from continent to continent, it would be the strongest stroll that mortal ever took! You would find, if your faculties of vision were sufficiently sharpened for the purpose, that there were hill and valley—towering mountains whose tops were islands, and huge plains rivalling the great deserts of the land in their desolate sweep, with here and there volcanic cones,* sheets of hardened lava, springs of boiling water, and terrible chasms left by the earthquakes which have gashed the ground. In the deeper parts of the sea not a blade of true vegetation could be detected. Not a single fish probably swims in the profundities of the ocean, and if Schiller's diver had reached these solemn regions, he would have met with none of the monsters he encountered in howling Charybdis. There no ray of light from the smiling sun ever pierces. A stillness like that of an unpeopled planet prevails, for the fiercest tempest which ploughs up the surface in huge billows, cannot trouble the tranquillity of those awful abysses, and there the great disturber, man, never comes except dying—dead. All, in fact, is gloom and desolation. For though the plummet has faintly probed those depths, what news has it brought up to the dwellers on the land? Simply this, that the bed of the ocean is a vast cemetery, strewn with the shells of microscopic creatures, which once lived near the surface, and when their little life was ended, sank slowly, weeks or months being consumed in their funeral march to the bottom, where they will repose till some day this spacious burial-ground will be uplifted, and then they will appear as compact and massive rocks. But "the depths have more." For there lie the remnants of the gallant ship which foundered in storm, or sunk in battle—the cannon and cutlass, which are now corroding in peace—the costly merchandise which, saved, would have secured its owners fortune; lost, destroyed his hopes, and broke his heart—the gold for which the possessor bartered his honour here, and perhaps his happiness hereafter—and, mixed with all, the grinning skull and ghastly skeleton—the bones of the fierce pirate and his helpless prey—relics alike of the lawless rovers who swept the ocean for plunder, and of the honest mariner who died in the service of civilization, and went down to rest in hope till the sea shall be summoned to give up its dead, both good and bad, both small and great.

* A line of cinders has been traced by the sounding apparatus for a distance of 1,000 miles between Ireland and America (Maury).

VI.

CLAREMONT, AND THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

> Daughter of chiefs and monarchs! where art thou?
> Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
> Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
> Some less majestic, less beloved head?
> In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
> The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
> Death hushed that pang for ever: with thee fled
> The present happiness and promised joy,
> Which filled the imperial isles so full, it seemed to cloy.
>
> CHILDE HAROLD. Canto IV.

IT is more than twenty years ago that we accompanied an invalid mother one fine autumn by leisurely stages to the Isle of Wight. Our first halt was at the neat country inn of the Bear at Esher, fifteen miles from town; and while one of us remained with my dear mother in the quaint little inn parlour, the others proceeded up a by-road to the left of the inn, bounded by mossy park palings, and overhung by fine trees, till we reached a lodge-gate, surmounted by the royal arms.

At the mention of a talismanic name, "the gates wide open flew," though not on golden hinges turning, and we proceeded up a carriage-road, winding through undulating turf cropped by sheep, till we came to the house.

It is a substantial, light-brick mansion, with stone dressings, and a Grecian portico surmounted by the royal arms. A flight of about twenty steps led us to the entrance-door, where we soon obtained audience of the housekeeper, who took us over the first-floor, which comprises a square entrance-hall, grand staircase, and eight spacious apartments *en suite*.

After duly admiring a fine cast of the Warwick vase in iron, lined with copper, executed at Berlin, which occupies the centre of the hall, we entered the library, which contained full-length portraits, by Dawe, of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold; also portraits of the Princess's preceptor, Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, and her sub-preceptor, Dr. Short.

"On this chair," said the housekeeper, with a little sigh, "the Princess laid her shawl the evening she returned from her last walk—and her watch on that chimney-piece. She was tired, and sat down directly she came in."

We listened with reverence; then followed her into the dining-room, where there was a fine cattle-piece, by Loutherberg, over the chimney-piece. Next we came to the gallery, fifty-eight feet by twenty-four, where were full-length portraits of the Prince and Princess, again by Dawe, who seems to have basked in the sunshine of Court patronage. There were also many other portraits, including

those of George III. and Queen Charlotte, copied by Lawrence from Sir Joshua Reynolds; the Princess's maternal grandmother, the Duchess of Brunswick; the keen, caustic Frederick the Great, of Prussia, &c. Also several cabinet pictures, by the old masters; none of them sufficiently interesting to retain a permanent place in the memory. One of them the Princess had herself bought at an old shop in Oxford-street. Various busts, a statuette or two, and one or two bronzes. In one of the windows, I now forget which—either of this gallery or the drawing-room—a pretty polished table, formed of the pebbles collected at the sea-side by the Princess in her childhood, imbedded in cement.

Next came the breakfast-room, communicating with the room in which the Princess died, and which, for twenty years afterwards, was locked up. In this breakfast-room, if I remember right, the Prince slept when the Princess was confined; and here he afterwards slept when he became King of the Belgians, during his yearly visits to Claremont. Adjoining it are a small dressing-room and bath-room.

Lastly, we came to the drawing-room, stored with ornaments and curiosities of all descriptions, including two Indian cabinets presented to the Princess by the Marquis of Hastings; and a superb porcelain table, adorned with highly-finished paintings of the interior of the Louvre, and presented to the Prince by Charles X. Here we were pleased to renew our acquaintance with Sir William Beechey's charming portrait of the Duchess of Kent, sitting on a sofa, dressed in slight mourning, with her infant daughter, the little Victoria, playing with the Duke of Kent's miniature, hanging round the widowed Duchess's neck.

The housekeeper remarked that those of the household who could remember the Princess Charlotte, thought the Princess Victoria somewhat resembled her, especially in her quickness and decision. Her Royal Highness was very fond of coming to Claremont, where King Leopold wished her to feel quite its mistress; and once, when with the intention of doing her honour, new chairs, &c., were substituted for the old ones in the drawing-room, she exclaimed that she liked the old ones the best, and begged they might be restored to their places.

All this, scanty as it was, interested us in our future Queen, who became our Queen in reality the following year; but being as yet only the expectancy and rose of the fair state, I must say we dwelt less on her than on the memory of one whose early promise, misfortunes, short-lived happiness, and premature death, had already consecrated the sleepy shades of Claremont; and as we returned through the park, after visiting the gardens, we dropped into silence, during which I called up all the scattered anecdotes of her that my memory supplied.

I have often wondered that no little manual has ever appeared, simple and short enough to preserve her name among us. She was born on the 7th of January, 1796; and the separation of her parents occurring soon afterwards, she was left in charge of her mother, the

Princess of Wales, who took up her abode at Montague House, Blackheath. In a short time, however, the little Princess was removed from her mother's care, and placed with Lady Elgin in a neighbouring residence; only visiting the Princess of Wales once a week.

Meantime her education was carefully conducted. Hannah More, writing in 1799 from Fulham Palace, says: "I have been rather royal lately; on Monday I spent the morning at the Pavilion at Hampton Court, with the Duchess of Gloucester; and yesterday I passed the morning with little Princess Charlotte at Carlton House. She is the most sensible and genteel little creature you would wish to see. I saw Carlton House and gardens in company with the pretty Princess, who had great delight in opening the drawers, uncovering the furniture, curtains, lustres, &c., to show me. My visit was to Lady Elgin, who has been spending some days here. For the Bishop of London's entertainment and mine, the Princess was made to exhibit all her learning and accomplishments; the first consisted in her repeating 'The Little Busy Bee,' the next in dancing very gracefully, and singing 'God save the King,' which was really affecting (all things considered) from her little voice. Her understanding is so forward that they really might begin to teach her many things. It is, perhaps, the highest praise after all to say, that she is exactly like the child of a private gentleman, wild and natural, but sensible, lively, and civil." She delighted the Bishop of London (who told her that when she went to Southend, she would be in his diocese,) by dropping on her knees, and asking his blessing.

Probably the bad terms on which her royal parents were living had caused her removal to Carlton House; but she used still to visit the Princess of Wales at Blackheath, and as she drove along the Kent-road, stood at the carriage window kissing her pretty hand to passers-by, her beautiful fair hair falling in long heavy curls over her shoulders. One day my grandmother, who had frequently thus noticed her, observed, to her surprise, that she wore a dark crop wig, surmounted by a white turban, with a red rose in it! On mentioning this strange circumstance to a lady who had friends at Court, the latter replied, "Ah, I think I can explain it. The Prince of Wales lately asked Lady Elgin why the child's hair was allowed to grow in that frightful manner, on which she replied that it was by the Princess of Wales's order. The Prince sent for scissors, and, without another word, cut the Princess's hair off himself, so close that her head was rubbed with spirits to prevent her taking cold; and, doubtless, the first wig that could be procured was made use of." However that might be, my grandmother saw for herself, when the wig was left off, that the hair beginning to grow was notched across the forehead, as if by an unskilful cutter.

Unhappy the child of parents at variance! Of course, the Princess Charlotte was soon old enough to know "the state of parties;" for children are, in general, precociously observant of such matters, and she was a clever child. Unable to decide the demerits

of the case, her heart instinctively clung to her mother, who, wayward and flighty beyond belief, had a certain gay good-humour that probably attracted children. The Princess of Wales was not likely to attach her daughter to Queen Charlotte, by whom she was herself treated very coldly. In May, 1807, she claimed to be received at Court, which was reluctantly granted; but the Queen gave no token of being pleased to see her. On this occasion the Prince and Princess of Wales met for the last time in their lives, and in the very centre of the apartment—the observed of all observers. They bowed, paused a moment or two, exchanged a few words heard by no one else, and then passed on; he, cold and stately, she, "half-mirthful, half-melancholy, as though she rejoiced she was there in spite of him, and yet regretted that her visit was not under happier auspices." Three years afterwards, Queen Charlotte sent the Princess of Wales an elegant aigrette on her birthday. The Princess Charlotte, with more levity than respect, observed that it was "pretty well, considering who sent it!" which was doubtless received with a hearty laugh. The poor old Queen's popularity had long been on the wane; she was most unjustly considered stingy, though it appeared, after her death, that she had privately given large sums of money to her sons; and her strong sense of propriety was equally unpalatable to the Prince and Princess of Wales. I remember hearing that on one occasion, when every one had, in obedience to etiquette, finished their tea at the same time with the Queen, except the Princess Charlotte, who remained chatting and sipping from her cup, an attendant presented himself with a salver, and respectfully said, "Your Royal Highness, Her Majesty has finished," on which she laughingly replied, "If the Queen's throat is paved, mine is not," and retained her cup. The story went on to relate that the Queen took no notice of the slight at the time, but, the next morning, sent for the Princess, and remonstrated with her on her conduct, adding, "The King's days can now be but few; and, should an untimely end unhappily await your father, you would be Queen of England. In that event, I should pay to you the same respect that you now owe to me," which so much touched the Princess that she shed tears.

Another anecdote was, that the Princess Charlotte, on asking one of the ladies placed about her who would be the proper person to present her at Court, was answered, "the Duchess of York," which made her so indignant at the implied slight to her mother, that she threw a cup of tea into the speaker's face. For this she was taken to task by her preceptor, Bishop Fisher, who said, "I fear your Royal Highness did not remember my recommendation to overcome these hasty bursts of temper, by mentally repeating the Lord's Prayer." "O yes," said she, "I remembered it, but I really was too much provoked to do it."

She early gave traits, indeed, of self-will, caprice, and obstinacy; but also of kindness, generosity, and a love of truth, candour, and rectitude. "Her skin is white," wrote Lady Charlotte Campbell,

"but not a transparent white; there is little or no shade in her face, but her features are very fine. Their expression, like that of her general demeanour, is noble. Her feet are rather small, and her hands and arms are finely moulded. She has a hesitation in her speech, amounting almost to a stammer; her voice is flexible, and her tones dulcet, except when she laughs." For the greater part of this description I can vouch. I perfectly remember seeing her, coming out of the Chapel-Royal one Sunday, dressed in a green satin pelisse, walking very fast—holding the Bishop, her preceptor, not by the arm, but by the hand—and bobbing, rather than bowing, her head to the rows of people between whom she passed. She looked very white, and very cross, as if she had heard something unpleasant in the sermon.

Poor young Princess! she was very unhappy. At that time she was living in the dismal seclusion of Warwick House, behind Piccadilly. The Princess of Wales had publicly appealed to the Prince in a letter which he had twice privately sent back unopened, and which she then inserted in the newspapers; remonstrating, among other things, against the restrictions now placed on her intercourse with her daughter. The Prince-Regent, incensed at the publicity thus given to the letter, refused to allow any meeting at all, for awhile, between the Princesses. The Duchess of Leeds was appointed to succeed Lady De Clifford as governess, much to the dissatisfaction of the Princess Charlotte, who said she thought she was old enough, now, to dispense with a governess. But though an Order in Council might prevent the mother and daughter from meeting under one roof, it could not prevent chance interviews in the open air, when their carriages met. On one of these occasions, they drew up near the Serpentine River, leant from their carriage-windows, and eagerly kissed one another, greatly to the interest of sympathizing spectators.

In 1814, the Prince of Orange came to England as the Princess Charlotte's suitor. The Prince Regent had the marriage much at heart, and more than one interview with the Princess was accorded him. But he failed to obtain her good graces, which some say were already bespoken for Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg by the Duchess of Oldenburg. As the Princess, though forbidden to see her mother, continually exchanged letters with her, the Prince Regent, believing this correspondence influenced her rejection of the Prince of Orange, prohibited its continuance, and even, it is said, examined the contents of her writing-desk. Satisfied that she was still too much under her mother's influence, he quietly took measures for her removal from Warwick House to the dull seclusion of Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Forest. Accordingly, on the 16th of July, 1814, he repaired to Warwick House, accompanied by the new ladies-in-waiting whom he intended to place about the Princess. These were the Countesses of Rosslyn and Ilchester, the Misses Coates, and Miss Campbell. A short walk through the gardens of Carlton House brought them to their destination. The Prince

Regent desired the ladies to wait in the ante-room, and then unceremoniously entered the drawing-room in which was the Princess.

To her surprise and dismay, he briefly informed her that her late attendants were dismissed; their substitutes were in the adjoining room; and she herself must instantly prepare to accompany them to Cranbourne Lodge.

With wonderful self-command, she only begged that she might leave the room for a few minutes to take leave of her attendants and prepare for her journey. The Prince consented; and, as soon as she was gone, returned to Carlton House to dress for dinner.

No sooner was he gone than the Princess—who had hastily equipped herself—stole out of the house, hastened to Cockspur-street, called a hackney-coach, and desired the hackney-coachman to drive her instantly to the Princess of Wales.

This man, who happened to be brother to my grandfather's coachman, said afterwards, he should never have suspected who she was, but for her putting into his hand a guinea. That made him think she must either be somebody who did not know the value of money, or who had some very particular reason for running away. He was confirmed in his suspicion on reaching Connaught House, by the servant's answer to the inquiry whether the Princess of Wales were at home, "No, your Royal Highness."

The Princess Charlotte immediately desired that a messenger might be dispatched to recal her from Blackheath. The Princess of Wales was in her carriage when the messenger came up with her; and, with presence of mind, drove first to the House of Commons, in search of Mr. Whitbread, who was not there, and then to the House of Lords for Lord Grey, who was likewise absent. She then sent her servants in quest of Lord (then Mr.) Brougham, and for Miss Maria Elphinstone, a young friend of the Princess Charlotte's, whom she thought likely to influence her. For the Princess of Wales, frivolous as she was, had common sense enough to know that the heiress-presumptive to the Crown had placed herself in a very awkward situation; and she was obliged to provide for her extrication from it before she indulged herself in folding her to her heart. Mr. Brougham arrived first, speedily followed by Miss Elphinstone and the Princess of Wales. They found the Princess Charlotte's fixed resolution was, to quit her father's protection and live with her mother; but Mr. Brougham explained to her that it was now settled by the law of the land that "the King, or Regent, had absolute power to dispose of the persons of all the Royal Family while under age." The Princess was greatly excited; but her mother, though much affected, entreated her to yield to circumstances neither of them were able to resist; and her pleadings were enforced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Eldon, and the Duke of York, each of whom repaired to the spot in a hackney-coach. Lord Eldon, indeed, resorted to threats of shutting up; and after resisting all that could be said to her for many hours, the Princess at length consented, between four and five o'clock in the

morning, to return to Warwick House, accompanied by the Duke of York and her governess.

She could expect nothing, after this, better than to be sent to Cranbourne Lodge, where she bore her seclusion better than might have been expected. The Duke of Sussex desired to know, in Parliament, whether his niece were "in durance," or permitted to see her friends; to which no satisfactory answer was given. The Princess of Wales offered to resign the Rangership of Greenwich Park to her daughter, and give up Montague House to her; but the Regent replied that he would see to the Rangership being properly filled up, and could not permit his daughter to reside in a house which had ever been inhabited by the Princess of Wales! Her comment was, "End well, all well;" which was not verified in the case of any of the three. She hastened her preparations for going to travel on the Continent; and, on the 9th of August, sailed from England, never to return to it during her daughter's life.

(To be continued.)

VII.

SOME PICTURES IN AND OUT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE word which, all things considered, we should select to characterise the Royal Academy Exhibition for 1860, is the word "health." Few, if any, of the pictures on the walls can be called great; few, if any, display the grandeur and power of creative imagination. But the work is, in general, sincere. The commonplace man has not said to himself, Go to, I will build a tower of High Art reaching unto Heaven. The light that never was on sea or shore has not been parodied by the light of sickly studio-dreaming. In the vast majority of instances there has been a reality in the painter's eye when he executed his work; and he has executed it without straining after effect, but without slovenliness, with a frank and loving energy which has almost always brought something of nature's truth, life, and brightness, upon his canvas. The influence, therefore, of the exhibition is pleasant, bracing, healthful; the "sunlight of picture" falls with fresh and gladdening effect, like a kindly reminiscence of the sunlight of nature.

Reader, it is of some importance to have a clear and firm conception of what the terms healthfulness and sickliness, applied to Art, legitimately mean. The Art of this year's Exhibition is, we have said, healthful on the whole, but this qualification implies exception. Had the very worst picture of that sad time when Byron, oppressed with the ghastly hypocrisies of so-called High Art, sighed for the redeeming

freshness of "one green field" been preserved to us—which by the kind decree of oblivion it has not been—we could not have contrasted more boldly the false and morbid with the true and healthful in Art, than by comparing the High-Art pictures on these walls by the great Academician and Professor of Painting, Solomon Alexander Hart, with the other productions of the year. There is evidently some wild witty fairy haunting the Councils of the Royal Academy, some sly and clever Puck, rejoicing in things "that befal preposterously," and clapping his hands in wicked glee when he gets an ass-headed Bottom placed, in delicious unconsciousness, side by side with a young and beaming Titania. Only on this supposition can we account for the fact that two of the sublime Professor's most sublime works are placed left and right of J. C. Hook's "Stand Clear!" Right is "Sacred Music." Three female idealities, one bearing a banjo, in dim yellowish and reddish robes, with faces tending upwards, faintly sanctimonious, but, on the whole, with no meaning in particular, constitute the said sphere-harmony. Right is a portrait of the respected Mr. Fogie, harmless and innocent-looking, unless it is a crime to be preternaturally dull, attended by Master Peter Fogie, an indescribably sleepish youth. The catalogue—the printer's imp having, no doubt, been in close league with the mischievous fairy we have imagined—bears that the said Fogies, senior and junior, are "From the Lay of the Last Minstrel," and after an effort we realize that Mr. Fogie and Master Peter are Academic idealizations of the minstrel and the orphan boy of Scott's poem. Look, now, between these High-Art sublimities. "Stand clear!" sings out the fisherman's boy on the right bow of the boat, as he sends the painter dancing into the air, and the last green wave lifts her lovingly home. There is music in that clear cry, Professor, to the full as sacred as the notes of the insipid lady's banjo. In the boat the father furls the sail, while his other two sons are on her left bow, ready to spring ashore. Bronzed with sun and sea-wind, but content with their lot—glowing with that health which sweetens the worker's fare, and makes his sleep light and dreamless—showing the ray of mercy which gilds the curse of labour honestly and bravely borne—this fisherman and his sons, with the green, bounding sea below, and the bright Heaven above, make up one of those pictures of nature which are indeed worthy to be reflected in the mirror of Art. There is a touch even of genuine composition, invaluable when really imaginative and not manufactured, in this work of Mr. Hook's. The wave, gathering itself up as breakers do for a determined charge upon the shore, tilts the boat buoyantly to the left, throwing all her lines into new freedom and grace of curvature, and telling us how the ocean-bird can ride the waves far out to sea yonder. We are prepared to say that in mere technical power of composition, this fresh and unpretentious picture is incomparably superior to the works of the Academician. The pictures of Mr. Hart—we speak advisedly—are worth less than nothing. Instead of bearing the beholder, as true imagination does, above the loftiest pinnacles of nature, such painting lowers him irresistibly to the

region of paste-board and footlights. Let the reader look at [illegible] pictures beside Mr. Hook's, turning also for a moment to No. 74, [illegible] a parcel of strutting play-actors stand for idealizations of Barons [illegible] land, and he will not only perceive what we mean by the terms [illegible] and sickly in application to Art, but may learn to appreciate [illegible] degree, spite of Academical reviewers, and innumerable [illegible] less degree, what Mr. Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites have [illegible] purify and invigorate the Art of Great Britain. The leprosy [illegible] idealism has been almost cast out. English Art, having washed [illegible] river of nature, has the freshness and ruddy vigour of health [illegible] cheek, and if the full power of manhood is still to be attained, [illegible] at least, the simple beauty and the blooming promise of the [illegible]

Mr. Hook's other works of the year are not quite equal in [illegible] to that we have named, but all he exhibits is worth observation. [illegible] have seen the boat touching the shore; at No. 22, we have [illegible] at sea. The fisherman and his son, "Whose bread is on the [illegible] are on the deep, one or two mottled sea-birds their sole [illegible] with the shining levels of ocean around, and the net coming in [illegible] haul over the side of the boat, gently heeling with its weight. [illegible] sky has a general tone of grey, with the faintest suffusion [illegible] colour towards the horizon, and darker though by no means [illegible] ening films of rain-cloud above. One other subject has been [illegible] to Mr. Hook by the life of the Cornish fisherman, but in this [illegible] instance his power is unequal to the task he has attempted. [illegible] chosen that stanza in Tennyson's marvellous lyric, "Break, [illegible] break," in which the sailor-lad is represented singing in his [illegible] the bay, and has attempted to set before us this incident, [illegible] the general scene of the poem. He has succeeded as far as [illegible] is likely to succeed. The beetling cliffs of dark green [illegible] veiled faintly by floating, equally diffused, impalpable haze, [illegible] suggesting the tender melancholy and the solemn grace of [illegible] that is dead." The spray rises thin and ghostly in one distant [illegible] as the languid sea "breaks, breaks, breaks" on its cold [illegible] The boy sits with his sister in the boat—his face, it must be [illegible] very songful or joyful—while the girl laves her arm in [illegible] The boat dips gently on the near-side, where the girl sits [illegible] strange, bright, translucent green—the crystal of the deep [illegible] by the piercing sunbeam—which all who love boating [illegible] underneath. The white-sailed ship is seen near the [illegible] on to "the haven under the hill." The haze of summer [illegible] heat, with the sober grandeur which that aspect imparts [illegible] floods the whole prospect. Beautiful and felicitous! The [illegible] the sea, under the boat, is proof of the keenest observation [illegible] Two incidents of the poem—the fisherman's boy [illegible] sister at play, and the sailor-lad singing in his boat [illegible]—which could not have been separately represented by the [illegible] without sacrifice of breadth, are happily [illegible] by Mr. H[illegible] the sister being given to the sailor-lad, and placed [illegible]

boat. But if we are asked whether the painter has fully realized the conception of the poet, or even whether, working with his own materials, he has achieved an effect equal to that of Mr. Tennyson, we must answer in the negative. The suggestiveness of the poem is such as compels us to use the word "infinite;" it mingles lights of sadness and joy, of bridal robe and funeral pall, with subtle and aërial changefulness, such as the brush and the pencil can never attain. The language of painting—form and colour—is clear, definite, precise, and, therefore, limited; poetry—using the more plastic medium of words—can, by a thousand nameless hints, evoke the imagination which stimulates, suggests, and weaves together webs of varied association. Tennyson's words have very often an exact expressiveness comparable to that of line and colour; but the lyric, "Break, break, break," is a magnificent illustration of the suggestive and stimulating energy of imagination.

Mr. Hook exhibits a single landscape, (301), entitled, "The Valley on the Moor." A moor is supposed to be naturally somewhat dreary and chill; and these qualities would, we dare say, be present in still greater degree in a valley on a moor. But surely there would have been some touch of bright colour, some golden furze, or wild-rose dashed with dew, or pool to which a stray sunbeam made its way through the clouds, to relieve its desolation. In Mr. Hook's valley, the chilly fields slope towards a chilly hollow, in which creeps a chilly stream, spanned by a rustic bridge. We shiver as we look upon the scene. A herd-boy sits on the bridge, contemplating a very small hill cow and her calf, lazily standing in the stream. Perhaps we ought to thank Mr. Hook, in these days of railways and factories, for setting before us a landscape so remote, silent, and primeval. Originality in choice of subject is always a high merit. But we confess that this moorland valley is too dank and downcast for our sensibilities; the herd-boy, at least, might turn round, and give us a smile, instead of presenting to us his back, and devoting all his attention to the cattle. Mr. A. W. Hunt's "Flood and Wind at the Head of a Welsh Pass," (505), is one of the most imaginative and powerful landscapes of the year. The Academical authorities have put it on the floor in the north room, entailing on the beholder the painful necessity of stooping, and the no less painful sense of unseemliness and impossibility in looking down upon tops of mountains. Flood, we have here, and wind in all their grandeur; the cloudrack rending about the massy hills, and the sun seizing the opportunity of a rift in the shadowy curtain to fling a broad burst of red light on the brow and summit of one of the mountains. A sorry reward, gentlemen Academicians, for watching Nature at the heads of Welsh passes amid storms like this, and for bringing an effect seen perhaps once in a lifetime upon the canvas, to have your picture thrust out of sight in a corner. But Mr. Hunt did not paint such a picture without having his reward. We venture to say that Mr. Creswick's picture on the line, "A Relic of Old Times," (262), did not cost him so much effort as

Mr. Hunt's Flood and Wind, nor would we prize it so highly as Mr. Hunt's work. It is, however, a fine picture, not unworthy of a name which will always be honoured by lovers of modern landscape-painting. On the left is a wooded river-bank, crowned by a ruin, about which rooks are flying, and over which is the faint effulgence of yellow sunset. The river flows in front, and some cattle have come down the bank to drink. The feeling of the picture is true, and the foliage, touched partly with the brown of autumn, but, in general, merely the deep green of late summer is pleasing to the eye. Mr. Creswick has not pushed on to the vigorous realization of the young school, and there is a sense in which his picture is a relic of old days, on which it might not be gracious to insist. Mr. Brett's "Hedger," (360), is modern enough, but is illustrative of the defects as well as the merits of pre-Raphaelite landscape. The hyacinths droop, indeed, in the dim recesses of the hedge, and breadths of very actual primroses light the air. The red-faced hedger is a specimen of his class, about whom Mr. Barnes might give us one of his "whomely lays," and his small daughter, carrying his still smaller infant, and coming with father's dinner from the cottage, is very rustic and very natural. But the foliage around can with difficulty be accepted for the foliage of early spring: it is too stiff. The pre-Raphaelites must remember that the character of foliage is airiness and grace, wayward freedom and infinite joyous picturesqueness, and that, if their sternness of finish is incompatible with this, they are, in one respect at least—and that, for the landscape painter, a most important respect—untrue to nature. Having seen Mr. Brett's "Val d'Aosta" of last year, we can hardly assert that he is unable to render foliage in its utmost freedom; and it may be that there are a few days in spring, the trees just struggling into leaf, when they look as stiff and uncomfortable as those in his present picture. But this fact, while vindicating Mr. Brett's execution, would not vindicate his choice of subject, except simply with a view to practice; and we cannot help warning the pre-Raphaelites against the danger of losing, in their laborious exactness of execution, the grace, freedom, and gaiety which must mark all correct rendering of Nature's foliage. We can notice but one other landscape, although there are several which will repay a careful examination. In "Pegwell Bay, Kent: a Recollection of October 5th, 1858," (141)—Mr. Dyce has satisfied all his own requirements of delicate feeling, exquisite finish, and pure and tender colour. The time is summer evening; the sun is beneath the horizon, but his last smile still rests, in soft glow of purple and crimson light, upon the slumbering ocean and the tranquil shore. In the foreground are two or three ladies engaged, as was to be expected in these days, in completing their conchological collections. On the right is a ridge of chalk cliffs, their glare subdued in the fading light; on the left, the placid levels of the sea stretch away to the horizon. In the middle distance, between sea and shore, are low, weeded rocks, over which the tide rises daily, and which are now encompassed by the still shallows of the ebb, into which the sunset falls. They

show like darker gems set in a plane of rubied light. This passage, rich and subtle in its beauty, is the finest in the picture. On the whole, this is a noble work, painted in love, the production of a fine mind and a tender imagination. But there is, we at first hardly know how, a drawback. We admire, we even wonder, yet we cannot help feeling that the impression made is not powerful. Is it that the cliffs lack majesty and strength, and have a niggled, shelfy look? It may be so in part. But principally, we have no doubt, the effect is interfered with by the conchological ladies. They are too prominent not to be particularly observed, and it is impossible to rescue them or their occupation from triviality. It is fashionable to be scientific at the coast; that we feel to be the whole account of their science. Their pursuit, therefore, is a mere pastime; and this impression is not in unison with the mellowed splendour of that sunset, with the solemn beauty of that ocean. The breadth, the unity, necessary to powerful and lasting impression, are wanting; the picture cannot be felt as a whole; it has the fatal defect of not being an imaginative harmony.

Sir Edwin Landseer's "Flood in the Highlands," (106), occupies the post of honour in this Exhibition, and no one will grudge the distinction to our vigorous and thoroughly English painter. Sir Edwin's right hand has not lost its cunning. Three of the dogs in this picture are worthy of his prime. We suppose it is hardly necessary to inform the reader that the dogs in question form part of a somewhat motley crew of refugees, the inmates or dependents of Alick Gordon's cottage in the Highlands, who, when the flood came roaring down from the hills, sought safety on the roof. There are the blind, old grandfather, the young wife and child, and two growing boys. The sheep have been dragged up, and the three collies have not been left behind. One of these last is squatted almost on the ridge of the roof high above the flood, and has a look of selfish doggedness, with little of keen alarm; another sits gazing on her puppy, held by one of the boys, and has evidently made up her mind to sit by it to the last; a third is in a state of total and cowering dismay, unable to lie down from agitation, and yet forced to stand still, from not knowing whither to turn. Each of these dogs is a separate and felicitous study. The human figures are sufficiently well-managed. The old man is stunned and stupified with dismay, and the expression of one of the boys is that of mere sheepish terror. But the other boy and the young mother gaze with frantic intentness into the valley, their eyes evidently fixed on some object struggling in the water. The name of Alick Gordon is conspicuous on the signboard of his cottage, and we cannot but miss him from the roof. Do his wife and son look with that maniacal eagerness, because they see him battling with the flood to reach them? An ox and goat are seen making helpless efforts to reach the roof, the eye of the ox bloodshot, his nostril red, his tongue protruded. In a back-water beside the lintel of the cottage, several ducks float calmly, the painter having brought his most tender skill to perfect their soft bright colours, and to show their happy unconsciousness of danger. The background of

the picture, if background it can be said to have, is the thick darkness of mist, and rain, and tempest, through which on the left the flooded torrent is seen rushing headlong from its mountain gorge, masses of loosened rock groaning and thundering in its bed, and the dim light of its tawny foam breaking from the gloom. This picture is not without its faults; certain of its incidents are ill-chosen, much in its perspective seems incomprehensible; but it is a notable and powerful work.

We can do no more than mention several works, which it would be pleasant, and not uninstructive, to describe at length. Mr. Goodall's "Early Morning in the Wilderness of Shur," (295), the Arab encampment just breaking up for the day's march, shows that bright and cheerful moment in Arab existence, ere the dawn's rosy light has yet glowed into the flaming rays of noon, when the music breaks from Memnon's statue. The picture is alive with animated gesture and brilliant colour—the steel-pointed spear; the picturesque firelock; the stately camel, holding its head high to sniff the breath of morning; the turbaned, bright-robed Arab; the dark Ethiopian slave; the deep blue of the sea behind; and, on its farther shore, a range of noble hills suffused with the blush of sunrise. From an opening in this range of hills tradition affirms the children of Israel to have emerged, in order to pass between the cleft surges of the Red Sea; and the painter represents that sea as no rippling tide-course, which can be traversed at ebb, but a deep and heavy mass of waters.

Mr. Cooke, who loved to paint the flapping sail and the smooth sea, or who, at best, ventured to show the big boat of Venice bounding beneath Italian light, has this year surprised us with a picture of "H.M.S. *Terror*, in the Ice of Frozen Strait, April, 1837," (248). The vigour and originality of this choice deserve the highest applause; and Mr. Cooke has spared no toil in making his work true to nature. The vessel, hemmed in by the ice-floes, which are dashed and wedged together in huge angular masses, rests beneath the leaden sky of northern winter, while a dim suffusion of red light, from a sun below the horizon, glimmers overhead on the right. Ghastly stillness, and horror of infinite cold, the blue shadows of the ice-crevices flitting like spectres about the winding-sheet of nature, seem to pervade the dusky atmosphere. Such is the scene of which the pursuit of truth, or the mission of love, have taught brave hearts, time after time, to front the terrors.

Mind and eye turn gladly from this pallid and deathly prospect to Mr. Phillip's "Marriage of the Princess Royal," (58). Here all is sweet play of variegated light, on silken robe, and stately plume, and blushing cheek. The daughter of England kneels before the altar, beautiful maidens wreathing out like a rose-garland behind. Her Majesty, queenly in dignity, motherly in grace and tenderness, is the foremost figure in the proud company; while the glistening eyes of the Prince of Wales, of Prince Alfred, and of the Princess Alice, show that, in looking on the bride, they think more of the sister than of the Princess. One of the most felicitous pictures of its class that was ever painted!

"The Black Brunswickers," (129), by Mr. Millais, exhibits the supreme technical power of this painter, but has no other merit. A black-uniformed Brunswicker is about to proceed to Waterloo, and urges his way past his ladye-love, who holds the handle of the door, and seeks to prevent his exit. The young lady and young gentleman do not appear perfectly to understand each other, much less could it be expected that we should understand them. Happily, we have not the smallest interest in their difficulty, and merely noticing the masterly drawing and powerful colouring of Mr. Millais, we pass to a picture of which the meaning is as plain as it is weighty.

Few pictures of the year are more remarkable for earnestness of purpose, and force and distinctness of effect, than Mr. A. Solomon's "Drowned! Drowned!" (478). A party of revellers, masked in various costume, return home, as the first streaks of morning are beginning to break upon the night, across Westminster Bridge. The light of a lamp not seen in the picture, beneath which the party are passing, is shed upon their forms and faces. A "gay" female, flushed, and laughing wildly, hangs on the arm of a profligate, who is first of the band. Suddenly he is arrested by a face which gleams upon him in the light of a policeman's lantern. It is that of a girl who had fallen his victim, and whose stiff and disfigured corpse has just been dragged from the bed of the river. The open mouth and sunken cheek of the corpse show ghastly in the yellow lamp-light, though a wan effulgence of beauty still lingers on the features. A dog, soaked and dripping, that has evidently been employed in recovering the corpse, looks up in the face of the seducer. The latter has started on seeing the face, and taken his cigar from his mouth. His expression, and the gesture of his right hand, are too demonstrative—we had almost said, theatrical; the paleness of suddenly-sobered guilt, the blank stare of a conscience-stricken Cain, are what the mind seeks for the occasion. But his countenance is not without strong feeling, and the stern and literal truthfulness of the story gives to the picture a powerful general effect. An exceedingly tender pathos is added to the whole by the presence of a flower-girl, manifestly the sister of the deceased, who now tends *two* flower-baskets. The light from the lantern which falls on the face of the corpse touches also the cowslips in the basket by which *she* once stood!

The pictures in the Academy's Exhibition have occupied almost the entire space at our disposal, and we can add but a few words on two works which merit a far more ample notice. The first is Mr. Barker's "Meeting of Havelock, Outram, and Sir Colin Campbell," under the walls of Lucknow; the second, Mr. Holman Hunt's "Finding of the Saviour in the Temple."

Messrs. Agnew and Sons, of Liverpool and Manchester, deserve credit for having commissioned, and Mr. Barker deserves credit for the way in which he has executed, the noble national picture of the meeting of the Generals at Lucknow, on the 17th of November, 1857. It is national in the best sense. Panoramic in breadth and general

effect, it is yet founded throughout upon reality and truth. Sketches made by Mr. Egron Lundgren, a living artist, on the spot, have enabled Mr. Barker to set before us the blaze of Indian light as it really falls on stately palm and swarthy cheek—to show us costume as it is actually worn—and to convey no inaccurate idea of the palaces, and cupolas, and gold-touched minarets of the capital of Oude. In painting his figures, the artist has endeavoured to preserve the strictest truth of portraiture. The incident he commemorates is one which ought to be imprinted on the memory of the British nation. It is an incident of which fathers will tell their children centuries hence, when they wish to stir their nobler impulses by tales of "the brave days of old." Sir Henry Havelock, toil-worn and battle-stained—his brow and cheek pale with the anxiety and peril of that terrible advance from Cawnpore to Lucknow—is seen in the centre of the picture greeting Sir Colin Campbell. The rugged and stalwart veteran of the Crimea takes the right hand of Havelock in both his, giving him a genuine Highland welcome. General Outram, half-a-step behind, introduces Havelock to the Commander-in-Chief. Left of Havelock, from the spectator's point of view, are Sir John Inglis, Sir David Baird, and the rough-looking, gallant-looking Metcalfe. These all are on foot. To the right, on horseback, are General Sir James Hope Grant, Colonel Greathead, and Major Anson; while, still farther to the right, and on foot, are Horman, Mansfield, William Peel, and Adrian Hope. All these are recognizable; and we gaze long upon them there, as the fierce heat strikes on their foreheads, and the dust and sweat of the fight, which is even now going on, cling to their garments. Sir Colin Campbell's white charger, held by his Syce in picturesque garb of green, crimson, and blue, and Adrian Hope's dappled Arab, diversify the scene. The accessories are good. In the right corner, a sun-struck Highlander is ministered to by a native with water; behind is an elephant yoked to a gun, and one or two red-faced, rattling tars. On the left, a wounded soldier stretches in earnest affection towards Havelock; a camel lies screaming upon the ground; and some natives quarrel over spoil. Behind are the stalwart frames of Sikh horsemen. Red lines are seen in the distance, from which the roll of British musketry seems to fall upon the ear; and shattered buildings and burtsing flames speak the desolation and terror of war. Our country friends, visiting London, will do well to bend their steps to Waterloo-place, and have a long, steady look at this admirable picture.

Very different in kind, belonging to a far more rare and ethereal style of art, the first picture of the year, without a second in or out of the Academy, is Hunt's "Finding of the Saviour in the Temple." This, taken all in all, is the highest achievement yet wrought by the pre-Raphaelite school. It marks the time when all must acknowledge the promise—in which, at one time, few put trust—to have become magnificent performance. Shrinking from no severity of historical research, spending a year and a-half in Palestine in order to study costume and countenance in the ancestral land of the Jews, and

devoting five or six years to the completion of his picture, Mr. Hunt has realized a work which must be classed among the costliest treasures of his country. The scene is the Temple of Moriah, well known to have been the most splendid structure of the olden world. Its floor is rich marble, its porch and pillars are coated with beaten gold. The gleam of golden colour blends with the rich attire of the figures in front, part brilliant in light, part rich, and clear, and cool in shade. Colouring of subtle and exquisite power, purple and white, scarlet and green, blue and delicate red, ravishes the eye with beauty. But the brightness of the surrounding tints does not prevent it from meeting and being arrested by what is indeed the eye of the picture. One fair Boy, the bloom of health upon Him, but solemn purpose and radiant purity in his rapt eye, leads the attention easily captive. He has been "sitting in the midst of the doctors," and has risen as His father and mother entered. His face is full of tender affection for Mary, who is drawing Him to her breast; but a manifest sense of higher relationship teaches us to expect the words—"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" The doctors sit on the left; one ancient rabbi, blind with years; a younger but hoary man, who speaks with the former; a majestic-looking doctor, in his prime, in whose mind strange thoughts seem to have been awakened by the questionings of Jesus, and who unfolds the book of the Prophets for a conclusive answer; along with several others. Mr. Hunt has admirably avoided the error of anticipating the time when the high priests and doctors had become the irreconcileable enemies of that Boy. Their interest now is in an intelligent and wonderful child, who has left His young companions to seek wisdom among the elders. This mode of treatment is evidently consistent with fact, and gives an inexpressibly gentle and noble charm to the picture. The painter's conception of Christ, also, is new; but he had every right to abandon monkish languor and pallid intellectualism, and to show the Son of David ruddy and beautiful as His father when he followed the flock. We have been able here to give the reader but a glimpse of this picture. We advise him to see it, and study it for himself.

VIII.

THE GREAT ARMADA FIGHT.—No. II.

THE history of English maritime enterprise is the brightest page of a brilliant story. The roots of our naval supremacy stretch far back into Norman, Danish, and even Saxon times. In truth, it runs in the blood. There never was a time when the English were not daring and successful sea-rovers. From Beowulf to Nelson it is the same tale. The Vikings live again in the exploits of our great Admirals. The Englishman is conscious of an at-home-ness on the stormy ocean, which is unshared by any other people in the world. The age of Elizabeth opens a new era in our naval history. The seamanship of England broke out in her reign in a series of the most daring and consummate exploits recorded in history. In a former paper, I have described the exploration of the Arctic Seas by her mariners. In that cradle was nursed some of the courage and seamanship which shone so conspicuously in the defeat of the Armada. In 1576 Frobisher sailed to the Arctic Seas to force a new path to Cathay. Two boats, "between 20 and 25 tunne a-piece," were all that he thought needful to battle with perils, which all the resources of the English Navy have since been tasked to meet. He was moved, he tells us, by a gallant hardihood, "as it was the only thing in the world left undone, whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate." In 1585 John Davis discovered Davis' Strait, and reached 78° north, in the *Moonshine*, a little bark of 35 tons. Meanwhile, a greater man than either of these had made a grander exploration, which opened up the world to British enterprise and skill. The desperate attempt to force a passage to the N.E. and N.W. arose from the fear that the English Navy would never be able to cope with the great armaments of Spain and Portugal in the broad ocean. It was thought by our merchants that their only chance of trade was in the discovery of an independent track. A few casual encounters between English and Spanish ships had a little shaken that opinion; and about the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, the idea began to dawn on the minds of our sea-captains that they need not fear to meet any armament in the world, even on the high seas. It was Drake and Hawkins chiefly who let this light in upon the nation. In 1573 Drake made a most successful expedition to the West Indies; having first justified his somewhat piratical foray by the judgment of a pliant chaplain, "That as he had lost a considerable sum by the treacherous dealings of the Spaniards, he was justified in repaying himself out of their treasure

anywhere about the world." Drake, who had something of the Puritan about him, joined with the sea-rover, doubtless found comfort in the clerical license — a kind of letter of marque sealed in the chancery of Heaven—but I suspect, on the whole,

> The good old rule contented him,
> The simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.

It is a rule which prevails much in a simple state of society, and in such a state is the only practical solution of many of the vexed questions of the time. In that expedition, from the top of a hill or tree, on the isthmus, he caught sight of the Pacific Ocean: and, falling on his knees, vowed by God's help to bear the English flag into those unknown seas. In 1577 he sailed, with five little ships and 160 men, on his memorable enterprise. In a former Paper I have given some sketch of his voyage round the world. His hardy seamanship, his masterly command of men, his utter contempt for any number of Spanish ships, and his burning hate against the Spaniard for the cruelties and brutalities which daily came under his eye, are most conspicuous. In three years he returned with but one ship out of the five, with £800,000 of booty, and the glory of being the first sea-captain who had circumnavigated the world. His return to London was a great triumph; he became at once the most renowned mariner of his time; and he planted an intense hatred and contempt of the Spaniard, and an assurance of superiority, in the breasts of all the great seamen of his day. Raleigh, Gilbert, Grenville, I must not even mention, but pass on to the year 1587, when the magnitude and object of the Armada became patent to all the world. Then Drake, by the Queen's commission, set forth to delay, if possible, the sailing of the fleet for another year; it might be that he would cripple it altogether. The whole expedition is one of the most daring and successful on record. His old contempt for the Spaniards led him, with his thirty ships, in the most reckless manner, into the Spanish ports. One of the ships only was the Queen's; the rest were furnished by the merchants of London, partly as a private venture, and partly for the public good. He dashed into Cadiz, where a fleet was waiting to join the Armada, and destroyed every ship—in number, it is said, not less than 100—with two large galleons. Thence to the Tagus, where he challenged Santa Cruz, at the head of the main body of the Armada, to come out and fight him, with his thirty ships; which the Spaniard, knowing well what a dare-devil he had to deal with, most wisely declined. Thence, having humbled the Spaniard in his own ports, to the Azores,

where he captured an immense galleon laden with treasure: on board which he found most valuable maps and charts of the Indian seas. These proved most useful in opening-up the unknown tracks of the Spanish commerce to our sailors. According to Camden, it led to the formation of our East India Company. Then "having," as he says, with grim humour, "singed the King of Spain's beard," he returned home, "laden," as he writes to Lord Burleigh, "with as much honour and victory as any man in the world could wish for." His expedition was the salvation of England. It truly decided the fate of the Armada. But his letter to the Government, printed in "Strype," contained the most grave and statesmanlike advice. "It is very necessary," he says, "that all possible preparations for defence be speedily made." Burleigh had full information from his agents in the chief Spanish ports; and in November, 1587, the Queen summoned a Special Council to consider of the defence of the realm. Of the eight able men called to the Council, Grenville, Raleigh, and Norris, are the best known. In the Spanish Council, Camden tells us, there was high debate. Some advised a preliminary expedition from Flanders, to seize and hold some port in Holland or Zealand, where the Armada might disembark the troops. Others opposed it strongly. Fortunately for us, though Parma and Santa Cruz strenuously urged the proposal, the adverse opinion prevailed. It was resolved to sail up-channel, effect a junction with Parma off the coast of Flanders, and, disembarking the army at the mouth of the Thames, march on London, and finish the war at a blow. This was probably the very worst plan which could possibly have been proposed. The Queen's Council, within a brief space, put the whole kingdom into a most complete and admirable state of defence. The enthusiasm was boundless, and the judgment of those at the head of affairs masterly. Among Lord Burleigh's State papers there is a most important document, in which every ship and every troop raised for the defence of the country is, with most elaborate detail, set forth. But there was a prior question with the Queen's advisers, should the main defence be by land or sea. The question was warmly debated. Raleigh's strenuous reasoning seems mainly to have led to the decision that, as with Athens of old, the chief trust of England should be in her ships. Still the land rose up in complete defence: England sheathed herself in steel to meet the great crisis of her history: 130,000 men, besides the Londoners, who were a host in themselves, armed for war. The organization was so complete, that, as a Spanish spy writes to the Ambassador in Paris, "a force of 20,000 men could be concentrated in forty-eight hours upon any part of the coast which might be threatened, under leaders of renown and skill." Twenty-two thousand foot and

horse were stationed at Tilbury to guard the mouth of the while 29,000 men and 10,000 Londoners were stationed to the city to protect the capital, and the person of the

But the chief interest of the struggle is naval, and to e will now proceed. It is difficult to discover accurately ent of Philip's preparations: according to a Spanish account was disseminated in Europe, and which is probably the rustworthy, the numbers stood thus:—130 ships, of the te burden of 57,868 tons; 19,295 soldiers; 8,450 sailors; slaves; 2,630 pieces of ordnance; and immense military val stores. Eighty more ships are said afterwards to have Meanwhile the Prince of Parma had 30,000 picked troops o embark in Flanders, and great supplies of flat-bottomed and all the munitions of war. Guise, moreover, promised ch 12,000 men into Normandy, to be transported by the a to England.

English force we know accurately. In the Queen's navy ere just thirty-four ships, of the aggregate burden of 12,190 arrying 6,225 men. Two only of these ships reached ons. The largest, the *Triumph*, commanded by Frobisher, 00 tons. The Admiral was in the *Ark Royal*, of 800 tons; Vice-Admiral, was in the *Revenge*, of 500 tons, while *ctory*, of 800, carried stout John Hawkins to the fight. ndred and fifty-seven merchant ships completed the navy. gone carefully through the list. Sixteen only of these 100 tons — not one reached 200. The men on board ole fleet numbered 15,772; its tonnage was 31,985 The supreme command was conferred on Lord Charles l, a man far more fitted than Drake for the com-n-chief. Camden says of him, "Of whose fortunate conduct een had great persuasion, whom she knew by his moderate le carriage to be skilful in sea matters, wary and provident, and courageous, industrious and active, and of great per-uthority and esteem among the seamen of the Navy." It little remarkable that he was a Catholic. It was a noble hich the Queen reposed, and right nobly was it repaid. h, cautious as he was bound to be, seems to have had bts. He seems to have solicited Drake's opinion of the l, of whom in June, 1588, Drake nobly writes thus: "I do our good lordship, and protest it before God, that I find d-Admiral so well affected for all honourable service in this that it doth assure all his followers of good successes and e of victory." The fleet was thus distributed. Lord Seymour was stationed with forty ships to keep the coast of s in strict blockade; while Howard, with Drake as Vice-

Admiral, closed the mouth of the English Channel with the main body of the fleet. Amidst the hum of this vast preparation the new year's morning dawned. It is said that, a hundred years before, an astronomer of Konigsberg foretold that "1588 would be an admirable year, and the climacterical year of the world." This was about right. Of the spirit of the English people we have the most abundant evidence. The Queen, in a letter to the Lords-Lieutenant of Hampshire, puts the simple question:—

"Every man's particular state in the highest degree will be touched, in respect of country, liberty, wives, children, lands, lives, and (which was especially to be regarded) the profession of the true and sincere religion of Christ." "*Wherefore*," in a word, O Englishmen, "QUIT YOU LIKE MEN, AND FIGHT." And nothing loth was England. Hear this testimony from Stow:—

"It was a pleasant sight to behold the soldiers as they marched to Tilburie, their chearful countenances, courageous words and gestures, dancing and leaping wherever they came. In the camp their most felicity was in the hope of fighting the enemy, where ofttimes divers rumours ran of their foe's approach, and that present battle would be given them. Then were they as joyful at such news as if lusty giants were to run a race."

A country like that is impregnable to an invader. Spaniards had to learn it. France may have to learn it yet.

I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of quoting from the form of prayer which was offered up in prospect of this great peril:—

"O Lord, give good and prosperous success to all those who fight Thy battle against the enemies of Thy Gospel. Show some token continually for our good, that they who hate us may see it and be confounded. And that we, Thy little and despised flock, may say with good King David, 'Blessed is the people whose God is the Lord Jehovah, and blessed is the folk whom He hath chosen to be His inheritance.' These and all graces necessary for us, grant, O Heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Redeemer."

The Armada, too, had its Liturgy. The instructions to the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who had succeeded Santa Cruz as Admiral, are extant. They are clear and able, but painfully elaborate. One feels that a little good sense and good seamanship would be worth them all. The orders against vice and profligacy were strict, and doubtless earnest; and there is this about prayer: "The company of every ship every morning, at break of every day, shall, according to the custom, give the good morrow by the mainmast, and at night the '*Ave Maria*,' and some days the '*Salve Regina*,' or at least the Saturdays with a Litany." Christ is not once mentioned. "FOR JESUS CHRIST'S SAKE, OUR ONLY

ADVOCATE AND MEDIATOR," sounds grand and solemn amid these *Ave Marias* and *Salve Reginas*. And it means much in this strife. It is the honour of the one Mediator between God and man which is at stake in this battle; and England, in the name of her one High Priest before the throne of God did gird herself for this great battle of the Lord.

The Spanish preparations being now complete, the Armada sailed from the Tagus the last week in May. But a fierce storm dispersed it, and drove it back with no little loss into the harbours of the nearest coast. Rumour magnified the disaster; and it was confidently reported in England that the fleet would need a year to refit. Elizabeth, whose besetting sin, let us thank God, was parsimony and not extravagance or profligacy, sent orders to the Admiral to lay up the largest of his ships. Howard, wise and provident commander, by no means believed the danger over for the year. He wrote nobly to Walsingham, offering to keep the sea at his own expense rather than give up the defence of the coast. Nay, he resolved to sail down Spain-wards, and see if he could not do a little "singeing of the King of Spain" himself; who could tell but that he might find the ships all crippled, burn them in their own harbours, and finish the war at a blow. Running down before a north wind, he approached the coasts of Spain. There the wind shifted to the south. Then his ability as Lord High-Admiral of England appeared. Drake would certainly have stood on. Nothing on earth would have held him back from another razzia in the Spanish ports. Howard remembered that the defence of England was his charge; he reflected that with the south wind, the Armada might slip by him, and find the coast defenceless; and so at once he stood about and returned. Ignorant of the movements of the Armada, the fleet went into Plymouth; and there, in those early July days, were gathered in that little western town, intensely excited, but finding time hanging heavily on their hands, the first seamen of the world. The Howards, Sheffield, Raleigh, Frobisher, Hawkins, Drake, Townshend, Fenton, and brave John Davis, just back from a harder battle with the Polar ice. In the list of ships the name of John Davis occurs as captain of a little boat of 20 tons—doubtless, the gallant Arctic mariner turning out in a fishing-boat, to strike a blow for merry England and the Gospel. One would like to be able to look into Plymouth, and to hear them talk in those days. Meanwhile, though they knew it not, the Armada had sailed finally from the Tagus on the 12th July. On the 19th, there was bowling on Plymouth Hoe. The idle but anxious mariners, casting many an eager gaze round the glorious horizon which that spot commands, were solacing themselves, Drake foremost, with a merry game of

bowls. Suddenly one Fleming, a well-known Scotch rover, blunders in among them, and declares that he has seen the Armada off the Lizard, within four miles of his ship, and has hurried to Plymouth with the news. All start up in livid excitement, but Drake, cool and humorous, and not to be hurried by a Spaniard, will have the game played out to the end. Then every man braces himself to work. The wind was blowing stiffly right into the harbour. None but English seamen probably could have got out the ships. "But indeed," says Camden, "with singular diligence and alacrity of the seamen, whom he," the Lord-Admiral, "encouraged at their halser work, assisting them and the common soldiers in doing it in person," 54 of the ships were warped out to sea in the teeth of the gale, and started like hounds on the track of their game.

The next day the Armada was discovered standing up-channel under full sail, in the form of a crescent, the horns of which are said to have covered seven miles. Lord Howard had already settled, with consummate wisdom, the plan of the fight. Daring and seamanship were the English characteristics; speed, lightness, and weatherliness the qualities of their ships. Howard, determined that these qualities should have the fullest play, and "seeing that his ships could turn about with incredible celerity and nimbleness which way soever they pleased, to change wind and tack about again," he resolved that it should be a running fight. The huge Spaniards were to be harassed by ceaseless attacks, stragglers were to be cut off, and all which individual daring and skill could attempt with the likelihood of success was to be enterprised; but close fight and boarding were forbidden, as the rule of the action; for the size of the galleons and the troops on board would give them in that case a great advantage over their nimble foes. Confident in his seamanship, and his power to outmanœuvre the Spaniard at will, Lord Howard, with but fifty-four ships, dashed gallantly into the fray. His *Ark Royal* singled out the Admiral's ship at once and "thundered grievously upon her," while Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher attacked the rear squadron under Recalde so fiercely, that it was compelled to close up with the main body, grievously battered, and with the loss of two great ships. In one of these Drake found 55,000 ducats, which he abandoned to his men. After two hours' fighting, in which he had just breathed his men, and demonstrated his essential superiority, Howard drew off to await the forty ships which had been unable to warp out of Plymouth in time to join the first day's fray. That night and next day there was some confusion in the English fleet. Howard, with two ships, the *White Bear*, Lord Edmund Sheffield, and the *Mary Rose*, Captain Fenton, held on in sight of the lights of the

Spaniards, but the English Vice-Admiral's lanthorns had disappeared. The truth seems to be that at sun-down Drake had caught sight of five sail in the distance, which had the air of Spanish galleons about them, and a flavour therefore—and Drake had a keen scent for such matters—of gold, spices, and Indian wares. Drake, not in the least hurry about the Armada, (remember he was as true a patriot as ever lived), knowing that he could overhaul the ships and catch the Armada again in good time for the fighting, slipped off in pursuit. To his infinite disgust, he found they were quiet Dutch merchantmen, and he crowded all sail to rejoin the fleet. But the loss of the Vice-Admiral's signals had entailed some confusion, and on the 22nd nothing was done.

On the 23rd, Tuesday, both parties set to work in earnest. During the night, Ralcigh, unable to endure the suspense on shore, came off with a little squadron to join. His spirit was felt at once in confirming fully the policy of Howard. He observed that the Spanish shot from their lofty decks cleared, in most cases, the English ships; while ours, well aimed and low, crashed into the crowded Spaniards and did fearful execution. He advised, therefore, fighting "*loose and large*," dashing in and out again wherever an opening in the enemy's array offered—keeping the Spaniard in ceaseless alarm and miserable perplexity. It was a battle of evolutions, in which the enemy, though brave enough at close quarters, was as helpless as a bear amidst a troop of agile hounds. It was merrily called "a morris dance on the waters," and there was that of the old chivalry living still in English breasts, which made them enjoy the game. It was a well-fought day. Frobisher, with five London merchantmen, was set upon by overwhelming numbers, and sustained the assault with astonishing spirit and skill. Howard pressed to his rescue, signaling to all in sight to follow him. Recalde flung himself in the way with the largest galleons, and a most sanguinary fight ensued. Howard reserved his fire till within musket-range, and it told terribly. In the end, the Spaniards were compelled to sheer off. Frobisher was rescued, and, as the result of the day's fight, a large Venetian Argosy and several transports remained in our hands. "One Cock, an Englishman, died, however, in the midst of enemies, in a small ship of his"—the only serious English loss. Next day was a day of repose. The Spaniards had had enough, and the English were unable to renew the fight. An English campaign would not be complete without a bit of English blundering; and by some great mismanagement of the Government, having its root probably in the parsimony of Elizabeth, the fleet was short of stores. There is a MS. letter of Drake's in the State-Paper Office, dated March 30th, 1588, in which he remonstrates against the parsimony

shown in supplying the fleet, and prophesies what befel. However, Howard sent light ships into the coast, and got tolerably supplied. The 25th, St. James's-day, was another great day of battle. They were then off the Isle of Wight. Hawkins secured a great galleon, and then it fell calm. A breeze soon springing up, the fight became general. The Spanish Admiral's mainmast was shot away, and Recalde, with difficulty, rescued him from capture. The English ammunition again failed; and Howard stood out of cannon shot, still following closely on the enemy's tracks. On the 26th he summoned Lord T. Howard, Lord Edmund Sheffield, Captains Townshend, Hawkins, and Frobisher on board, and knighted them with his own hand. And now the coasts are lined with eager spectators. The nobles and peasantry, fired with a high enthusiasm, which levels all distinctions but qualities of manhood, come off in coasting ships, fishing smacks, anything that will float, to have their share in the bloody game. Burleigh's sons are there with the rest. A strange report now spreads on the continent. Mendoza enters Notre Dame, in Paris, waving his sword and shouting "victory." Alas, for them! 130,000 English soldiers, and 200 English ships, and a courage which never was higher than at that moment, were between them and victory. Lord Howard resolved to suffer them for the moment to sail peacefully on their way, to follow them to Calais Roads, and, being joined by Seymour, make the decisive struggle there.

So the Armada pursued its course, with what steadiness it might, being already not a little battered and disheartened, with the English bloodhounds, gathering courage, hope, and numbers daily, baying in its tracks. On the night of Saturday, the 27th, it cast anchor in Calais Roads, and messengers were sent to Parma, entreating him to join at once with all his force. But, alas! the storm which delayed the Armada more than a month had defeated all the arrangements of Farnese; his stores were spent, his army was sick, his sailors had slipped away, his boats were all cracked, —and, to crown all, the dogged Dutch were watching the only harbours from which he could get out to sea. Sidonia was full of perplexity and dread, as the fleet lay that Sunday in Calais Roads, with the resolute English enclosing their anchorage, and threatening to drive them ashore. The *Salve Reginas* had need to be potent to help them now. Then that night Lord Howard, moved it is said by Elizabeth, she herself moved—men believed in that day—by God, "made ready eight of his worst ships, besmeared them with wildfire, pitch, and rosin, and filled them with brimstone and other combustible matter, towed them towards the Armada, and, firing them," sent them sailing down the wind into their midst. "The Spaniards," as Camden says, "seeing the

whole sea glittering and shining with the flame thereof, raised a sad outcry." Then arose one of those fearful panics—was it that dread of God's people with which God promised to afflict their foes?—with which great masses are sometimes visited, and in which man becomes more foolish and helpless than the brute. Slipping their cables in their fright, they stood pell-mell out to sea. When the panic a little subsided, it is said Sidonia endeavoured to rally them—as became a Guzman, a grandee of the bluest blood in Spain. But the English were amongst them. The hour of crowning victory had come. There was no order in the fight. The English ships went crashing through the confusion of the Spanish host, dealing destruction at every broadside. A prisoner, afterwards examined, estimates their loss, on that day alone, at 4,000 men. The Spaniards then gave up all hope of victory, and Sidonia, gathering the wreck of his great Armada, steered for the Straits, in the faint hope that he might escape by that way to Spain. But the south wind met him, and turned him northward, where lay his dreaded and now victorious foes. Baffled on every hand, hemmed-in by perils, he adopted, after hasty counsel, a desperate resolution; and the fleet, scattering, pressed up the German Ocean, if by chance, rounding the wild coast of Scotland, they might gain the broad ocean and get back to Spain. Then writes Drake with grim exultation, "we have the army of Spayne before us, and mind, with the grace of God, to wrestle a fall with them. There was never anything pleased me better, than the seeing the enemy flying with a south wind to the northward. God grant they have a good eye to the Duke of Parma, for, with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not but, ere it be long, so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia, as he shall wish himself at St. Marie among his orange-trees."

The whole country was in intense excitement. It was still by no means sure that they might not, in very despair, attempt a landing on the eastern coasts. Then came the Queen to Tilbury, armed in steel, with a marshal's truncheon in her hand, and mounted on a noble war-horse, Essex and Leicester holding her bridle rein—and spake those martial words which raised to a white heat the enthusiasm of the whole people.

"My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my loving and faithful people. Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects; and, therefore, I am come among you at this time, and not for my recreation or

sport, but being resolved in the midst and the heat of the battle to live and to die among you all; to lay down—for my God, my kingdom, and my people—my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know that I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, aye, of a king of England too; and think it great scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realms. To which, rather than that any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms—I myself will be your general, the judge and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already by your forwardness that you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my Lieutenant-General shall be in my stead, nor will I suffer myself to doubt, but that by your obedience to my General, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over these enemies of my God, my kingdom, and my people."

Meanwhile, the Armada was flying to the north, pursued hotly by the English fleet. It seemed likely at that moment that not one of those proud ships would ever return to the shores of Spain. But again the English stores failed, and at the most critical moment. Effingham watched them as far as Flamborough-head, where it was resolved, "on the Thursday, to have a new fight with them, as a farewell: but it was found on counsel that we had not munition enough for a half-fight, and, therefore, it was thought that we should let them pass and return." It was a bitter disappointment to the English commanders. Walsingham even writes thus significantly about it: "I am sorry the Lord Admiral was forced to leave the prosecution of the enemy through the want he sustained: our half-doings doth breed dishonour, and leaveth the disease uncured."

Drake took a sorrowful farewell of them, but enough had been done for honour, enough for the liberty of religion, and the welfare of mankind. The proudest fleet which Europe had ever seen, such was flying in defeat and confusion, with a loss to the English of one small ship, and less than 100 men.

But Heaven seemed to lift the warder which the English, satisfied with victory, cast down. Three days after the English left them Drake writes, "We were entertained with a great storm, considering the time of the year, which, in our judgment, hath not little forced the enemy away." This storm was the commencement of a series of tremendous hurricanes, which kept them in distress and misery, knocking about in those northern seas till the middle of September. Ignorant of the coasts, used only to the calm and straightforward navigation of the region of the Trade-

short of water, food, and stores, with an iron-bound, harbourless shore, and a fiercely-hostile population under their lee, they suffered, during those weeks, the extremes of misery. There is something heartrending in the tale of the prisoners who survived from the wrecks which were strewn along the shore. Sick, starving, worn-out by storm and cold, they struggled on through the Straits of the Northern Seas, leaving the fragments of their great Argosies daily as their spoil.

Off Ireland, it is said, 17 ships with 5,300 men went down, either dashed into fragments against the iron-bound coast of Antrim, or sinking bodily with their living freights of 1,000 men into the depths. Sidonia, better stored than the rest, struggled on, but even his ship ran short of water, and the bread became so mouldy that they could hardly bring themselves to partake of the nauseous food. At length, having strewn the fragments of his huge Armada along the shores of the country he came to conquer, from Weymouth round to Antrim, with 53 ships—and those so battered and cut to pieces, and the crews so worn with sickness, hunger, and cold, that we are told they were pitiful to look upon—he regained the harbours of Spain.

The English celebrated the victory with thanksgivings to Him by whom it had been ordained. There was but one feeling throughout the whole realm; that God had most marvellously interposed to defeat the designs of the foes of His Gospel. "Afflavit Deus et dissipantur," was the inscription on the medal struck to commemorate the victory. The banners taken from the Armada were hung over London-Bridge on the 8th of September. The 19th of November was "kept as a holiday throughout the realm, with sermons, singing of Psalms, bonfires, &c., for joy; and thanksgiving unto God for the overthrow of the Spaniards, the citizens of London appearing that day in their liveries, heard another sermon at St. Paul's Cross."

On the 24th the Queen herself attended in state the "Thanksgiving" at St. Paul's. She and all the Protestant leaders regarded the overthrow of the Armada as a special mercy from His hand, who of old upheld His people in many a desperate struggle with overwhelming foes. And if ever one may confidently trace the great Hand of Providence, surely there is ample reason to trace it here. A series of trifling accidents, each of them slight in itself, woven together in the great loom of Providence, entangled the greatest enterprise which ever aimed at the Divine supremacy, in inextricable confusion and defeat. The death of the Marquis Santa Cruz, an able leader and an experienced seaman, while Sidonia was both timid and incapable: the storm which met them when they first emerged from the Tagus, and necessitated

a six weeks' delay, whereby the junction of the Duke of Parma was rendered impossible: the near approach to the English coast, whereas the orders of Philip were to steal up-channel as quietly as possible: the fortunate presence of the Scotch pirate Fleming, whose swift craft had the heels of the Spaniards who gave chase, and enabled him to bring the news, and prevent the surprise of our captains in Plymouth Harbour: the variable weather in the channel which gave such immense advantage to our light evolutions: the sudden panic at the assault of the fire-ships: and the awful hurricanes in the calm August weather in those Northern Seas—these form a catalogue of accidents, which, strung together on the string on which Sir W. Monson was able to unite them: "It was the will of Him that directs all men and their actions, that the fleets should meet and the enemy be beaten as they were," furnish one of the grandest scenes in the great drama of God's Providence in history. But there is something to my mind beyond the simple fact it *was* the will of God; it *is* always the will of God that gigantic and splendid assaults on the liberties of man should fail. From the history of this past combination, let us derive courage to face with cheerfulness, and even hope, any future combination with which Europe may threaten this palladium of the liberties of mankind. I do not allude to the insensate fear which really disgraced us some time ago, as though the will of a despot as ruthless and as self-blinded as Philip could, without any noticeable preparation, in some forty-eight hours pour 100,000 men from Cherbourg on our defenceless coasts. I attach far more importance to the thoughtful apprehension of such a friend of England as Count Montalembert, that the deepening despotism of European governments, hating bitterly the great witness which, in the name of God, our very existence bears against their principles and their deeds, may desperately endeavour, by some gigantic combination, to sweep us from the earth. It is not our religion only, but that liberty which has been nursed by it to such robust proportions, that they hate with a malignity which daily deepens—and it may be that we shall again have to gird on the sword to defend not our country only, but the dearest hopes of mankind. I do not think there is likelihood enough of this to lead us to dread it. I think our anxious sympathizers abroad too little appreciate the fact, that if the despots are against us, the peoples are with us, and at the first signal call of such a combination, would raise such a storm as would leave few despotic thrones standing in the world. But, granting the combination formed, the army organized, the armada assembled, this Spanish history has two great lessons to teach us, which should save us from a need expenditure in costly standing defensive preparations, and spare us all dread as to the result.

Thirty-four Queen's ships turned out to meet the Armada, and 150 merchantmen, which, though unable to meet, in direct shock, the heavily-armed galleons, so harassed and tormented them that they fell an easy prey at last.

And, now, suppose that the intelligence was flashed by the electric wire through England, that a hostile armament was gathering to threaten our coast. How many of your splendid ocean steam-ships would remain idle in your docks? From the Mersey, the Avon, Southampton, London, and the Humber, a fleet of magnificent steam-ships would be gathered in a week in the channel, each armed with a long-range gun or two, as our forts might be able to supply them, far superior in size, in power, in speed, and in evolution to the whole Armada of the World. And though they might be unable, singly or in mass, to oppose directly powerful naval armaments, yet I believe they would so throng the channel, so torment and outmanœuvre the invader, and so line the coasts, as to render simply impossible any hostile descent upon our shores. A country whose commerce spreads so widely and strikes so deeply as England's, not only has the resources of the whole earth to fall back upon, to renew her strength continually in her conflicts, but has, in her commercial navy, and in her power to handle it, a cheap and ready defence of inestimable importance, which makes her proof against the invasion of the world. One other and yet higher reason let us briefly note, why it becomes the English people to face with great calmness the possibilities of the future. If History bears clear witness to anything, she bears witness that it is the will of God that all gigantic enterprises against the sacred rights and liberties of man should fail. When human weakness dreads the encounter, He ever takes up the gauntlet, and by one of those thousand accidents—as men call them—which remain always at His command, He brings the ablest calculations of man to a shameful and utter confusion, and makes the trembling nations recognize "that verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth."

At least Elizabeth and her band of conquerors thought so, as on that 24th November, 1588, "she herself going in triumph—went with a very gallant company of noblemen, being accompanied by a princely train of those that had been the instrument of that notable victory—through the streets of London (which were hung with blue cloth), the several Companies of the city standing on both sides of the way with their banners in decent and gallant order, being carried in a chariot drawn by four white horses, came to Paul's Church, where the banners taken from the enemy were hung up to be seen, gave most hearty thanks to God, and heard a sermon wherein the glory was given to God alone. On the Admiral she

conferred a certain revenue for his happy service, and many times commended him and the captains of her ships as men born for the preservation of their country. The rest she graciously saluted by name, as often as she saw them, as men who had so well merited of her and of the commonwealth, wherewith they esteemed themselves well rewarded. And those that were wounded and indigent, she relieved with noble pensions. The learned men at home and abroad congratulated the victory with hearts transported with joy, and wrote triumphal poems in all languages on the subject."

Never, I suppose, has such a procession passed up Ludgate as Queen Elizabeth, surrounded by the heroes of that victory of victories; never did our country touch such a height of essential nobleness and power as when she, entering the west door of St. Paul's, surrounded by such a company, fell down upon her knees, and gave God the glory; and never did words of supplication roll more grandly from the arches of the earthly to the great dome of the Heavenly Temple than when the people cried, with a depth, intensity, and simplicity of national prayer, which is but a tradition in these days, "Come down, therefore, come down, and deliver Thy people by her; to vanquish is all one with Thee, by few or by many, by want or by wealth, by weakness or by strength, O possess the hearts of our enemies with a fear of thy servants. The cause is Thine, the enemies Thine, the afflicted Thine; THE HONOUR, VICTORY, AND TRIUMPH SHALL BE THINE. AMEN AND AMEN.

B. B.

IX.

THE PAPACY.

Cathedra Petri: a Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate. Vols. I., II., III., to the Close of the Tenth Century. By THOMAS GREENWOOD, M.A., Camb. and Durham, F.R.S., &c., Barrister-at-Law. London: Thickbroom, Brothers, 1859.

De l'Origine de la Papauté. Par CHARLES PAYA. Paris: Barba, 1860.

THOSE persons are greatly mistaken who fix upon certain dates in the early centuries of the Christian Church history as the origin of Popery. In point of fact, the origin of Popery is contemporaneous with the origin of the Christian Church itself. It began before the time of Paul; and the evidences of its existence abound in the writings of that gifted Apostle. In this we regard it not as a dogma, so much as

an ecclesiastical system: its dogma might have been entirely different, or varied by degrees of more or less, and yet its ecclesiastical system be the same, or very similar. Not that we are ignorant of the fact, that doctrines and Church politics act in the most lively method upon each other; so that it would be hard, in some cases, to distinguish whether the mode of Church government has most modified the doctrine, or the doctrine has given rise to the mode of government. We hold this fact of mutual influence strongly, and yet venture to regard the Papacy, in its development, as the normal exposition of an ecclesiastical idea, rather than of a system of doctrinal truths, reported to have been revealed from Heaven for the regeneration of mankind. Those who hold the same view with ourselves of this matter will see, in the proclivity of the early converts to fall back into a modified Judaism, evidence in favour of that view: in the scope an imitation of its ceremonial would give for a more splendid ritual, as the Church grew in wealth, taste, and worldliness; in the gratification which a priestly status would minister to official pride; and in the fiscal advantages which reversion to the old system would furnish in the shape of tithes and oblations. Tithes are certainly Jewish, and can claim none other than a Jewish sanction and paternity; hence a pontificate on the Jewish model would claim support on a Jewish basis. Hippolytus, of Portus, at the close of the second century, talks of "the grace, both of high-priesthood and of teaching, as belonging to the order of bishops."—(Bunsen's "Hippolytus," vol. i., 333.) This conformity had worked itself into the most definite shape, and most exorbitant claims, by the fourth and fifth centuries. We quote the "Apostolical Constitutions"—a compilation of probably the fourth age of the Church:—

"O Bishop, be careful worthily to maintain your place and dignity, as . . . presiding over all mortals, be they priests, kings, princes, fathers, children, doctors; for all are alike subject to you.

"In the same manner as the Levites, who ministered at the Tabernacle of testimony, which is the exact type of the Church, received liberally their portion of all those things that were offered unto God . . . so likewise, ye Bishops, who labour in the field of God, shall live by the Church; since, in your quality, ye also are both priests and Levites to your people in the holy Tabernacle, which is the holy Catholic Church."

In the same document, and on this ground of the conformity of the Christian to the Jewish system, the laity are extorted to pay to their Bishop, "as the priest of God," their first-fruits and their tithes, their heave-offerings and their gifts, the first produce of their corn-fields, their wine and their oil, their fruits, their wool—"in short, of all that God had given" unto them.

The blasphemous *Dominus Deus Papa* almost finds its precedent in those same sorry compilations of this early date; for it is said in them, "Since the Lord called Moses *God*, so let the Bishop be venerated *as God*, and the Deacon as the prophet of God."

We look upon Popery, then, as a Christian reproduction of the traditional temple system of the Jews; and Protestantism, or Pauline Christianity, as the child of the synagogue, or conventicle system of the Jews. For hundreds of years these two systems had subsisted together in Palestine—the one a sacerdotal, the other a laic institution; sometimes in friendly relation to each other, but sometimes, we doubt not, antagonistic: the one system nourishing the intellect, feeding the mind with Scripture, developing religious talent, didactic in the best sense—a school of Scripture morals; the other a system of shows and pomps, of exactions and imposts—addressing itself to sense—gratifying the eye and ear—claiming to rule, and demanding unquestioning obedience.

And this synagogue-origin and propagation of Christianity accounts, in part, for its ready acceptance and rapid transit over regions occupied by the foreign Jews. No foxes with firebrands found more tinder-like fuel amongst the shocks and standing corn of the Philistines, than the torch-bearers of Christianity amongst the followers of Moses in Gentile countries. For them the Synagogue was their religious home —their temple—the scene and sum of their worship. A doctrine, therefore, which appealed to the Scriptures, read in their simple sanctuary every Sabbath, and which claimed for its basis the spiritual and more Divine interpretation of those Scriptures, and which, moreover, in its officership adopted the pattern of the Synagogue, could not fail to be acceptable. A Temple-religion was local, confined, sectarian, had it been free from every other objection; but here was one adapted, by its simple, social, comprehensive character, for diffusion throughout the world, whilst its doctrines realized every good, were sublime, pure, charitable, and consoling to the highest degree. Apart from Divine influence—of which, however, we never lose sight—we behold, in the Synagogue-cast of genuine, simple, primitive Christianity, an adaptation for progress amongst the Synagogue communities of the Jews, wherever they were scattered.

We hold with Paya in his monograph, and with the authorities on which his statements are based, that both bishops and deacons, the early functionaries in the Christian officerhood, found their prototype in the Jewish synagogue. This is, at least, interesting as a speculation —if not important as a fact—and allowably not essential to our argument. It by no means follows thence, as some in their alarm might surmise, that our modern episcopate must claim our exclusive homage on the ground of the undoubted antiquity of its name. The fairer inference would be that our episcopate must revert to the simplicity of its prototype in the Synagogue before it can take full advantage of its early origin. If the episcopate of the present day and the episcopate of an earlier day are two different things, the mere continuance of the name will not entitle the latter to a veneration earned by a less-developed constitution in the former.

That a separate jurisdiction should grow up in the heart of Christianity apart from the civil power, an *imperium in imperio*, arose from

the sheer necessity of the case. Christianity was not of this world —was an exotic in an unfriendly spot—and its nature, codes, exigencies demanded an avoidance of litigation before heathen courts of law. (1 Cor. vi. 1—7.) Questions of marriage, morals, property, must soon have arisen, with increasing numbers of proselytes, requiring a judicious and vigorous administration—a necessity which at once tended to cloak official persons with growing influence and power. After the persecutions of early Christianity, which had abated nearly all their virulence before the close of the second century, and which, in the very earliest ages, had befallen the Christians from their supposed identity with the turbulent and factious Jews, rather than from any special distrust directed against themselves, the Christian population of most places, and pre-eminently of Rome, had attained sufficient importance to make friendly relations with them a matter of moment to the civil ruler. These relations would naturally establish themselves with the functionaries of the body, the bishops of the churches, or the chief bishop of the metropolis. The influence of the ecclesiastical officers would, during the troubled period of its growth, become all the greater from its being, in a large degree, a moral influence, and from the Christian institution being a permanent one, while Imperial Rome was torn with dynastic and civil convulsions. The emperor's, or prætor's, or ædile's most loyal subjects, and most easily-managed fellow-citizens, would, in every case, be the quiet, unwarlike, unobtrusive members of the Kingdom of Christ. By this time, too, what with bequests, donations, and exactions where required, what with trusteeships, superintendencies, and wardenships of deceased and existing wards and properties, the leading officers of the Churches were become rich and powerful. The Church had risen to a corporation, and places of prominence in it had become offices charged with influence and loaded with emoluments—objects for ambition to aim at and avarice to covet. These functionaries grew into supreme authorities in their own circle—one of daily increasing extent—and, as they grew internally in power, were hailed as coadjutors, in the government of the State, by the civil ruler. Not less in Pagan than in Christian times, the officers of the Church claimed the decision of all questions relating to matrimony and its kindred questions *nullitates matrimoniorum*, *successiones*, and *hereditates*—a conjunction of topics still existing in the title and business of our Court of *Probate* and *Divorce*. They also exercised that right of censure, which, where it is simply confined to the exclusion of unworthy members, must be conceded to every Christian organization whatsoever, but which, where it deals in temporal pains and penalties, or efflouresces into the enormous wickedness of Papal excommunication, not only encroaches upon the office of the magistrate, but violates every instinct of humanity and every definition of spiritual office.

Long before the transfer of the Imperial seat from Old Rome to New, A.D. 329, the Bishops of the quondam capital of the Empire, claimed by their metropolitan position, and on the ground of their supposed connection with the Apostle Peter, jurisdiction over all the

churches of Christendom. The Patriarch of Constantinople, a new creation of the Emperor, could only boast of his political consideration, as Ecclesiastical Head of the new capital and diocese of Thrace; but, on all ecclesiastical grounds, must rank inferior to Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria. The claims of so ancient a See as that of Rome only shone the more signally in comparison with the novel rank and installation of the Byzantine dignitary, while the political importance of the Italian bishop took enormous strides from the date which found him residing in Rome, away from the immediate control of the Emperor, and the eclipsing contrast of courtly splendour. Any historical survey of the successive steps which marked the usurpations, encroachments, luxuries, and vices of the Popes of Rome as a secular power, must be necessarily brief to adapt it for publication in our pages. We shall, nevertheless, endeavour to indicate a few traces of progress, and exhibit some of the more remarkable phenomena in its state of fact or opinion which has gone to create the monstrous "regiment" of the Papacy, and to inflict its oppressive and unholy despotism on mankind.

At the same time, we feel bound to admit that one of its most influential claims to power arose from the fact that, amongst the Churches of the first three centuries, the Church at Rome ever opposed a steady front to the vagaries of heresy and unbelief. That enormous endowment of practical wisdom and common sense, and the power which such a faculty is certain to accumulate in its hands, which were characteristic of Pagan Rome, were also the gift of the Christian Church domiciled in that city and recruited from its inhabitants. Corinthians and Nicolaitans could find a field for their speculations in Asia Minor, Basilidians at Alexandria, and Simonites, Ebionites, and Valentinians in Palestine, but no Gnostic or Marcionite heresy could long look the steady practical good sense of the Western mind in the face, and maintain its standing-ground. The fanciful Oriental theosophies and religious dreams of ascetic enthusiasm, when submitted to the test of an understanding that had grown up amid the bustle of commerce, the pomp of courts, the clash of the Campus Martius, and the cultivation of the Forum, melted into thin air, and appeared the shadowy things they were. This had so often proved the case in regard to prevalent heresies and phantasms imported into the metropolis of the world, and there extinguished by the united action of the Christian body and its rulers, that the decisions of that Church on doctrinal and ecclesiastical questions became invested with an importance to the Churches without, which their veneration in the first instance volunteered, and afterwards, when it was claimed, conceded. An honourable testimony, on this ground, must be borne to the history of religious dogma in Rome in early days. Many doctrines of the Bible of the first importance found a faithful champion and advocate in the Church at Rome.

There appears to have grown up, indeed, from its stability, its antiquity, its political influence, its wealth, its numbers, its intelli-

gence, its habitual orthodoxy, and, even from its own presumption on all these grounds, a degree of deference in other Churches towards the Church of Rome and its prelates, which afterwards was demanded as a right upon other and fictitious grounds, just as an exacting member of a family, an invalid, for instance, receiving peculiar attention out of sympathy and kind feeling, afterwards angrily resents the denial of the same attention, as if it were robbed of an inheritance or undoubted *peculium*. On any legal or evangelical, any just or cognizable grounds, this deference does not seem to have rested; rather, we should say, upon easiness in concession, and the operation of circumstances on the one hand, and audacity of self-assertion on the other. So Tertullian treated it in the close of the second century, who with disgust refuses to acknowledge the title of *pontifex maximus*, and *episcopus episcoporum*, assumed at that early day by the Bishop of Rome. *Depudicitiâ*, § 1.

After the accession of Constantine, these claims of precedence and authority were more freely acknowledged, as Rome became invested with the twofold character of the religious as well as the political capital of the world. All the authority resulting from her social and religious station had now become the subject of State recognition and positive legislation, and the mind of the Churches, in consequence, felt itself subdued and humbled, and prepared silently to acquiesce in claims resolutely asserted. Under the new circumstances in which the Church of Rome was placed, by State patronage, the rule and practice of Roman Church government naturally assimilated itself to the forms of imperial polity. Accordingly her admonitions assumed the tone of mandates, her interferences the character of rescripts and ordinances; her discipline was presented to the world as the model by which other Churches were to shape their own; and her ritual as the pure Apostolic order of devotion, from which none could depart without the sin, or at least the danger of schism. The secularism of the Church of Rome, properly so called, takes its date from its patronage by Constantine. Before this it was rich, pretentious, haughty, but could not fairly be called a worldly institution.

Ammianus Marcellinus, the historian, representing the heathen remnant of that period, thus describes the pomp and circumstance of the Roman Pontiff and his Church—a representation to be received with caution, on account of the animus of the writer, but not therefore to be hastily rejected:—"When I consider the love of distinction which actuates all who aspire to dignities in this city, I naturally expect that all who are anxious for the episcopate, would not shrink from any expedient of faction to obtain it. For thereby the successful candidate gains the opportunity of fattening upon the oblations of matrons; of being conveyed about in State carriages; of appearing in public in costly dresses; of giving banquets so profuse as to surpass even royal splendour." The term faction here probably refers to the disputed pontificate of Damasus and Ursinus, when the rival factions shed blood copiously on both sides in their struggle for the Papal chair. Of the peculation attendant on the distribution of alms by the

bishops, even Chrysostom complains about this time, and Jerome is frank in his condemnation of the covetousness of the Roman clergy. So great became the evil of an absorption of the revenue on the part of the clergy, who were exempt for ordinary taxation, and received large gifts and testamentary bequests from the laity, that the Emperor Valentinian, the strict friend of the orthodox party, was obliged to declare, by a rescript addressed to Damasus, that all such donations were forfeited to the public treasury.

In the reign of Gratian and Valentinian, an imperial rescript enjoins on the civil magistrates that they forward to Rome, for adjudication by the reigning Pontiff there, any contumacious bishop of the provinces who should resist the deposing power of his local superiors. The rescript is doubtful, from the Theodosian code, some sixty years afterwards, taking no notice of its existence; nevertheless, it is not in its own nature improbable. True or false, it aimed at sustaining the lofty claim to universal ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Popes.

The title of "Papa," or Pope, common enough in the east and in Egypt, became exclusively applied to the bishops of Rome somewhere in the fifth century. Innocent I. is dignified with it in the African Councils of Carthage and Milevis, A.D. 416.

To the bishops of Vienne, and Narbonne, in France, Pope Cœlestine, writes in 428, claiming an "appointment by God to watch over His whole Church"—and a "pastoral superintendence which knows no bounds."

Cœlestine, A.D. 420, displayed sufficient arrogance of language in dealing with Nestorius on the ground of his heretical opinions, requiring of him, within ten days of the receipt of the Pope's rescript, an assent to the Catholic doctrine respecting the person of Christ, on pain of excommunication if he refused. But Leo, 440, seems to have first laid definite hold of the idea of Petrine prerogative, based upon succession to Peter in the Episcopate of Rome: "In his chair dwelleth the ever-living power, the superabounding authority. Let the brethren therefore acknowledge that he is the Primate of all bishops, and that Christ, who denieth his gifts to none, yet giveth unto none except through him." To Leo the Great belongs the distinction of enforcing his ecclesiastical decrees by the aid of the civil power, Valentinian III, at his instance, issuing a decree that "no bishop of any province .... do anything without the authority of the venerable the Pope of the eternal city; but, on the contrary, to them, and to all men, let whatever the authority of the Apostolic see hath ordained, or doth, or shall ordain, be law." By his more immediate predecessors, and by his own agency, Leo succeeded in transforming the See of St. Peter, which before existed as a symbol of Catholic communion into a visibly existing power. There could be no communion of saints according to the developed idea of the fifth century but in union with Rome, and in subjection to the Pontiffs. As the Emperor represented the whole state, so the Bishop of Rome represented the whole Church. By a general consent at that day, and with seemingly as good a title as that of the

Emperor to temporal dominion, the Pope stood out as the visible autocrat of the great invisible unity of the Church-catholic. For this position even Leo could adduce no canonical authority; it was simply claimed, acted upon, iterated and reiterated, till at length the notion took possession of men's minds, and they yielded a practical acquiescence in a demand which they found it no advantage to dispute. The Church had secured, moreover, from the civil ruler by this time, an ecclesiastical judicature, the right of asylum, that of intercession for offenders, exemption of the clergy from civil offices and taxation, and in their corporate character, the right of receiving testamentary devises and bequests. By these privileges of property and dignity the Church had arrived at such a pitch of influence and power, that it was able to maintain an independent existence in the face of the northern invaders of Italy when the Imperial power crumbled to decay. She had become, to so great an extent, a governing power, and a useful ally, that her possessions were respected, her claims allowed, and the very victors became her vassals. Goth and Ostrogoth ravaged the Western Empire, and defeated the temporal power marshalled against them in successive battle-fields—but alike bowed in veneration before the tiara of the Pope, and the only social virtue and potency of the times. The priest proved more powerful to resist—it is the old story of Christianity over again—than mailed legionaries, and artillery of war.

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit.

These words would describe the actual position of the Popedom down to the middle of the sixth century.

At this period, the Popes of Rome were sustained in their struggle against Imperial authority and heretical depravity by the public opinion of the Western Churches, which naturally respected the only power that dared to cope with the Emperor and all his array. In the next century the Roman pontiffs had gained nearly all they wanted in tacit submission to their claims, as representatives of the Orthodox religion of the world—its arbiters and judges. None dared to resist except a single bishop here and there, or a recalcitrant Presbyter; and these were soon brought to order, or silenced, by means of weapons, even then well known to ecclesiastical authority. The compact existed, at least so far back as the time of Honorius and Cœlestine, that the temporal and spiritual powers should back-up their independent action by the loan of each other's help. The Pope said:—"Smite me those heretics, and I will keep the provinces true to their allegiance;" a compact distinctly understood, and acted upon, although not at this early day couched in such plain terms. And if the centuries sixth, seventh, and eighth witnessed the opposition of the Byzantine Court to the claims of the Popedom, shown in the Henoticon struggle, the Pelagian Controversy, that of the Three Chapters, the Monothelite Controversy, the Quini-sext Council, and the struggle about images, the world saw the Empire daily growing weaker, and the prepollency of Rome more consolidated and manifest. In spirituals, Rome bore undisputed sway,

as every conflict with the Greek patriarchs demonstrated; and in temporals, the course of affairs and the force of acquisition were exalting the Popes to a position of independent sovereignty, wherein they could afford to regard the Prince of Constantinople as a co-occupant of the common throne rather than their liege lord and master.

The Patrimony of St. Peter was claimed as early as Gregory the Great, A.D. 600; the territory thus designated consisting of nearly all the Byzantine duchy of Rome. This estate, belonging to the Holy See, extended from near Naples, in the south, to Viterbo, in the north, besides many outlying farms and fiefs in all directions. In the wars between the Lombards of Italy and the Greek emperors, all that the Popes could shield, or claim, or extort from either party in the struggle became the inalienable property of the Church. The Lombards were favoured—favoured and feared, on the ground of their warlike exploits and conquests, of their actual power upon the spot, and their orthodox Christianity. But the Popes looked to some third party to rescue them from the double thraldom of allegiance to a heterodox and absent empire, and of friendship with an invasive and dangerous ally. Such they found in Pepin of France, whose usurpation they justified in order to secure his intervention in their favour, a procedure whose policy is undoubted, while its iniquity is transparent. Pepin was grateful, and ceded to the Pope in perpetuity the districts which his armies wrested from the Lombard king; the rights of the Byzantine sovereign over all this territory, and the allegiance to the Emperor being systematically obliterated from the minds of the Pontiffs, whose object was to acquire in order to keep, not to recover with a view to restore. They had now transferred their allegiance to the usurping King of France, because in the crisis of their fortunes, that monarch was able to protect them and liberal to endow them. Pepin bestowed Ravenna, Rimini, Pesaro, Fano, Cesena, Sinigaglia, Eso, Forlimpopoli, Forli, Encubio, Montefeltro, Comachio, Urbino, Narni, and other places, the lawful inheritance of the Greek sovereign, upon the Roman Pontiffs, which those Popes had long coveted and intrigued to possess. This is called the donation of Pepin, and dates in A.D. 754. Shortly afterwards, the donation of Charlemagne, his son, doubled the pontifical territories, and added thereto a moral ascendancy of still greater value. Charlemagne was nothing but a title—"King of Italy," for the then ruler of France—a war for an idea; but all that he filched from the Lombards and the Porphyrogeniti, including the Quadrilateral, Venice, and Istria, he made over to his Holiness, who pocketed the proceeds, and put his ecclesiastical ambition for a higher flight. No longer did the temporal empire of the Church rest upon the shadowy foundation of the Petrine myth, but upon the solid basis of territorial power and political grandeur. Every acre of the imperial domain in Italy, of which the Popes could rob their nominal sovereigns, they appropriated without scruple, under the shield of their powerful friend and Deliverer, the King of the Franks; and the emperors retorted by assigning all the spiritual jurisdiction of the western portion over the eastern dioceses to the

own prelates and patriarchs. The retaliation practised by a grea sovereign upon a great subject proves that by this date the Popes had reached a dangerous equality of power with the Eastern emperor, and could afford to bandy practical jokes, in which it is no libel to say their Holinesses did not come off second best. The emperors gratified their spite, and displayed impotent malice; but the Popes clutched nearly all Italy with its civil authority and its large revenues in their retentive grasp. This brings us down to A.D. 800. All that follows is marked by equal ambition, larger cupidity, and more enormous crime; the infamy of fraud, the red hand of murder, evil without scruple, and incapacity for everything but wrong. The exceptions are too few in after-days to be of much account in history.

We have not considered it desirable or requisite in the course of this brief historical review, to specify the names and acts of all the Pontiffs who contributed to the grand result attained by this period. We have contented ourselves with the employment of general terms, along with a few particulars, directing attention to the persistent purpose of the Romish See for many centuries, kept constantly in view, and at last, to a great degree, attained. The aim of the Romish See had evidently been to drop into succession to all the Western Empire, when the Occidental Augustus laid down his sceptre, and failing that, to secure as large a portion of his temporal dominion as craft and lust of power could acquire. We have seen the most able men in the Church employ their great ability to reach this height of acquisition, and succeeding to a remarkable extent—Kings dowering the Church munificently with the fruit of their conquests, and the fealty of their homage.

One of the very worst features of the Papal history is the imposture whereby it seeks to make its usurpations appear legitimate, its roguish gains honest, its sheer and naked plunder the free gift of the plundered. The topic suggests itself just now, from the forgery of the *Donation of Constantine*, which was adduced to Charlemagne to quicken the zeal and enlarge the liberality of the Frankish Monarch. It was a base imposture, meant to serve the nonce of the greedy Pope, whom nothing would satisfy short of what the document professed to accord —"Supreme power over all the region of the West." This document was nothing more nor less than a shameless forgery, and in this partook too largely of the prevailing character of all the Church's testamentary literature. The topic is too fruitful to dismiss in a word. The literary policy of the Church of Rome is not more characterised by the *suppressio veri* of its expurgatory indexes, than by the *assertio falsi* of its forged documents. It has that mark of reprobation which peculiarly distinguishes the prophetic apostasy of perilous times—"Speaking lies in hypocrisy, having the conscience seared with a hot iron." 1 Tim. iv. 2.

Founded on injustice, the secular and developed Papacy was sustained by imposture. Great as the Popedom is in anathema, it is splendidly great and wicked in fabrication. Bequests, donations, benevolences, subsidies, oblations, testaments, registers, pandects, protocols, vouchers, chartularies, indentures, muniments, archives, attestations,

bulls, rescripts, decretals, documents of all kinds, parchments of all sizes, she can produce of any quality, to any amount, for any inquirer. Where less inventive geniuses fail, she is peculiarly successful. No want has she without a ready supply. Others may lack gold, or goods, or apt counsel; she abounds in *ben trovati*, lucky finds, in her hour of need. She has but to will, and wills abound; but to stamp with her foot, and hosts of the perjured present themselves to do her bidding. Her policy is well-contrived in its double aspect, for herself and the world. As possession is nine points of the law, she grabs with covetous hand all within her reach: this is self-regard. Her next step is to forge a title; and herein is her complaisance to the world. Diplomacy she understands to perfection—in the mission of the Nuncio and the manufacture of the credential. Rome has always driven a thriving trade in scrivening.

From the *Codex Pseudepigraphus* of the Gospels, which contains, indeed, documents of various ages, but some of early date, down through the Christian centuries, till the eve of the revival of letters, the whole course of Ecclesiastical literature has been one of unblushing forgery of diplomatic writings, many of them with a purely secular drift and aim.

We scarcely touch the threshold of Ecclesiastical history till we make acquaintance with these disreputable productions, and, once fairly within the doors, we witness little else. The claims of the Church of Rome are preposterous; and unscrupulous, indeed, the measures which she has employed to establish those claims.

The Epistles of Ignatius are three parts a falsification; probably the production of the third century, to justify, if so it might, the polity of the Church constitution in that day, and win the testimony of antiquity in favour of the exclusive authority of bishops against curious and contumacious Presbyters. Of a more directly Romish cast, probably, are the spurious works called the "Preaching of Peter," the "Apocalypse of Peter," the "Itinerary of Peter," and the "Clementine, or Apostolical Constitutions." These and kindred works present St. Peter in a different light from that shed upon the often-erring but warm-hearted Apostle, by the inspired Evangelists, and seek to identify him with sentiments which the true Peter would have repudiated, and with the Ecclesiastical pretensions of a city—Rome—which, perhaps, he never saw. In the controversy of Stephen, and Victor, of Rome with Cyprian (and the Cyprianic documents are as doubtful as many besides), it looms up again and again above the surface of the correspondence that the Romish bishops built much on the circumstance of being in diocesan succession to St. Peter, regarded the *Tu es Petrus* as conveying exclusive authority to his successors, and the possession of his chair as the symbol of a Church unity, and governing power vested in themselves *ipso facto*, and by Divine right. Other churches and episcopates disputed these pretensions, which is at least satisfactory evidence that they were not established, although paraded, and their antagonism put the Romish See upon its mettle to enforce, by hook or by crook, its jurisdiction. It succeeded to a great extent—for what

will not force, aided by fraud, achieve?—to the scandal of honesty—to the annihilation of independence—to the blight of morals, and the ruin of spiritual religion. Rome became exalted, but in the same proportion Christianity was stricken down—driven from the high places of the earth by the great dragon of dishonesty, and consigned to the distinction of proscription, and the hospitality of the wilderness.

But the forgery of the decretals out-Herods Herod, and puts the topstone upon the delinquency of this Apostate Church. What the Roman Pontiffs arrived at in the ninth century and had nearly attained, they justified by allegation that the same claims were advanced by their very earliest predecessors in terms closely corresponding with their own. For instance, *a Council of the Apostles at Antioch* is invented in the heat of the iconoclastic controversy, the 9th Canon of which "gives leave to make an image of our Saviour and His servants." This seems directly opposed to the terms of Paul in 2 Cor. v. 18, as well as to the whole genius of the New Testament writings, the Gospel dispensation, and the Christian dogma.

The very first letters of the decretals are full of inconsistencies and mistakes. Peter is introduced saying, "Observe, brethren, that I ordain this Clement to be your Bishop, and to him only deliver my authority of preaching and teaching." But Linus and Cletus are the traditional successors of Peter, and Clement only follows them in the succession. In the same series of Epistles Peter bids Clement surviving him to "write to James our brother." But James is reported to have died seven years before Peter, whose death year is assigned to the fourteenth year of Nero. The word *primacy*, connected with the primatial claim of the Roman See moreover occurs here—an anticipation of the struggle for supremacy by some hundred years at least. Another of the Epistles addresses James in Clement's name, James being, as said before, dead for years ere Clement succeeded to the chair of Peter. This same letter urges upon a holy Apostle, a man that had "seen our Lord," that "the altar-pall, chair, candlestick, and veil, when grown old and decayed should be burned"—a bit of solemn trifling, more in accordance with the age of Piscinas and Puseyism than that of vigorous Apostolicity and pure Evangelism. Of the same spurious stamp is the advice which follows, that "a Presbyter shall not say mass in his parish without leave from his own Bishop."

Three letters are ascribed to Cletus or Anacletus, a predecessor of Clement, but they boldly plagiarize out of Clement's own Epistles, which are assumed to be written after his predecessor's death.

Alexander supplies an Epistle early in the second century, perverting a passage of Holy Writ to make it sanction the invention of holy water. Quoting Heb. ix., 13, 14, this Pope cites, as if it were all along Scripture: "If the blood of bulls and goats and the ashes of a heifer sprinkling the unclean sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh—how much more shall [not the blood of Christ, but] water mixed with salt, and consecrated by our prayers, sanctify and cleanse the people?"

Cornelius is quoted to support the dogma of "the Invocation of

Saints, Translation of Relics," &c., &c., and "that Clergymen ought to appeal nowhere but to the See of Rome." But these decretal Epistles bear no resemblance to those cited in the controversy with Cyprian, ascribed to Cornelius; hence their authorship is not the same. If either be genuine (even this much is doubtful), the other must be spurious.

Pope Lucius follows, whose Epistle is quoted by Bellarmine to prove "that the Bishop of Rome is St. Peter's successor in the Ecclesiastical Monarchy . . . That the said bishop, teaching from the chair, cannot err . . . That there never could be found any one teaching from the chair of St. Peter who taught contrary to the faith." But the Roman controversialist, while availing himself of the statements of the Epistle (*De Rom. Pont., Lib. II., cap.* 14; *Lib. IV., cap.* 3; *De verbo Dei, Lib. III., cap.* 5), dares not affirm that it is authentic.

Pope Mark, A.D. 335, is cited in proof of the assertion, that seventy Canons were established by the Council of Nicaea; whereas Augustine, Cyril of Alexandria, Ruffinus, Isidore, and Theodoret, know of none beyond twenty. The spurious ones are full of superstitious enactments. These properly belong to the Synod of Sardica, A.D. 347, held as a kind of supplement to the Council of Nicaea, and for the trial of the same cause—Athanasius *versus* the Arians. But the Canons of the Synod appear to be spurious, for, a hundred years after their supposed enactment, no proof appears of their existence; and they seem forced into the proceedings of the Council of Nicaea, in order to exhibit the great assemblage of Divines as sanctioning claims, on the part of the Roman prelate, not recognized in the General Councils of Chalcedon (A.D. 451), and of Constantinople (A.D. 681)—the latter held 300 years afterwards. A Synodal Epistle, in favour of Athanasius, would seem the only genuine act of the Sardican Council, if even the Council itself were ever held, which is not placed beyond the reach of doubt.

The Epistle of Pope Damasus to Aurelius, Bishop of Carthage, is spurious; for, fifteen years after its date, Aurelius was only Deacon. Another Epistle to Jerome is a forgery; one to the Bishops of Numidia a forgery; and another to Stephen, of Mantua, with its reply, a complete and unblushing forgery.

Pope Anastasius orders "the people to hear the Gospel standing . . . and "that the Bishops of Burgundy and Germany address him as their Head."

Pope Innocent I. declares that—"It is manifest that nobody instituted Churches in Italy, Spain, Gaul, Africa, Sicily, or the adjacent isles, except those whom the blessed Apostle Peter, and his successors, appointed priests . . . That they who lived with their wives ought not to be admitted to minister at the altar . . . That young children dying unbaptized, were damned." Some of these Epistles are [illegible] according to Erasmus, after Innocent's death—a pretty tolerable [illegible] that he had no hand in their production.

In the Epistles of Zozimus we find the use of the *Pallium*, and the consecration of the Paschal wax-taper.

The Decree of Gelasius, about the Canonical Books of Scripture, is spurious, for several reasons assigned by Cave; but a Treatise of this Pope, against transubstantiating the Eucharistical bread, which Popish writers throw a slur upon, is undoubtedly genuine.

Gregory II.'s Epistles, if in any sense genuine, are supposed to be Gregory III.'s, and ascribed by mistake, or design, to the former.

Pope Paul I. has several Epistles ascribed to him, which bear a date subsequent to his death.

These are only samples of the forgeries put forth under the name of Pontifical Letters—impostures, like many of the sham miracles, most palpable and disgusting. There seems scarcely an effort made to preserve consistency, or secure truth-seeming. Anachronisms abound—such clumsy literary botch-work, that they almost suggest *anacreonisms* on the part of the compiler. And this, together with spurious decrees of Councils and Synods never holden—records of resolutions never taken—answers to questions never mooted—solutions of difficulties never discussed—testimonies of witnesses who never lived—constitutes the characteristic basis of the Church's legislation. Unblushing imposture and fraud are imprinted on the entire history from first to last.

The object of these forged Decretals comes out strongly in a quotation made from them in the time of Hildebrand. In the year 1074, the second of the Pontificate of Gregory VII., one of these Decrees, ascribed to Marcellus, who is assigned to the year A.D. 304, is quoted as sufficient authority for the invalidity of Councils held without the sanction of the Holy See. The third Chapter of this Council reads thus:—"This blessed Pope [Marcellus], who, before the Nicene Council, sealed his Decrees with martyrdom, in the eleventh chapter says: The Apostles themselves, and their successors, by the inspiration of the Lord, decreed, *That there should be no Synod without the authority of the See of Rome.*" This is a brazen appeal to a fictitious document, for even Baronius stigmatizes it as suppositious. Marcellus himself is a sheer invention to fill up a gap of seven years in the Papal list with a name, and his assertion is as false as his own existence. The authority of the Apostles is against any pretension of the Roman Church to rule; and the successors of the Apostles, who were appealed to, were not Apostolical men. In the acts of this same Council, the twelfth Roman one, a spurious letter of Athanasius is appealed to as genuine; and it further puts forward the monstrous untruth that, at the great Council of Nicæa (A.D. 325), not Constantine presided, but the Pope of Rome, by Hosius and two Presbyters, his legates. It adds, that the Nicæan Bishops wrote to the Pope of Rome (Silvester) for his confirmation of their acts; and that he wrote back to ratify what they had done. Many of the Roman casuists and divines, who have written on this subject, have accepted these impostures as true; but Baronius hesitates to endorse their statements. Even Binius, the collector of the Councils, and a habitual stickler for the genuineness of all ecclesiastical documents, is forced to call them "extremely faulty and commentitious;" while Labbe and Richer, who

have laboured in the same department of history, with their usual candour, proclaim them not only "fictitious," but "prodigiously false." The impudence of such a quotation as this, on the part of the ambitious Gregory, is only equalled by the utter baselessness of the authority he cites.

The same dishonesty which marks the public documents of the Church, infects the pages of the Commentators. If Rome will lie, her doctors will lie still more to buttress up her lies; or, if necessary, to apologise for them, and explain them away. They will even lie to nullify her truths.

The Romish casuists touch the pitch of their plastered system, and they get defiled. Pope Adrian supplies us with a notable instance, with which we must close this most defective summary of literary disingenuousness. In his Epistle to Charlemagne, this Pontiff, after referring to Moses making cherubim by Divine command, Exodus xxv., 18, and Solomon's carving the temple with figures, 1 Kings vi., 23, proceeds thus, "Let us consider, beloved brethren, what Moses did at the command of the Lord, and that wise Prince Solomon, when, by an express order from God's own mouth, he built the house of the Lord. With how pure a heart and mind, then, ought we to worship the carved images of Christ our God, His holy mother the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, and all the blessed Saints of God, whose propitious intercession may obtain forgiveness of our sins." This miserable garbler of divine truth suppresses the fact that God did not order the cherubim to be worshipped, although he ordered them to be made—ignores the second commandment, which forbids the worship of images; and totally overlooks the unvarying strain of the Old Testament against idolatry. If there be one thing which more than another the Old Testament does not do, it is to justify, sanction, allow, much less enjoin the worship of pictures or carven images. But the argument of Adrian is of a piece with the policy of his Church. If a lie will serve its turn as well as truth, a lie is used without the least scruple of conscience, or moral repugnance. Not a single doubt was allowed to breathe against the genuineness of the decretals for six or seven centuries, when at last a freer spirit of criticism arose, and exposed their fabrication and scouted their claims. Even Roman critics have, at last, been led to give up their validness.

The Papacy may be regarded in either of two lights—either as a *jus* or an *imperium*, a power claiming authority on grounds valid or invalid, or as an established fact. The former we may dispute—we do dispute; the latter we cannot deny. For good or for evil, the Papedom exists—has existed for a millenary in Europe—a bare, hard, incontrovertible fact, leaving its footprints stamped as indelibly over the course of human affairs, as those of the megatherium hardened into permanence by the pressure of ten thousand years, on the surface of the stratified clay. In either light, it is a repulsive thing—its claims preposterous, its rule inhuman. It has been a favourite argument with advocates of the Papal power, that in the cruel feudal ages the

priesthood often interfered with effect between the oppressive civil or military powers, and the unfortunate laity—that a despotic monarch and an iron-fisted baron has often found an effectual check to his brutality in the opposition of the Church—all which, in a sense, is true. The fact may be allowed to be as stated, but the motive robs the fact of its moral worth. The only idea for which the Church has ever warred has been to transfer the supreme authority to itself from the civil power. If the civil power conceded this spontaneously, and bowed the knee to the wearer of the tiara, the Pope was then ready to clinch the nail which the Jael Cæsar drove into the temples of the subject people. If he would not himself harry and slay, he had no objection to be in at the death. He would be a consenting witness to the martyrdom he might not enact. He would justify in a vassal son of the Church what he would condemn in a contumacious Emperor. If Cæsar would only conquer the world for the Pope, his Holiness was ready to whitewash every enormity which so pious a purpose might prompt. In league with the powers that be, the Pope would go every length in oppression; it was only when in opposition to Sovereigns, who made little of his pretensions, or impoverished his treasury, that he sided with the people, and set himself to redress their wrongs. What matters it to him if Austria harass a Protestant Hungary till it threaten insurrection, provided only the terms of its favourable Concordat be carried out to the letter for Romanizing the Empire? What to him if the King of Naples establish a Reign of Terror over his subjects, provided he guard the Southern flank of the Papal dominion against heretic encroachments or new-fangled ideas of a united Italy? Give the Pope and his minions their due allowance of scudi, their ecclesiastical shows, their tomfoolery of pretentious intermeddling, and their practical comfort, and they have little cared, as they do little care, how Kings and peoples may knock their heads together in the adjustment of their mutual differences.

Such being a historical review of the early condition and baseless pretensions of the Papacy, what do we advise? Certainly not a crusade either against its constitution or its doctrines. As a secular power, we leave it to be dealt with by secular powers. If in collision with the potsherds of the earth it come to ruin, we shall rejoice in the event, which, as private individuals and journalists, we have no mission to hasten.

But, though we use no hand of violence, not even charity forbids our protesting against Rome's usurpations, treacheries, and crimson crimes. Her falsehood, her pride, her violence, her perversion of revealed truth, her subversion of natural morality, are such as to call for the exposure of faithfulness and the denunciation of virtue. But to propagate even right notions, and to proscribe wrong ones, we admit of no process more stern than argument and persuasion. Persecution in any form is the weapon of error, persuasion the one resource of truth. Prejudice is not to be rooted out by the sword, but by a stronger prejudice taking possession of the heart. We say this with deliberate

intent, because we wish to add that bare ratiocination has less to do with a change of sentiment than many suppose. Conversion is rarely, we fancy, the result of conviction alone, but of reason and feeling conjoined. Inducements arising from the affections make most converts, conviction a few, compulsion none. There be, indeed, that are called converts on the compulsive, or mercantile system; but they are not converts in any worthy sense. Neither is the heart enthralled, nor the reason won, in their case: they have merely yielded to the law of force.

If anything which appealed merely to reason and a sense of right might be hoped to succeed in convincing Romanists of the unholy basis of their Church, it would be the calm, upright, philosophic narrative of its history by Mr. Greenwood. This great work is characterised by every best quality of history—sober, impartial, and thorough—while its style is grave, equable, and marked by an eloquence in keeping with its theme. We are familiar with Dean Milman's work on a kindred subject,—"The History of Latin Christianity,"—and must confess that, of the two histories, so far as Mr. Greenwood has gone, we have read his work with the greater satisfaction. His publication is one of singular interest, and of great and permanent value. No commendation of ours, confined to so narrow a space as a review necessitates, can at all worthily expound its merits. It must be read and studied, in order to be duly appreciated.

X.

OUR FRIENDS.

THE sun and shadow dappled earth,
With all its friendly voices,
Is but a desert solitude,
That hums with distant noises.
Each thoughtful spirit walks alone,
In secret isolation;
And, though hemmed round by surging crowds,
All feel their desolation.

Each moves as in a halo-sphere,
Impervious, though transparent;
Even with those who seem so near,
Contact is but apparent.
Each has his crypt of hopes and fears,
Kept closely shut from others,
And there he hides both smiles and tears
From those he calls his brothers.

And yet this half-truth is a lie,
If read as pure truth only;
We are not doomed to live and die,
Unknown, unloved, and lonely.
Firm hands are held out for our grasp,
True, trusting hearts surround us;
And clinging arms, with tight-drawn clasp,
Are fondly twined around us.

God is our only perfect friend,
Whose goodness ne'er deceives us,
Who, knowing all our secret things,
Still loves and still believes us.
But man, too, has his sympathies,
Deep, delicate, and precious;
And, as we pass these oases,
How their palm-shades refresh us!

Love and fear not to trust thy friend;
And, as the drooping flowers
Tingle to their earth-buried roots
Beneath soft dewy showers,
So will his soul thrill to thy smile,
And—with deep-hearted scornings
Of jealous secresy—spread out
Like flowers in blue spring mornings.

J. E. JACKSON.

Brief Notices.

THE FAUST CATALOGUE.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS: The Man—the Myth—the Idea.

WHO has not heard of this same Doctor, and his famulus Mephistopheles? He has been immortalized in more forms than falls to the lot of one man in a nation's history. The ballad-singer, the novelist, the dramatist, and the divine, have all helped to make him famous. He has been revered as a scholar and flouted as a juggler; wafted to Paradise on the pinions of angels, and driven to Hades amid the exultant yells of imps and demons. He has figured, diminutively, in the marionettes of Holland and Germany, and moved in kingly proportions on the stages of most European cities. Merlin has been outvied by him in miracles, Bacchus himself in wine-bibbing. The brush of some native artist drew him as a tippler astride a tub; the pencils of Rembrandt and Sichem, as the pale seer in profound and meditative mood. He resembles an india-rubber face that you can squeeze which way you will. A strange, odd, triangular kind of man, he is ever irritating the Germans into a book-rash, and dancing fantastic measures before them, like a delirium-born goblin. He has been caught, caged, and wing-clipped at last, and it is amusing to

see the result.* With all his cabalistic art, he can only preserve the mere show of it by still retaining an odd threefold character.

Four or five places claim the honour or dishonour of his birth-place, but the testimony of Manlius and Wier, both contemporaries, are in favour of Kundlingen in Wurtemburg. He was born in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and was sent in early life by his father, whom some represent as a peasant, and others as a physician, to a university to be trained for a doctor of medicine. There seems to be some uncertainty as to whether his name was George or John, and where he went to college. The majority adhere to John as his name, and Manlius affirms that "he was a student at Cracow, and learned there the magic art. This art," he adds, "was there formerly in great repute, and there were public lectures given on it." He must have studied something more than this—in fact, medicine proper, for he soon appears as having taken his degree at Ingolstadt. For a time, too, he seems to have been the pupil of Cornelius Agrippa, of Nettesheim, learning magic and other secret arts. But he gets restless, and wants, perhaps, at first, purely and modestly to be exhibiting his knowledge and power. He takes one Christoph Wagner as his famulus, and begins life as a travelling physician, thus allying himself with the wandering scholars and mountebanks, who were the last sad decrepit representatives of the ancient minstrels. He has with him a dog, which he might represent to be a devil in attendance, but which is an ordinary-looking animal, if the likeness in Auerbach's cellar is a correct one. There might be an evil expression in the animal's phiz, contracted from connection and sympathy with an evil master, but one strongly suspects that all its pranks were mere results of mechanical training, and that it had wherewith a weakness for bones.

It is in these wanderings that his real character comes out like a photograph. In a letter written by one Tritheim to Johann Wirdung, the mathematician, dated August 20, 1507, we learn a little of his performances. He calls himself the fountain of necromancy, chiromancy, pyromancy, agromancy, and other arts, and seems to have addressed a puffing advertisement to Johann. But Tritheim writes, "I know his villany. When, last year, I returned from Mark-Brandenburg, I found this fellow near Geilenhausen. Many foolish things were told me about him at the inn, things which, with great recklessness, he had undertaken to perform. As soon as he heard of my arrival he decamped, and could not be prevailed upon by anybody to present himself before me." Some of the priests in the town told the writer of the above, that he had declared to the people, that his mind and memory were so great, that were the writings of Plato and Aristotle to perish from the memory of men, he, like another Ezra, could perfectly restore them. He even vaunted at Wurzburg, during Tritheim's stay there, that he could perform miracles like our Saviour.

We can follow him pretty narrowly by contemporary testimony. "Eight days ago," writes Conrad, Canon of Gotha, October 3, 1513, "a certain chiromantiens came to Erfurt, Georgius Faustus by name—a mere boaster and fool—vulgar people admire him; the priests may rise against him—I heard him holding forth at the inn; I do not reprove his boasting. What have I to do with other people's madness?" An old Erfurt chronicle gives us further details of his visit to that city. Permission having been obtained, by what kind of speciousness we can well guess, for him to lecture on Homer to the students of the university, he gathered them in a purposely darkened room to summon some of

* The "Faust Catalogue," by Franz Peter. Leipsic.

the more famous characters before them. Two, intended for Polyphemus and Cyclops, appeared, the latter in all the glory of red-hair, with an iron spear in his hand, and the human thighs in his mouth. The room then shook terribly, two students were said to have been bitten by Cyclops, and the farce ended in the fright of all. Dr. Klinger, the guardian of the Convent, was sent to try and convert Faustus, and failing, he was solemnly delivered over to Satan and expelled the city.

The next notice we have of him is in Begard's "Guide to Health," (Worms: 1539), where he speaks of him as roving, "some years ago," through different parts of the kingdom. He called himself then *Philosophum Philosophorum*. Begard waggishly goes on —"But the number of those who have complained to me of having been cheated by him is very great. In deeds he was, I hear, found small and deceitful, but in taking and receiving money he was never slow." Probably his quick disappearance without paying his shot, caused him to be painted riding out of the door on a wine-tub, in Auerbach's cellar at Leipsic. At least there must be a substratum of fact in the scenes of the two pictures still extant in this curious old tavern. That they have remained there ever since they were painted, were done expressly for the vault, and very soon after his death, is shown by the way they fit the vaulted roof, the early date on them (1525), the ancient costumes, and the inscriptions. The pictures seem to have been restored in 1759, and there are visible traces of older inscriptions than the present ones. In the first picture Faustus is at a table, surrounded with students and musicians, lifting a goblet in one hand, and beating time with the other on the table. The inscription, translated, reads thus:—"Live, drink, and be merry, remembering this Faust and his hours. It came slowly but fully."

The second one depicts him astonishing the company by making his exit astride a tub. We read that,

> Dr. Faustus on this day
> From Auerbach's cellar rode away,
> On a barrel of wine astride,
> By many mothers' children eyed;
> This through his subtle art achieved,
> And for it he the Devil's reward received.

Gast, the author of "Sermones Conviviales" (Basil: 1554), had the honour of dining with the omniscient and omnipretentious doctor at the great college, when he must needs bring some strange birds to be cooked. "He had a dog with him, and a horse (I believe it was Satan), and they were able to do anything. Some people told me they once saw the dog assume the form of a servant, and bring victuals." Gast, writing this between the years 1543 and 1548, speaks of his deplorable end, but I prefer to quote the account from Manlius' notes of the lectures of Melancthon and others (Basil: 1562):—"A few years ago, the same Johannes Faustus was sitting very sad in a village of the Duchy of Wurtemburg. It was the last day of his life. The landlord asked him why he was so unusually sad (but he was really the very worst rascal, and had led a most villanous life, and was several times nearly executed for his vices)." He tells his host not to be frightened that night, and in the morning, after a stormy night, they found him "lying near his bed, his face twisted round, *as* he had been killed by the devil."

So much for the human Faustus, as he is described by his contemporaries whose veracity is indubitable.

He began to grow into a myth ere he was well buried. His system of magic, the "*Compulsion of Hell*," printed either in his life-time or immediately after his decease, together with the "Volksbuch, or People's Book," and other biographies of him, helped to keep his fame alive. At every fair, puppet-shows represented his marvels to open-mouthed crowds, and cheap lives of him were vended,

as sheets of doggrel songs are now-a-days.

The early character of the mythic doctor probably has some of the popular element in it. The myth runs thus:—He has exhausted all human knowledge, and still thirsting for more, seizes upon magic as the key to universal science. While brooding discontentedly over his tomes, he discovers a spell, conjures a spirit, quails at first, but afterwards conquers. He then interrogates several. First comes Mochiel. "How quick art thou?" "Like the wind." "Thou shalt not serve me. Get thee back." "Like the bird in the air," answers Aniquel the Second. "Still too slow. Begone!" "I am quick as the thought of man," says Aziel the Third. "Right for me! thee will I keep." This becomes transformed into a poodle and Mephistopheles. His natural evasive celerity in life becomes a mantle of passage after his death. He pretends at first to vast learning, and that failing, he resorts to tippling and the coarsest jugglery. He runs away with Pope Adrian's cup and platter at a banquet, and boxes his ears when he makes the sign of the cross; he sells a man a bundle of hay for a horse, and dares his famulus to draw the crucifixion. So far, we discern a good deal of the historic element. The account of Manlius and Gast too, merely *suppose* the action of the devil in his death. The priests made it a certainty.

Restless in his life-time, he was not to be left without transmigration even in his death. He passes into Poland, as the myth, under the sounding name of Twardowski; into Spain, and becomes the "Magic Prodigioso" of Calderon; into Italy, and is one Don Giovanni—all legends of seers and magicians who have mysterious intercourse with demons and caco-demons, are appropriated as adumbrations of Faustus.

Here we get into the ideal. Faustus soon comes to represent the unsatisfied intellect of man, grasping at a mastery over all things. The legend presented rare food for a nation given to psychological curiosities, and poet after poet adorned it with still wilder fancies. Lessing led the way, in a few brief scenes he at one time contemplated fashioning into a tragedy. We have him described in these fragments as "a solitary, thinking youth, entirely devoted to wisdom, living and breathing only for it, renouncing every passion but the one for truth—highly dangerous to thee Satan, and to us all, if he were ever to be a teacher of the people." Satan attempts his seduction, is cheated by a phantom raised by Faust's good angel, and the whole ends in the discomfiture of the devil, and the confirmation of the youth in his pure and loving desires. Here is indeed a marvellous change from the Faustus of reality, the boasting scholar, and the common trickster. The Faustus of Marlowe was founded on the old "Volksbuch," and written prior to 1590, being first acted about that time. It is much less ideal than Lessing's; hence the position I give it. The essentials of the legend are given, but the whole is a coarser and truer picture of the man, as well as the myth. In him, as the representative of Germany, we see the spirit of the age—natural philosophy, incited by the new [illegible] printing, merging into a mad, [illegible]que pantheism—the old forces [illegible] bating with the new; a bible-[illegible] book-monopolizing spirit, with a broad and democratical [illegible] thought—the last expiring [illegible] mysticism to quench the [illegible] a more liberal and comprehensive knowledge.

The Faust of Goethe is really the philosophic Faust of his own [illegible] his own self, disgusted with [illegible] ledge, human and divine, and [illegible] for self-glorification and [illegible] kingship. He would be [illegible] in both its worldly and its [illegible] sense. The magic and [illegible] drapery are insufficient to [illegible] the new man; he shines forth [illegible] statue through a gauzy ve. H[illegible]

impurely, he sins deeply, but seems to enter Paradise in aristocratic justification, saved by mere intellectual autocracy. The "Festus" of Bailey is a supra-sensitive man, tempted like Job, but with a stronger divine element in his nature than Göethe's, eventually gaining the empire of the world, and saved with the entire creation. Both are self-transcriptions, the German of his egoism, the English of his universalism.

Here we leave the weird legend—this pretentious scholar and wizard, this devout thinker and grandly dissatisfied philosopher. These are metamorphoses indeed, and fancy may run riot from one to the other for the whole length of a summer's day.

THE FOOL OF QUALITY: or, the History of Henry, Earl of Moreland. By Henry Brooke, Esq. 2 vols. A New and Revised Edition, with a Biographical Preface by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, M.A., Rector of Eversley. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.

HENRY BROOKE was the son of a wealthy and worthy Irish clergyman, whose dignified lady could soften down the rudeness and coarseness of Dean Swift into salutary awe. He was born in 1708; and displayed from the earliest years the sweetest disposition, united with an extraordinary desire and capacity for learning. He united in his own person the Platonic *beau idéal* of a beautiful mind in a beautiful body. His portrait represents a face of singular sweetness of expression and regularity of feature. The earliest extant account of him describes him in youth as "fresh-looking, slenderly formed, and exceedingly graceful. He had an oval face, ruddy complexion, and large, soft eyes, full of fire. He was of great personal courage, but never known to offend any man. He was an excellent swordsman, and could dance with much grace." There are certainly notes here of that heroical temperament, softened by delicate sensibility, which appears in every line of his writings. When quite an old man, the same characteristics present themselves: "a little man, as neat as waxwork, with an oval face, ruddy complexion, large eyes, full of fire—in short, he is like a fine picture mellowed by time." He went to study law in London when he was only sixteen years of age, having already passed through a college career in Trinity, Dublin, with brilliant omens of the future—the cynical Swift himself prophesying wonders of him, and only "regretting that his talent pointed towards poetry." In London, he became the pet of Pope and Lyttleton, the *habitué* of all the wits and worthies of the time. Surrounded by the temptations of a court, he kept himself pure; and, amid the laxity of beliefs and practice common in that day, gloried in being a Christian. In a letter written to Pope in 1739, he expresses his solicitude about Pope's religious tenets, having heard it insinuated that "he had too much wit to be a man of religion, and too much refinement to be that trifling thing called a Christian:" to which Pope replies—"that he sincerely worships God, believes in His revelations, resigns to His dispensations, loves all His creatures, is in charity with all denominations of Christians, however violently they treat each other, and detests none so much as the profligate race who would loose the bands of morality, either under pretence of religion or free-thinking. Thus much I say, merely in compliance with your desire that I should say something of myself." It indicates, as we conceive, a very high degree of respect on the part of Pope for one twenty years his junior to submit to be catechised thus frankly upon the subject of his creed. The whole transaction is honourable to both the persons concerned in it.

After Brooke married very early and happily a beautiful girl of fifteen, a ward of his own, [illegible] £1,000 by his noble drama of "Gustavus Vasa," which was to

published but not to be acted, he returned to Ireland in 1740, and there ended his days.

For eight years he practised as chamber counsel in Dublin, with some success; was rewarded by the liberal Lord Chesterfield with the sinecure office of barrack-master at Mullingar, but eventually took up his abode at Longfield, in the county Cavan, where he built a house, and devoted himself to improving the state of the peasantry around him. But he was too literary and speculative to prosper as an improving country gentleman. In water-power and drainage he sank a great deal of money. He drained a lake, and gained a bog instead—a process which, however diverting in experiment, was ruinous in result. His pen was ever his recreation and chosen employment. In 1747 he wrote four poems for Moore's *Fables for the Female Sex*, one at least of which, *The Sparrow and the Dove*, is a beautiful reflection of his own wedded life; his nobility of soul shows itself ever most nobly when he speaks of women.

In 1749 he was solicited by a large body of independent electors in Dublin to allow himself to be put in nomination as member of Parliament for that city, but he declined on the plea of the superior suitableness of his opponent, who was acquainted with the interests of trade.

Garrick offered him a shilling a line for everything he would write for the stage—no ordinary remuneration at that day—but he would not let out his brains to hire.

Meanwhile he grew old in his seclusion, his children dying early around him, and drying up the springs of happiness in his loving heart. He was so tender hearted that his wife was afraid to tell him of the death of even the cottagers that lived near his estate. That loved and loving wife died 1772, only two of his children then living, a son in the army and Miss Charlotte Brooke, the only surviving daughter. With this daughter he retired to Dublin, and died there in 1783, leaving her also to pursue a career as an author, being the first translator into English verse of some Irish songs and ballads.

The work by which Henry Brooke is best known is his *Fool of Quality*, published in five separate volumes in 1766-70. It is a beautiful story pervaded by the highest moral, but perhaps too pure and simple for the jaded palates of this generation. We would hope not. Nature is ever young, and there is a period in every human being's life when he prefers milk to strong meat. In this story we have the whole ideal and real Brooke: the education of a young nobleman, by a noble a merchant-prince, exhibited with a most marvellous variety of most entertaining incident, adventure, and episode, the training, moral and physical, of a Christian gentleman. John Wesley, who reprinted it for his followers, declares it to be "one of the most beautiful pictures that ever was drawn in the world. The strokes are so delicately fine, the touches so easy, natural, and affecting, that I know not who can survey it with tearless eyes, unless he has a heart of stone." In this sentiment we heartily agree. There cannot be a better book for the young; of its kind a classic as much as the "Pilgrim's Progress." Mr. Kingsley's generous preface closes with the emphatic *encore*:

"So go forth, once more, brave book, as God shall speed thee, and wherever thou meetest, whether in peasant or in peer, with a royal heart, tender and true, magnanimous and chivalrous, enter in and dwell there, and help its owner to become as Christ, and a gentleman, as Henry Brooke was before him."

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Baptist Magazine. Jan. London: Pewtress & Co.
Bohn's Scientific Library—Morphy's Games of Chess. London: H. G. Bohn.
British Quarterly Review. Jan. London: Jackson and Walford.
Cathedra Petri. Books 1 to 8. 3 Vols. London: Thickbroom Brothers.
Central Truths. By the Rev. Chas. Stanford. London: Jackson and Walford.
Children's Harp (The). London: Knight & Sons.
Church and its Living Head (The). By the Rev. Wm. Hanna, LL.D. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.
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Commentary on the Book of Psalms. By Wm. De Burgh, D.D. Parts 17 and 18. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.
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Protestant Dissenters' Almanack, 1860. London: C. R. Nelson.

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THE ECLECTIC:

A

Monthly Review and Miscellany.

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Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature. By Wm. Thos. Lowndes. London: H. G. Bohn.

Bohn's Classical Library—The Epigrams of Martial. London: H. G. Bohn.

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Bondage in the Bakehouse. By John Lillwall. London: Kent and Co.

Chess Praxis. B. H. Staunton. London: H. G. Bohn.

Christian Life (The). By Peter Bayne, A.M. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

Christianity in the First Century. By Charles Hoffman. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

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Common Sense about the Church. By a High Churchman. London: Hatchard and Co.

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Consumption: its Nature and Treatment. By John Epps, M.D. London: Sanderson.

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Echoes of Eternity. By Henrietta J. Fry. Bath: Binns and Goodwin.

German Grammar. By L. M. Tuchman. Second Edition. London: Lockwood and Co.

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Intuitions of the Mind (The), Inductively Investigated. By the Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D. London: John Murray.

James' (Rev. J. A.) Works. Vol. I. Sermons. London: Hamilton and Co.

Lichtenstein; or, the Outlaw of Wurtemberg. By Elinor M. Swan. London: James Blackwood.

Life of Bishop Wilson. 2 Vols. By the Rev. Josiah Bateman, M.A. London: John Murray.

Mademoiselle Mori: a Tale of Modern Rome. 2 Vols. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

Many Happy Returns of the Day. By Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke. London: Lockwood and Co.

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Missionary Martyr of Delhi. By James Culross, A.M. London: J. Heaton and Son.

Modern Europe: a School History. By John Lord, A.M. London: Simpkin and Co.

Old Friends and New Acquaintances. By Agnes Strickland. London: Simpkin and Co.

Original Australian Proverbs, &c. By Jas. Sinclair.

Our Home Islands: their Public Works. By the Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A., &c. London: Religious Tract Society.

Our Homeless Poor, &c. By the Author of "Helen Lindsay, or, The Trial of Faith." London: James Nisbet and Co.

Poems: Lyrical, Didactic, and Romantic. By M. H. G. Cruikshank. London; Wertheim and Co.

Pope's Dream (The). A Tale of the Lower Regions. By Thomas Plummer. London: Judd and Glass.

Prophet of Nazareth (The). With Preface, by Rev. John C. Miller, D.D. London: Knight and Son.

Prayer-Book Chants: Arranged for Four Voices, with Accompaniment. By Henry John Gauntlet.

Public Speaker (The), and How to Make one. By a Cambridge Man. London: Nisbet and Co.

Revival (The) in its Physical, Psychical, and Religious Aspects. By W. M. Wilkinson. London: Chapman and Hall.

Rills from the Fountain. By the Rev. Richard Newton, D.D. London: Knight and Sons.

Roots and Fruits of Christian Life. By the Rev. Wm. Arnot. London: Nelson and Sons.

Sabbath Haltings in Life's Wilderness. By H. Ontis. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

Saul, a Drama, in 3 Parts. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

Saved and Unsaved. London: Wertheim and Co.

Samuel, the Prophet. By the Rev. Robert Steel. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

Schleiermacher (The Life and Letters of). Translated by Frederica Rowan. 2 Vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Self Help. By Samuel Smiles. London: John Murray.

Sermons. By the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Vol. I. London: J. Heaton and Son.

Sidereal Heavens (The). By Thomas Dick, LL.D., London: Ward and Co.

Social Religion Exemplified (By the Rev. M. Maurice). 7th Edition. Edited by the Rev. T. Nicholas. London: Ward and Co.

Sunday at Home. Part 68. London: Religious Tract Society.

Thoughts on the Liturgy. By the Rev. Philip Gell, M.A. London: Wertheim and Co.

Trades' Unions and Strikes. By T. J. Dunning.

Unseen (The). Discourses by the Rev. Wm. Landels. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

Victorian Landscape Gardeners' Guide. By James Sinclair.

Weaver's Family (The). By the Author of "Dives and Lazarus, &c." London: Judd and Glass.

Wiseman's (Dr.) Popish Literary Blunders Exposed. By Chas. H. Collette. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

Yes and No; or, Glimpses of the Great Conflict. 3 Vols. London: Macmillan and Co.

PERIODICALS.

Bible Readers' Journal. Jan.

Bibliotheca Sacra. Jan.

Cassell's Illustrated History of England. Part I. New Series.

Congregationa. Pulpit. Feb.

Correspondant (Le). Jan. 25, 1860.

Cornhill Magazine. No. 2.

Evangelical Christendom. Jan. and Feb.

Evangelical Magazine. Feb.

Friend (The). Vol. 18. No. 205.

Good Words. Part 2.

Liberator. Jan. and Feb.

Life Boat. No. 35. Vol. 4.

Protestant Theological and Ecclesiastical Encyclopedia. Part X.

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The advantages it offers to Assurers include all the benefits which have been developed during the progress of the system of Life Assurance.

BONUS.—Three distinct calculations have been made with a view of appropriating the surplus sum or profit arising from the operations of the Society. At the last, made at the beginning of the year 1859, the Actuary reported that, after putting by **£180,379 18s. 10d.** as a reserve for future contingencies, there was available for division **£67,347 15s. 9d.**; and the following Tables will show the practical effect of this and previous divisions at the ages specified :—

Age at Entrance.	Sum Assured.	Amount paid to the Office.			Bonus added to the Sum assured in Fifteen Years.			Total amount now payable.		
	£	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
15	1000	248	15	0	183	19	0	1183	19	0
20	1000	280	0	0	190	12	0	1190	12	0
25	1000	319	7	6	201	12	0	1201	12	0
30	1000	365	12	6	207	0	0	1207	0	0
35	1000	419	7	6	217	0	0	1217	0	0
40	1000	486	17	6	236	0	0	1236	0	0
45	1000	565	12	6	249	0	0	1249	0	0

The following are specimens of reductions in lieu of the last Bonus, for Five Years ending 1864 : —

Age.	Sum Assured.	Annual Premiums.			Reduction.			Annual Premium now payable for the next five years.		
	£	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
25	1000	21	5	10	5	16	0	15	9	10
30	1000	24	7	6	6	13	0	17	14	0
35	1000	27	19	2	7	14	0	20	5	2
40	1000	32	9	2	8	19	0	23	10	2
45	1000	37	14	2	10	8	0	27	6	2
50	1000	45	5	0	12	12	0	32	13	0
55	1000	56	15	10	16	6	0	40	9	10
60	1000	72	7	6	21	2	0	51	5	6

An inspection of these Tables show results which have but few equals in the history of Life Assurance ; and a comparison with those obtained during the same term by any similar Institution is invited. Prospect and every other information will be forwarded on application to

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Faversham, [illegible]

"Dear Sir,—Although personally unknown to you, I cannot but state [from sense of gratitude] the benefit I have received from you. For years I have been subject to a severe pain in my chest on [illegible], with irritation of the windpipe or trachea, producing a stoppage in speaking and preaching, and the medical men found great benefit in this complaint from your medicine. My cough is still [illegible]

...m Athenæum, Received May 21

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1860.] [MAY.

THE ECLECTIC:

A

Monthly Review and Miscellany.

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Answer to Sir David Brewster. By D. and T. Stevenson. London: Wm. Blackwood and Sons.
Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. Vol. 1. Edinburgh: Jas. Nichol.
Christian Devotedness. By John Burton. London: John Snow.
Colloquies of Edward Osborne. By the Author of Mary Powell. London: Hall, Virtue & Co.
Commentary on the Book of Psalms. By Wm. De Burgh, D.D. Dublin: Hodges, Smith and Co.
Cyclopædia of Christian Missions. By the Rev. J. L. Aikman. London: Griffin and Co.
Danesbury House. By Mrs. H. Wood. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League.
Five Additional Letters on the Revival in Ireland. By Jas. C. L. Carson, M.D. Coleraine: John M'Coombie.
Grammar of Household Words, in four Languages. By J. De Poix Tyrel. Longman and Co.
Greymore; a Story of Country Life. 3 Vols. London: Smith, Elder and Co.
Hints from the Dawning: or, The Creation Story. By Edward Dingle. Judd and Glass.
History of our English Bible. By the Rev. Fred. Edwards, B.A. Judd and Glass.
Is 1867 the Year of the Crisis? London: Partridge and Co.
Is the Principle of Total Abstinence according to the Example of Christ? By T. Woodward, M.A. Dublin: Hodges, Smith and Co.
Lebaher's First German Course. London: Chas. H. Clarke.
Light Beyond. By Rebecca M. Redford. London: John Snow.
Living among the Dead (The). By the Author of Blenheim, &c. London: Hall, Virtue and Co.
Notley Hall; or, The Wife's Sister. London: Smith, Elder and Co.
New Sketches of Sermons. By Rev. W. G. Barrett. London: Thos. Jepps.
Pagan or Christian? By W. J. C. Muir. London: Rich. Bentley.
Palace of the Gr... Hollis Resd...
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Poetry of Spring... don: Wm. T...
Religious Aspects... Rev. J. Mulls... and Co.
Religious Disturb... By the Autho... don: Thicknes...
Rome's Orders n... By Lex Angl... Co.
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Three Letters o... Jas. C. L. C... M'Coombie.
Transfiguration. ... Vols. Londo...
True Greatness: ... By George ... John Snow.
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Twelve Years in ... Edinburgh: ...
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Policies Issued.	Amount Assured.	New Premiums.
3,368	£503,580	£17,230 3s. 5d.

A valuation of the Assets and Liabilities of the Institution is made every Five Years. At the last valuation in 1855 **a bonus was declared, ranging from 35 to 75 per cent. on the total amount of Premiums paid.**

Statement of Business in the Five Years preceding the last valuation, compared with that of the following Four Years:—

From January, 1851, to December, 1855—5 Years.

Policies Issued.	Amount Assured.	Annual Premiums.
6,426	£1,016,679	£35,000 0s. 0d.

From January, 1856, to January, 1860—4 Years.

Policies Issued.	Amount Assured.	Annual Premiums.
10,679	£1,584,285	£55,178 8s. 10d.

	Accumulated Capital.	Annual Income.
December, 1855.	£138,408	£43,162 0s. 0d.
December, 1859.	£285,000	£93,000 0s. 0d.
Increase in 4 Years.	£146,592	£49,838 0s. 0d.

Every description of Life Assurance effected on application to the Resident Director, or to the Board or Local Agents.

Assurances effected in the present year will participate in the Bonus to be declared early in 1865.

ROBERT WARNER, Esq., 8 Crescent, Cripplegate, London, Chairman.
W. R. BAKER, *Resident Director.*

☞ THE ANNUAL MEETING *of the Institution will be held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, on Monday, May 28th, at 2 o'clock.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Academic Reform and University Representation. By James Heywood, F.R.S. London: Edwd. T. Whitfield.

After Many Days. A Tale of Social Reform. By Seneca Smith. London: W. Tweedie.

Alban. A Narrative Poem. By William Thurston. London: Judd and Glass.

Amy's Kitchen. A Village Romance. By the Author of "A Trap to catch a Sunbeam." London: Lockwood and Co.

Canterbury Tales of Chaucer. By Thos. Tyrwhitt, F.R.S. Vol. 2. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

Commentary on the Book of Psalms. By Wm. De Burgh, D.D. London: James Blackwood.

Days at Muirhead. London: James Blackwood.

Deborah's Diary. A Fragment. By the Author of "Mary Powell." London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

Harry Birkett. The Story of a Man who helped Himself. By the Author of "Town Life," &c. London: Wm. Tweedie.

Hebrew. The Easiest, as well as the most Interesting of the Ancient Languages. By the Rev. A. P. Irwine, M.A. London: Hamilton and Co.

History of the English Church to the Reformation (Kurtz.) By the Rev Alfred Edersheim, Ph.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke.

Ingoldsby Letters on the Revision of the Liturgy. London: Partridge and Co.

Ingoldsby Letters on the Revision of the Book of Common Prayer. London: Partridge and Co.

Interpretations of Prophecy. By Major J. Scott Phillips. London: Wertheim and Co.

[illegible]and (The) and the Book. London: T. Nelson and Son.

Lectures on the History of England. [illegible] By Wm. Longman. London: [illegible]

Le Pape, Les Empereurs et La [illegible] en Catholique Anglais. [illegible]

Lights and Shadows of Church [illegible] &c. By Thomas Binney. [illegible] and Walford.

Love and Labour, or Work and [illegible] Rate Pyer. London: [illegible]

Malone, Life of Edmond. By [illegible] F.S.A., &c. London: [illegible]

Manse Garden (The). By [illegible] D.D. London: Jas. Blackwood.

Metaphysics (A Treatise on). [illegible] to Revealed Religion. By [illegible] Macmahon, M.A. London: [illegible]

National Life Boat Institution. [illegible]

Protestant Church Alliance. [illegible] &c.

Robert Owen and his Philosophy. [illegible] Sargeant. London: [illegible]

Sacred Musings, &c. By [illegible] Pennink. London: [illegible]

Songs of the Heart. By A [illegible] Warren Hall and Co.

State of Authorised Biblical Revision. [illegible] Heywood, F.R.S. London: [illegible]field.

Statistics of New Zealand for [illegible] Official Records. Auckland: [illegible]

Theory and Practice of Harmony [illegible] By Samuel Sarr. Glasgow: [illegible]

Three Years in Turkey. By J. [illegible] London: John Snow.

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LADIES.			
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BRIEF NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS:—

1. Doctor Faustus: the Man—the Myth—the Idea. 2. The Pool of Quality.

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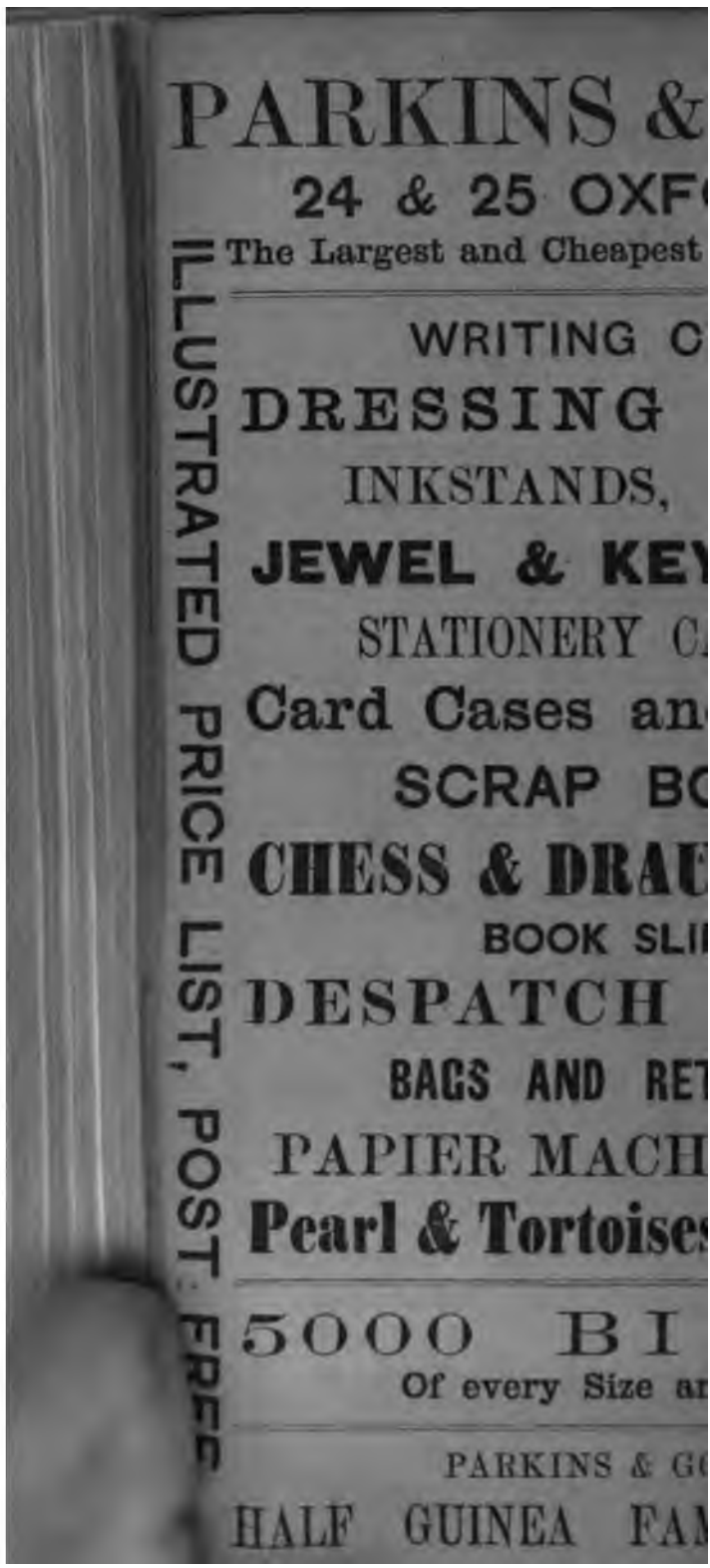
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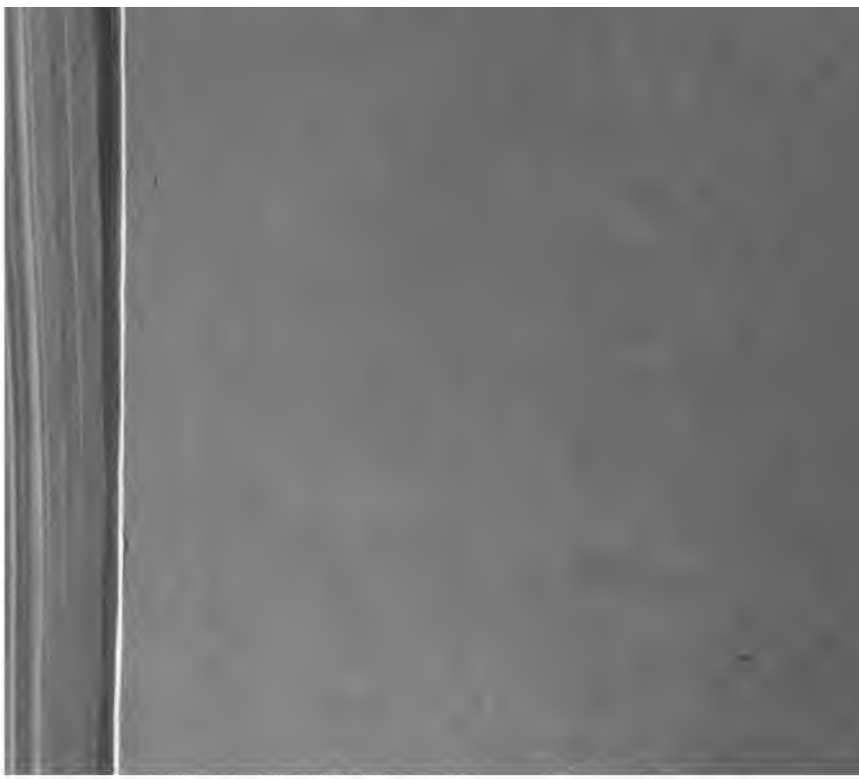

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